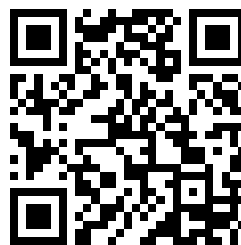

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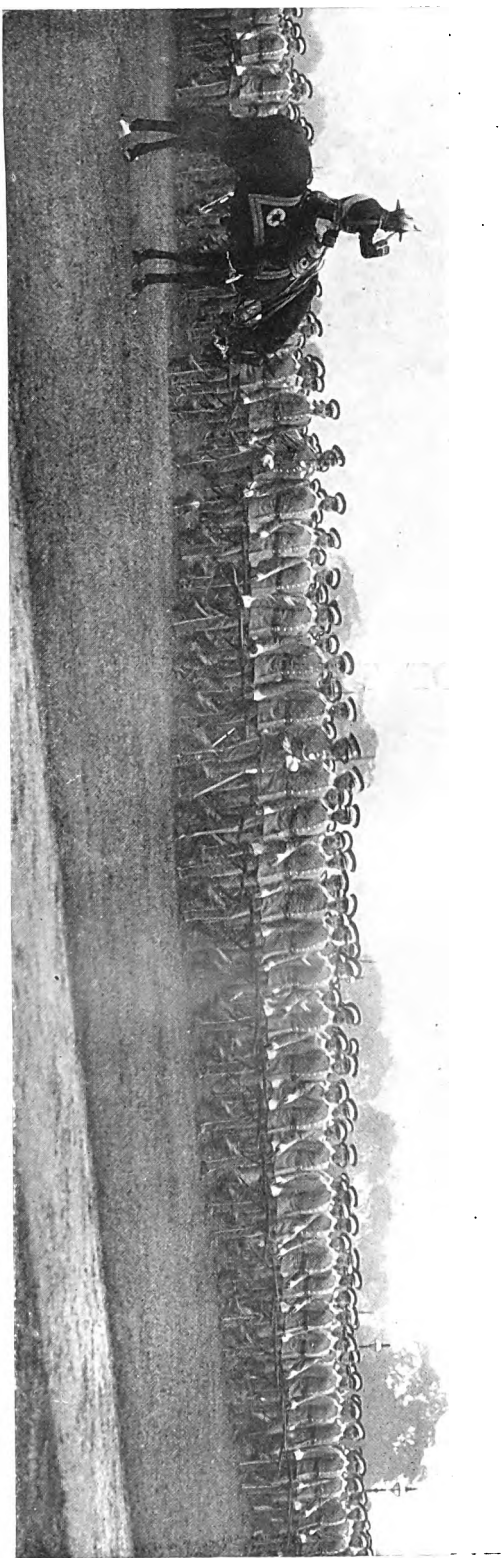
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To Mayor A. J. Davidson Vt
with Every good wish
from
The Author

Oct 1929.

MEMORIES OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES.



THE KING'S REVIEW.
1913.

MEMORIES OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES

BY
COLONEL H. A. R. MAY, C.B., V.D.
(*Artists Rifles, 1882-1921*).



“ MOLLY.”

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INTRODUCTION

I FIRST joined the " Artists " in 1882, and, having served in every rank, finally retired—as an active member—in 1921, a period of just on forty years. The latter part of my service was during the Great War, which provided a unique opportunity for an amateur soldier who, like myself, happened to be at that time in command of a Territorial Regiment. My last military task was the privilege I had given to me of reconstructing the Regiment after the War was over.

During my forty years of service my work in the Corps has been my chief hobby. It has occupied most of my spare time, and has produced a large proportion of my best friends. It is not surprising, therefore, that I felt, and still feel, a terrible blank now, when (owing to " Anno Domini " and to physical unfitness) that work is over, leaving me only memories. All my memories of the Artists Rifles, however, are fragrant memories, of good work, of good friends, of splendid young manhood. During the whole of my forty years of service I can remember nothing—apart from the appalling tragedy and sadness of the Great War itself—that I should prefer to forget. The result has been that since my retirement I have written occasional articles for " The Artists Rifles' Journal " and other publications ; and some of my friends, old members of the Corps, have suggested to me that I should reprint such articles (with additions—so as to make my story a little more complete) in the form of a book, and so preserve these memories for past members and for the information of future members. Hence this publication ! It does not profess in any way to be a history of the Regiment, but consists, I fear, almost entirely of personal reminiscences of what I hope will not be regarded as of an egotistical character. They must be looked upon merely as the recollections of an old " Artist." Experience, however, leads me to think that the reader, who probably is or has been an " Artist " himself, will forgive my transgressions !

In order, however, to make my tale a little more complete, old friends and comrades in the Corps have at my request very kindly added brief accounts (contained in Chapters XXV and XXVI) of the fighting in France by the 1st Battalion (during and after 1917, when I had left them and had been invalided home), and of the work of the Reserve Battalions during the Great War. These old " Artists " have also very kindly added a Chapter (XXVII) relating to the Artists Rifles'

Regimental Association and to "The Artists Rifles' Journal," and have assisted me in other ways in the publication of this book, and for all their help and kindness I feel deeply grateful.

There must be many thousands of old members of the Corps whose service in the Regiment, like my own, is now over, but, like my own, brings back to them many happy memories. My great hope when writing this book has been that what I have written will, here and there, bring back to some of them, contemporaries of my own, old and grey-headed as I am ! or to some of a later generation—young men who served under me in England or in France during the Great War—pleasing recollections of strenuous but happy days ; or, possibly, that this book may rouse the interest of some young " Artist " who has enlisted since the War, or even of some " Artist " of a future generation who is as yet unborn, but who may some day be curious to find out what the Regiment was like in its early days, and what exactly it *did* when it went away to the Great War, about which he will hear so much. If any of these things happen, if only in a few cases, I shall be more than re-paid for any trouble I have taken. Indeed, this is exactly what I hope *will* happen, and is my excuse for writing at all !

H. A. R. MAY,

Colonel, Artists Rifles, 1912-1921.

1st January, 1929.

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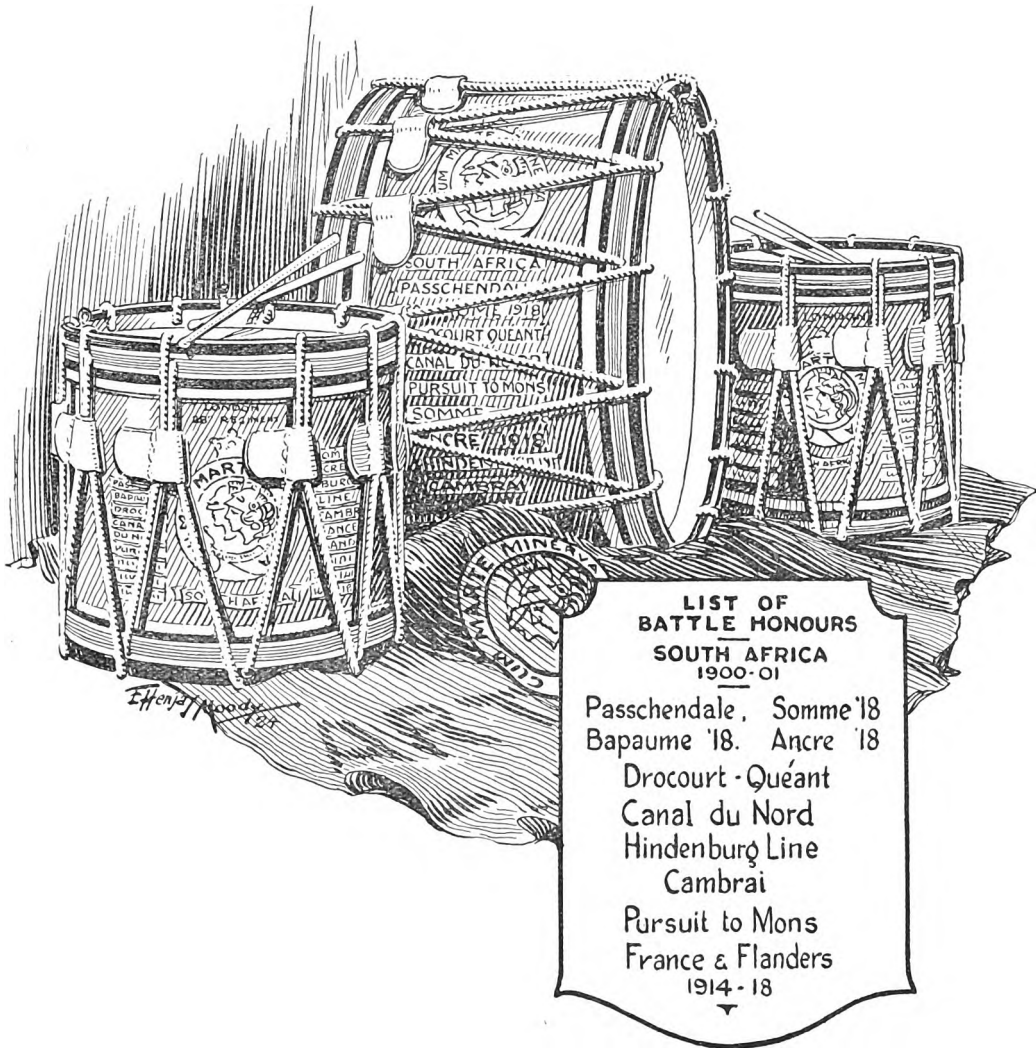
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ARTISTS RIFLES BATTLE HONOURS.



The Drums of the Artists Rifles.

By F. N. J. Moody.

XI.

REGIMENTAL LANDMARKS.

(1860–1928).

(1) OFFICIAL DESIGNATIONS OF REGIMENT.

DATE
APPROX.

- 1860. 38th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers.
- 1881. 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers.
- 1908. 28th Battalion London Regiment (Artists Rifles).

(2) HEADQUARTERS.

- 1860. Burlington House.
- 1869. The Arts Club (17, Hanover Square, W.).
- 1880. The West London School of Art (155, Great Titchfield Street, W.).
- 1882. 36, Fitzroy Square, W.
- 1889. Duke's Road, Euston Road, W.C.2 (formally opened by T.R.H. The Prince and Princess of Wales, March 25th, 1889).

(3) HONORARY COLONELS.

- 1883. Col. Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A. (afterwards Lord Leighton).
- 1903. Col. Robert W. Edis, C.B., V.D., J.P., F.S.A. (afterwards Sir Robert W Edis, K.B.E., C.B., etc.).
- 1921. Col. Walter C. Horsley, V.D.

(4) COMMANDING OFFICERS.

- 1860. Capt. H. W. Phillips (One Company).
- 1861. Capt.-Commandant H. W. Phillips (Two Companies).
- 1869. Major Frederick Leighton (Four Companies).
- 1877. Lieut.-Col. Frederick Leighton (Six Companies—afterwards Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart, P.R.A.—afterwards Lord Leighton, P.R.A.—subsequently Eight Companies).

XIII.

- 1883. Lieut.-Col. Robert W. Edis, V.D., F.S.A. (Eight Companies—afterwards Col. Sir Robert W. Edis, K.B.E., C.B., V.D., J.P., F.S.A.—subsequently Twelve Companies).
- 1903. Col. Walter C. Horsley, V.D. (Eight Companies).
- 1912. Lieut.-Col. H. A. R. May, V.D. (Eight Companies).
- 1914. Col. Walter C. Horsley, V.D. (2nd Battalion).
 „ Lieut.-Col. William Shirley, C.M.G. (3rd Battalion).
- 1915. Lieut.-Col. S. Chatfeild-Clarke, V.D.
- 1917. Major H. E. Edlmann, T.D. ; (December) Lieut.-Col. John Harington 3rd Rifle Brigade.
- 1918. Major Lathom, 7th R. Fusiliers ; (March) Major F. S. B. Johnson, 1st R. Lancs. ; (August) Lieut.-Col. Wilkinson, L.R.B. ; Lieut.-Col. J. F. Legge, Reserve of Officers ; Lieut.-Col. R. H. Goldthorp, D.S.O., 4th West Ridings.
- 1919. Lieut.-Col. A. W. Hall, M.C.
- 1920. Col. H. A. R. May, C.B., V.D. (Four Companies—i.e., double Companies introduced in 1914).
- 1921. Lieut.-Col. H. J. Shirley, C.M.G., T.D. (ditto).
- 1925. Lieut.-Col. S. W. Neighbour, O.B.E., T.D. (ditto).

(5) ADJUTANTS.

- 1860. (No Adjutant appointed.)
- 1864. Capt. E. R. King Harmon, 60th Rifles (the first Adjutant—according to tradition).
- 1865. Capt. J. A. Ramsay, Bombay Army (the first Adjutant officially recorded).
- 1880. Capt. E. Pennell Elmhirst (Royal West Kent Regt.).
- 1882. Capt. Charles Haggard (Royal Irish Rifles).
- 1886. Capt. Harold Gore-Browne (King's Royal Rifle Corps).
- 1891. Capt. C. A. Lamb (The Rifle Brigade).
- 1896. Capt. A. S. E. Annesley (The Rifle Brigade).
- 1902. Capt. and Brevet-Major C. F. Romer (Royal Dublin Fusiliers).

1903. Capt. A. J. B. Addison (Royal Irish Rifles).
 1906. Capt. J. B. Paget (West Yorks Regt.).
 1908. Capt. V. T. Worship, D.S.O. (Royal Munster Fusiliers).
 1910. Capt. E. H. H. Lees (The Border Regt.).
 1913. Capt. A. P. Blackwood (The Border Regt.).
 1914-19. (The Great War—various.)
 1920. Capt. J. C. H. Brunt (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry).
 1921. Capt. and Brevet-Major W. H. Ramsbotham (West Yorks. Regt.).
 1925. Capt. H. A. C. Webber, O.B.E. (The Royal Marines).
 1927. Capt. T. J. B. Bosville, M.C. (The Rifle Brigade).

(6) PRESENTATION OF PRIZES (from 1883).

<i>Year</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Person</i>
1883.	CRITERION (after a Dinner)	The C.O., Lieut.-Col. Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.
1884.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1885.	Ditto.	The Honorary Colonel, Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.
1886.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1887.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1888.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1889.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1890.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1891.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1892.	HEADQUARTERS.	H.R.H. F.M. The Duke of Cambridge, K.G., etc. (the Commander-in-Chief).
1893.	Ditto.	Lady Methuen.
1894.	Ditto.	The Honorary Colonel, Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., V.D., P.R.A.
1895.	Ditto.	F.M. Sir J. Lintorn Simmons, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., etc. XV.

- | | | |
|-------|------------------|--|
| 1896. | Ditto. | Col. B. B. D. Campbell (Commanding Scots Guards),
the Brigadier. |
| 1897. | Ditto. | F.M. the Rt. Hon. Viscount Wolseley, K.P., G.C.B.,
G.C.M.G., etc. (the Commander-in-Chief). |
| 1898. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. Sir Henry Trotter, K.C.V.O., etc. (Com-
manding Home District). |
| 1899. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B. (Inspector-General
of Auxiliary Forces). |
| 1900. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. Sir Henry Trotter, K.C.V.O., etc. (Com-
manding Home District). |
| 1901. | Ditto. | Lord Raglan (the Under Secretary of State for War). |
| 1902. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. Sir Henry Trotter, K.C.V.O., etc. (Com-
manding Home District). |
| 1903. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. L. J. Oliphant, C.V.O., C.B. (Commanding
Home District). |
| 1904. | Ditto. | Col. Inigo Jones, C.B. (Commanding Scots Guards),
The Brigadier. |
| 1905. | Ditto. | Major-Gen. W. H. Mackinnon, C.V.O., C.B., etc.
(Director of Auxiliary Forces). |
| 1906. | Ditto. | Mrs. H. O. Arnold Foster (wife of the Under Secretary
of State for War). |
| 1907. | Ditto. | Mrs. F. W. Romilly (wife of Brigadier). |
| 1908. | Ditto. | Ditto. (Lord Haldane present.) |
| 1909. | Ditto. | The Rt. Hon. Viscountess Esher (wife of Chairman,
London T.F. Association). |
| 1910. | Ditto. | Ditto. |
| 1911. | Ditto. | Gen. Sir John French, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G.,
etc. |
| 1912. | Ditto. | The Rt. Hon. Col. J. B. Seely, D.S.O., T.D., M.P.,
etc. (Under Secretary of State for War). |
| 1913. | Ditto. | Lady Lloyd (wife of Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd,
K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., etc., Commanding
London District). |
| 1914. | (THE GREAT WAR.) | |
| 1923. | HEADQUARTERS. | Mrs. Horsley (wife of the Honorary Colonel). |
| 1924. | Ditto. | Lady Thwaites (wife of the G.O.C. 47th—London—
Division). |

1925.	Ditto.	Mrs. Horsley (wife of the Honorary Colonel).
1926.	Ditto.	Major-General The Lord Ruthven, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. (Commanding the London District).
1927.	Ditto.	Major-Gen. Sir William Thwaites, K.C.M.G., C.B. (G.O.C. 47th—London—Division).
1928.	Various.	No Regimental Presentation. Prizes, etc., presented by the Commanding Officer to Companies at Company Dinners.

(7) CAMPS (since 1882).

<i>Year</i>	<i>EASTER</i>	<i>SUMMER</i>
1882.	PORTSMOUTH.	ALDERSHOT (Rushmoor).
1883.	BRIGHTON (Corn Exchange).	Ditto (Cove Common).
1884.	PORTSMOUTH (with R.M.A. at Eastney).	Ditto (Church Plateau)
1885.	BRIGHTON (Corn Exchange).	Ditto. ditto.
1886.	DOVER (Citadel Barracks with Munster Fusiliers).	Ditto.
1887.	DEAL (Walmer Depot with R.M.L.I.).	Ditto.
1888.	CANTERBURY (Cavalry Barracks with 6th D.G. Carabineers).	Ditto (Cove Hill Plateau), (followed by first Woking Camp).
1889.	SHORNCLIFFE.	WOKING (New Zealand Camp).
1890.	Ditto.	Ditto.
1891.	WINCHESTER (The Rifle Brigade Depot).	Ditto.
1892.	DEAL (Walmer, R.M.L.I. Depot).	Ditto.
1893.	EASTBOURNE (Town Hall).	ALDERSHOT.
1894.	CANTERBURY (Agricultural Hall).	WOKING (New Zealand Camp)
1895.	WINDSOR (Spital Cavalry Barracks with 2nd Life Guards).	PIRBRIGHT.

1896.	FOLKESTONE (Board Schools).	ALDERSHOT.
1897.	Ditto (Exhibition Buildings).	Ditto.
1898.	PIRBRIGHT (Camp).	(Nil.)
1899.	Ditto.	ALDERSHOT.
1900.	(Nil.)	Ditto (Farnborough Common— special 14 days' Camp).
1901.	(Nil.)	SHORNCLIFFE
1902.	CATERHAM.	YARMOUTH.
1903.	BERKHAMPSTEAD.	SEAFORD.
1904.	(Nil.)	NEWHAVEN (West Dene).
1905.	DEAL (Walmer, R.M.L.I. Depot).	(Nil.)
1906.	BRIGHTON (Roedean School).	LULWORTH.
1907.	(Nil.)	WORTHING (West Tarring)
1908.	PORTSMOUTH (with R.M.A. at Eastney).	SALISBURY PLAIN (West Down).
1909.	(Nil.)	Ditto.
1910.	CAMBERLEY (at the R.M.C.).	MINSTER-ON-SEA.
1911.	Ditto.	DOVER.
1912.	DEAL (Walmer, R.M.L.I. Depot).	ALDERSHOT (Frith Hill).
1913.	ALDERSHOT (with " King's " Liver- pool Regt.).	ABERGAVENNY (S. Wales).
1914.	SHORNCLIFFE (with Royal Irish Fusiliers). (THE GREAT WAR.)	SALISBURY PLAIN (Perham Down), (recalled for the Great War).
1921.	—	SHORNCLIFFE.
1922.	PORTSMOUTH (with R.M.A. at Eastney).	ALDERSHOT (Rushmoor).

1923. DEAL (Walmer, Royal Marines HYTHE (Sandling Camp).
Depot).
1924. Ditto. ALDERSHOT (Rushmoor).
1925. Ditto. DOVER (Swingate Camp, Guston).
1926. Ditto. BRIGHTON (Ovingdean Camp).
1927. (Nil.) COLCHESTER (Middlewick Camp).
1928. BROOKWOOD (Blackdown, with ALDERSHOT (Bordon).
the 2nd North Staffords).
-

(8) ROYAL REVIEWS AND OTHER EVENTS (in which the " Artists " have taken part).

(i.) PRE-WAR.

1860. June 23rd. ROYAL REVIEW of newly-formed Volunteer Force in Hyde
Park by H.M. Queen Victoria.
1881. June. ROYAL REVIEW of Volunteers (to celebrate their 21st year
of existence) at Windsor by H.M. Queen Victoria.
1887. July 2nd. ROYAL " JUBILEE " REVIEW of Volunteers in Hyde Park
by H.M. Queen Victoria.
1887. July 9th. ROYAL " JUBILEE " REVIEW of British Troops (including
Volunteers) at Aldershot by H.M. Queen Victoria.
1889. Mar. 25th. OPENING OF HEADQUARTERS in Duke's Road by T.R.H.
The Prince and Princess of Wales (Guard of Honour com-
manded by Capt. Walter C. Horsley).
1891. July 11th. ROYAL REVIEW at Wimbledon (when the German Emperor
inspected the Troops).
1896. Feb. 3rd. FUNERAL OF LORD LEIGHTON, V.D., P.R.A. (Hon.
Colonel) at St. Paul's.
1897. June 28th. DINNER given by the " Artists " at Headquarters to the
Colonial Officers in England, to celebrate the " Diamond
Jubilee " of Queen Victoria.

XIX.

- 1899. July 8th. ROYAL REVIEW of Volunteers by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.
- 1900. Jan. 10th. DINNER given by the " Artists " at Headquarters to the " Artists Rifles' Detachment " of the C.I.V.
- 1901. Feb. 2nd. FUNERAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Detachment to line streets.
- 1902. Aug. 9th ROYAL " CORONATION " REVIEW of Volunteers by King Edward VII.
- 1903. April 25th. UNVEILING at Headquarters of South African War Memorial Tablet by Major-Gen. W. H. Mackinnon, C.B.
- 1906. May 18th. TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY by the " Artists " at the R.M.T. at Olympia.
- 1910. May 20th. FUNERAL OF KING EDWARD VII. Detachment to line streets.
- 1913. July 5th ROYAL REVIEW of Territorial Troops in Hyde Park by H.M. King George V.
- 1914. Aug. 4th. ORDERS TO MOBILIZE for active service received 8.45 p.m

(ii.) THE GREAT WAR.

- 1914. Aug. 5th. MOBILIZATION (at Manchester Street and Lancing Street L.C.C. Schools. On duty in London the same evening).
- 1914. Aug. 24th. LORDS' CRICKET GROUND.
- 1914. Sept. 7th. 2ND BATTALION FORMED.
- 1914. Sept. 15th. TOWER OF LONDON.
- 1914. Oct. 17th. WATFORD AND BRICKET WOOD
- 1914. Oct. 26th. EMBARKED FOR FRANCE.
- 1914. Nov. 5th. BAILLEUL (attached VIIth Division).
- 1914. Nov. 27th. FIRST CASUALTIES (Sergt. Warren and Pte. J. W. Thompson, killed).

XX.

1914. Dec. 3rd. FIRST EXPERIENCE IN THE TRENCHES.
1914. Dec. 22nd. 3RD BATTALION RAISED.
1915. Mar. 31st. 1ST BATTALION SPECIAL SERVICE at Bailleul by Bishop of London.
1915. April 2nd. TO ST. OMER (as Headquarters' Battalion).
1915. May 18th. ESTABLISHMENT OF 2ND BATTALION OFFICERS' SCHOOL at Gidea Park.
1915. Oct. 22nd. BODY GUARD TO H.M. THE KING (France).
1915. Nov. 2ND BATTALION BECOMES O.T.C.
1916. Spring. 1ST BATTALION TO HESDIN (two Companies at Mont-reuil), G.H.Q. Troops.
1916. Aug. BODY GUARD TO H.M. THE KING at Chateau Bryas (France).
1916. Sept. FIRST APPEARANCE OF TANKS IN FRANCE. Guards by " Artists."
1917. June. " ARTISTS " JOINED THE ROYAL NAVAL (63RD) DIVISION in the line, Gavrelle and Oppy.
1917. Oct. 30th. BATTLE OF PASSCHENDAELE (" Artists' " casualties, 350).
1917. Dec. 30th. BATTLE OF MARCOING.
1918. Mar. 21st. GREAT GERMAN OFFENSIVE. " Artists " at Havrincourt Wood.
1918. Mar. 27th. BATTLE OF THE ANCRE. " Artists " in Push to Albert.
1918. Aug. 25th. " ARTISTS " ENTER LE BARQUE.
1918. Sept. 27th. THE GREAT PUSH. " Artists " cross the Canal du Nord, fight south along Hindenburg line and cross Canal du l'Escaut.
1918. Oct. 8th. " ARTISTS " IN CAPTURE OF NIERGNIES AND CAPTURE OF CAMBRAI.

1918. Nov. 8th to Nov. 10th. CAPTURE OF AUDREGNIES AND WITH-
ERIES, BLAUGIES, HARVENGT AND HARMIGNIES.
1918. Nov. 11th. ARMISTICE.
1918. Nov. TRIUMPHANT ENTRY INTO MONS.
1919. May 24th. 1ST BATTALION CADRE LAND IN ENGLAND on
Demobilization.

(iii.) POST-WAR.

1919. May 31st. MEMORIAL SERVICE for Comrades who fell in the War,
at S. Pancras' Church by the Bishop of London, D.D.
1919. July 5th. MARCH through London of London troops returned from the
War past H.M. King George V.
1921. Feb. 1st. THE ARTISTS RIFLES RESUSCITATED after the Great
War.
1921. July 12th. UNVEILING of War Memorial at Headquarters by Field-
Marshal Lord French, K.P., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., etc. (dedicated
by the Bishop of London).
1922. May 12th. UNVEILING of War Memorial at the Royal Academy (Bur-
lington House) to the members of the Corps who lost their
lives in the War, by the Earl of Cavan, C.I.G.S. (dedicated
by Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster).
1922. July 22nd. ROYAL REVIEW of London Territorial Troops in Hyde Park
by H.M. King George V.
1926. May 29th. HUT AT BISLEY opened by Mrs. Horsley.
1928. HEADQUARTERS ENLARGED.

(9) SCHOOL OF ARMS RESULTS AT THE ROYAL
TOURNAMENT.

(Formerly Royal Military Tournament, later Royal Naval and Military
Tournament and later Royal Naval Military and Air Force Tournament).

(1) INDIVIDUAL PRIZES.

1882. Bayonet v. Bayonet. 1st. Trans. Sergt. A. G. Cowell.
- „ Sabre v. Sabre. 1st. Ditto.

1884.	Sword <i>v.</i> Sword (mtd.)	1st.	Ditto.
1885.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Ditto.
1886.	Sword <i>v.</i> Lance (mtd.)	2nd.	Ditto.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	1st.	Ditto.
„	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	2nd.	Ditto.
1887.	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Lance-Corpl. F. R. Wilkinson.
„	Singlesticks.	1st.	Ditto.
1888.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Trans. Sergt. A. G. Cowell.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Lance (mtd.)	2nd.	Ditto.
„	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	3rd.	Lance-Corpl. F. R. Wilkinson.
1889.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Lance (mtd.)	3rd.	Trans. Sergt. A. G. Cowell.
„	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	4th.	Ditto.
1890.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Pte H. Turner.
„	Sword <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Ditto.
„	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	3rd.	Ditto.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	1st.	Corpl. F. R. Wilkinson.
„	Singlesticks.	1st.	Ditto.
1891.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Pte. H. Turner.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Ditto.
1893.	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Corpl. F. R. Wilkinson.
1894.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Pte. H. Turner.
„	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Ditto.
1895.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Ditto.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Sabre (mtd.)	2nd.	Pte H. Turner.
1896.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Ditto.
„	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Ditto.
1897.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Ditto.
„	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Ditto.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Lance (mtd.)	3rd.	Corpl. A. V. Keene.
1898.	Col. Sergt. C. A. Booth and Corpl. A. V. Keene were in the winning Auxiliary Team <i>v.</i> the Regulars and won R.M.T. Medals.		
1900.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	3rd.	Sergt. A. V. Keene.
„	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Sword (mtd.)	3rd.	Corpl. A. C. Murray.

- 1900 Bayonet *v.* Lance (mtd.) 4th. Ditto.
 „ Sergt. A. V. Keene and Corpl. A. C. Murray were in the winning Auxiliary Team *v.* the Regulars, and won R.M.T. Medals.
1901. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 1st. Sergt. A. C. Murray.
 „ Ditto. 3rd. Q.M.S. C. A. Philip.
 „ Sabre *v.* Sabre. 1st. Ditto.
 „ Sabre *v.* Sabre. 3rd. Sergt. A. C. Murray.
 „ Bayonet *v.* Lance (mtd.) 4th. Ditto.
 „ Q.M.S. C. A. Philip and Sergt. A. C. Murray were in the winning Auxiliary Team *v.* the Regulars and won R.M.T. Medals.
1902. Bayonet *v.* Lance (mtd.) Empire Prize, Sergt. A. C. Murray.
 „ Bayonet *v.* Lance (mtd.) 1st. Ditto.
 „ Bayonet *v.* Sword. 1st. Ditto.
 „ Sabre *v.* Sabre. 2nd. Ditto.
 „ Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 3rd. Ditto.
 „ Sergt. A. C. Murray was in the winning Auxiliary Team *v.* the Regulars and won R.M.T. Medal.
1903. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 1st. Sergt. A. C. Murray.
 „ Sabre *v.* Sabre. 2nd. Ditto.
1903. Bayonet *v.* Sabre (mtd.) 2nd. Sergt. W. Hammond.
1904. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 1st. Ditto.
 „ Ditto. 2nd. Lance-Corpl. L. Paget.
 „ Ditto. 3rd. Pte J. E. White.
 „ Foil *v.* Foil. 4th. Lance Corpl. H. Margetson.
 „ Sabre *v.* Sabre. 1st. Col. Sergt. A. C. Murray.
 „ Ditto. 3rd. Lance-Corpl. L. Paget.
 „ Ditto. 4th. Sergt. W. Hammond.
 „ Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 2nd. Col. Sergt. A. C. Murray, Championship Class.
 „ Ditto. 1st. Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
 „ Ditto. 2nd. Lt. A. R. Martin, Officers.
 „ Epee. 3rd. Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
1905. Bayonet *v.* Bayonet. 2nd. Lance-Corpl. L. Paget.
 „ Ditto. 3rd. Pte. J. E. White.

"	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Col. Sergt. A. C. Murray, Navy & Army Championship.
"	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Sergt. W. Hammond, Ditto.
"	Ditto.	3rd.	Lt. A. V. Keene, Ditto.
1906.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	5th.	Pte. E. S. Rogers.
"	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	1st.	Pte C. T. Jones.
"	Ditto.	2nd.	Pte. E. D. Job.
"	Ditto.	3rd.	Pte. J. E. White.
"	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
"	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	3rd.	Ditto.
1907.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	1st.	Lance-Corpl. A. W. Byrne.
"	Ditto.	2nd.	Pte. J. E. White.
"	Epee.	2nd.	Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
"	Col. Sergt. W. Hammond (Leader), Lance-Corpl. E. D. Job, Ptes. J. E. White and C. T. Jones were in the winning Auxiliary Team <i>v.</i> the Regulars and won R.M.T. Medals.		
1908.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	3rd.	Lance-Corpl. A. W. Byrne, Championship Class after tie for 1st.
"	Ditto.	2nd.	Pte. J. E. White, Territorial Forces.
"	Col-Sergt. W. Hammond (Leader), Lance-Corpls. E. D. Job and A. W. Byrne, Ptes. J. E. White and C. T. Jones were in the winning Territorial Team <i>v.</i> the Regulars, and won R.N. and M. T. Medals.		
1909.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	2nd.	Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
"	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	3rd.	Col.-Sergt' W. Hammond.
1910.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	1st.	Lt. A. V. Keene, Officers.
"	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond.
"	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Lance-Corpl. J. G. Laing.
"	Sergt. A. W. Byrne, Lance-Corpls. C. T. Jones, R. T. Russell, and J. C. Laing were in the Territorial Team <i>v.</i> the Regulars.		
1911.	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond (after tie for 1st.)
1913.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Lance-Corpl. R. T. Russell, ditto.
1914.	Ditto.	2nd.	2nd. Lt. R. M. Burmann (Officers' Competition).
1914—1919. THE GREAT WAR.			
1921.	Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Capt. A. W. Byrne (Officers, Army).
"	Ditto.	3rd.	Sergt. W. S. Mievile, M.C. (Other Ranks, Army).
1922.	Ditto.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, Army Championship, Officers.
1923.	Foil <i>v.</i> Foil.	2nd.	Lance-Corpl. J. B. Hammond, Army Championship, Other Ranks.

	„ Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	2nd.	ditto.
	„ Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	3rd.	Pte. A. J. Kitcat, Ditto.
	„ Ditto.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Army Championship, Officers.
1924.	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Sergt. G. L. G. Harry, Army, Other Ranks.
	„ Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Army Officers.
1925.	Sabre <i>v.</i> Sabre.	1st.	Pte. J. B. Hammond, Army Other Ranks and qualified for Army Championship
	„ Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.	2nd.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Army Officers and qualified for Army Championship.
	„ Ditto.	2nd.	Pte. A. J. Kitcat, Army Other Ranks and qualified for Army Championship.
	„ Ditto.	3rd.	C.S.M. W. S. Mieville, M.C., Army Other Ranks.
	„ Ditto.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Army Championship.
	„ Ditto.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Inter-Services Championship awarded silver medal for best style combined with skill.
1926.	Ditto.	1st.	Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., All Service Officers.
	„ Ditto.		Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D. } All Services Sergt. M. J. Carter } Final Pool.
1927.	Epee.		Sergt. M. J. Carter, All Services } And Final Pool. } Silver
	„ Bayonet <i>v.</i> Bayonet.		Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D., Ditto } Medals.
	„ Ditto.		Sergt. M. J. Carter, Ditto. }

OLYMPIC GAMES.

1908. B.S.I.M. A. C. Murray and Lt. A. V. Keene Representatives for United Kingdom in Sabres.
1912. Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond was selected for the English Sabre Team.
- „ Capt. A. V. Keene and Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond were selected for the Individual Sabre Competitions.
1920. Capt. W. Hammond was a member of the English Sabre Team, Antwerp.

INTERNATIONAL FENCING TOURNAMENT.

1911. (Ostend). Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond was in the English Team.
1913. (Earls Court). Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond was in the English Team.

GREAT BRITAIN *v.* AMERICA.

1921. Capt. W. Hammond, Captain of Sabre Team (America).
1922. Ditto. Ditto. (Great Britain).

(ii) BAYONET TEAM RESULTS

INTER-BATTALION TEAMS (AUXILIARIES).

1889.	Bayonet Exercise.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Sergt. C. A. Philip.
1890.	Ditto.	" Artists " 2nd.	Ditto.
1891.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1892.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1893.	Physical Drill.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1894.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1895.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1896.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Sergt. H. E. Edlmann.
„	Bayonet Exercise.	" Artists " 2nd.	Ditto.
1897.	Ditto.	" Artists " 2nd.	Leader, Col.-Sergt. C. A. Philip.
„	Physical Drill.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1898.	Ditto.	" Artists " 2nd.	Ditto.
„	Bayonet Exercise.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1899.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
„	Physical Drill.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1900-1902. No. Competitions.			
1903.	Bayonet Combat.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Sergt. A. C. Murray.
1904.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
1905.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.
„	Special Combat arranged by R.M. & N.T.—		
	Winners of Auxiliaries (Artists Rifles)	}	" Artists " Won.
	v. Winners of Navy & Army (1st Scots Guards)		
1906.	Bayonet Combat.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond.
1907.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Ditto.

INTER-BATTALION TEAMS (TERRITORIAL FORCES).

1908.	Bayonet Combat.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Col.-Sergt. W. Hammond.
1909.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Corpl. A. W. Byrne.
1910.	Bayonet Combat.	" Artists " 1st.	Leader, Sergt. A. W. Byrne.
1911.	Ditto.	" Artists " 1st	Ditto.

INTER-BATTALION TEAMS (NAVY, ARMY AND TERRITORIAL FORCES).

1912. Bayonet Combat. "Artists" in Leader, Capt. A. V. Keene.
Semi-Final.
1913. Ditto. "Artists" 2nd. Ditto.
(1914 to 1919, The Great War.)

INTER-BATTALION TEAMS (TERRITORIAL SCHOOL OF ARMS ASSOCIATION).

1921. Bayonet Combat. "Artists" 1st. Leader, Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament" for
Navy, Marines, Army and Air Force.)
1922. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")
1923. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")
1924. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
1925. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
(Also the winners of the Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")

Result of match with Navy Champions :—

Army Champions (Artists Rifles)	}	Navy Won.
v.		
Navy Champions (Royal Naval Barracks, Portsmouth)		

1926. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")
1927. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Ditto.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")
1928. Ditto. "Artists" 1st. Leader, Capt. R. A. Barnett, M.C.
(Also 2nd in Army Championship at "The Royal Tournament.")

THE MONRO SHIELD.

Major General C. C. Monro, C.B., Commanding the 2nd London Division T.F. in 1914 instituted an annual competition for a Shield for Bayonet Team Combat for all of the Infantry Battalions of his Division (47th London) which was competed for, (except during the years of the Great War), in 1914 and every year since, from its institution to the present date. Every year this shield has been won by the Artists Rifles. Leader in 1914, Lt. B. Croft. Leader every year since (*i.e.*, 1922 to 1928 inclusive), Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D.

(10) " CENSUS " OF BATTALION (in 1893).

The following was the result of a " census " of the Battalion taken in 1893, viz :

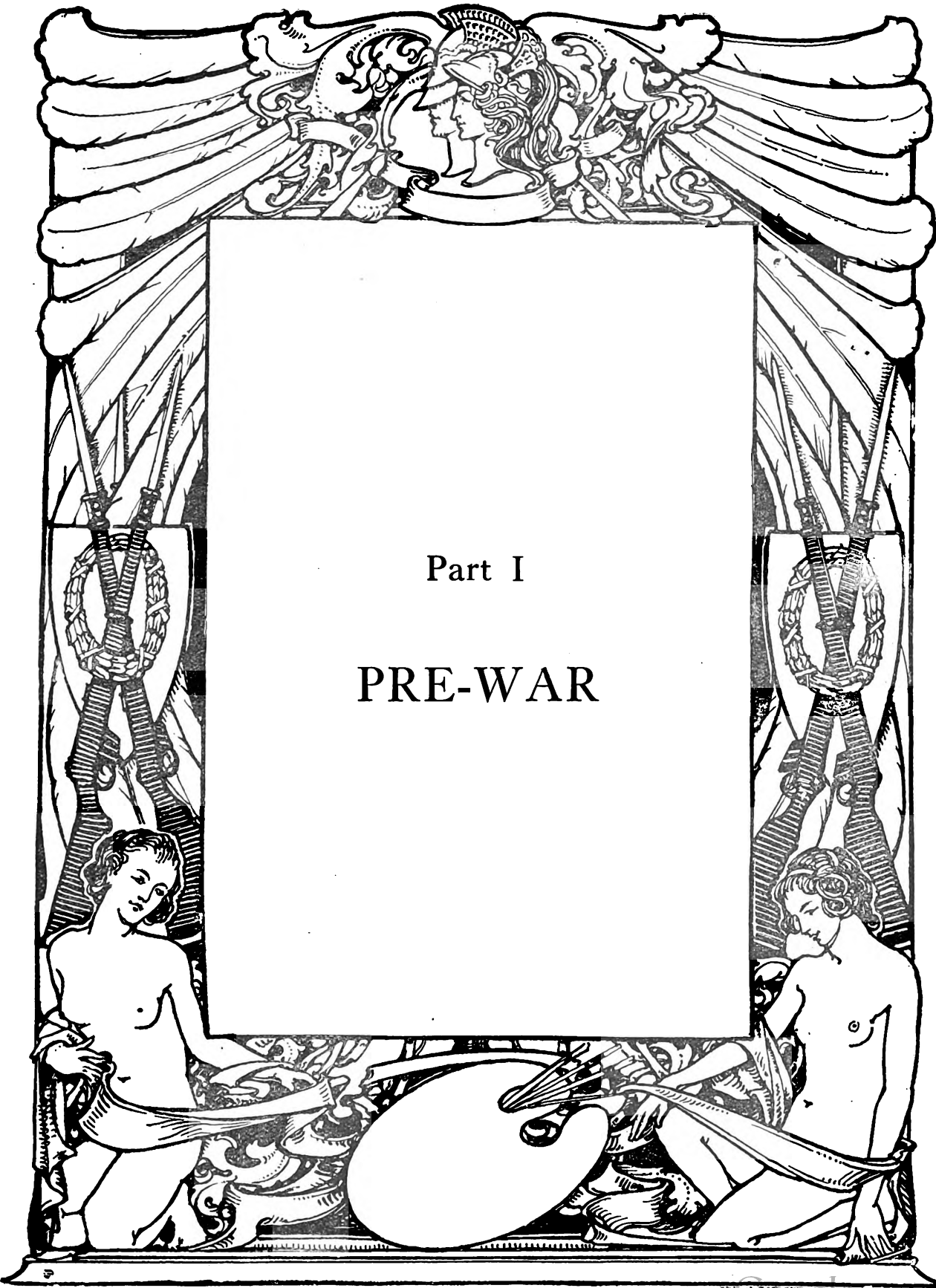
AVERAGE	Whole Batt.	Officers only.	N.C.Os only.
(1) Age - - - - -	25 yrs.	34 yrs.	28½ yrs.
(2) Height (in socks) - - - -	5 ft. 9½ in.	5 ft. 9¾ in.	5 ft. 9¾ in
(3) Chest measurement (over vest) - -	36½ in.	37¼ in.	37 in.
(4) No. of completed years, efficient -	5 yrs.	14 yrs.	9 yrs.

PERCENTAGE who

(5) Could row, scull and manage a boat	92.56%	100%	93.67%
(6) Could cycle (50 miles a day for a week)	41.52%	28.57%	44.30%
(7) Could swim ¼-mile in still water -	75%	85.71%	82.27%
(8) Could ride an average broken horse -	59.29%	85.71%	69.62%

THE PERCENTAGE OF OCCUPATIONS worked out at that time as follows :

Artists (Painters and Sculptors), 4.54% ; Architects (and Students), 11.79% ; Legal Profession (and Students), 12.39% ; Medical Profession (and Students) ; 10.33% ; Civil Engineers (and Students), 5.99% ; Civil Service, Banking, Insurance, Stock Exchange, Accountants and miscellaneous occupations, 54.96%. Total, 100%.

An ornate border surrounds the central text. At the top, a classical figure, possibly a deity or personification, is shown in profile, wearing a helmet and holding a staff. Below this, on the left and right sides, are two large, crossed scythes. At the bottom, two nude female figures are depicted; the one on the left is standing and looking towards the center, while the one on the right is seated and looking down. The background of the border features draped fabric and other classical motifs.

Part I

PRE-WAR

CHAPTER I
THE BIRTH OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES
(1847 TO 1860)

“ DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE ”

THE history of British Volunteers is as old as the history of Britain. They can anyhow be traced at intervals since 1181. Whenever a national crisis demanding military service has arisen—which has usually taken the form of fear of invasion—British history shows that “ Volunteers ” have always been forthcoming : men who for patriotic motives and not for personal gain, have volunteered their services in a military capacity for the defence of their country ; and the greater the crisis, the greater the numbers who have come forward. On the other hand, it would appear that “ volunteering ” needs the stimulus of a great crisis to make it flourish ; its low-water mark always seems to have been touched in times of prolonged peace. This is not altogether surprising, for it needs more real patriotism to devote one’s time and one’s money to military service in piping times of peace, when Volunteers are at a discount—in order to be *ready*, if and when a crisis should arise—than to wait till the enemy is actually “ Knocking at the gate ” and Volunteers have risen to a premium. But however this may be, the individual who will undergo military training during peace so that in an emergency he can offer his services as a trained and organized soldier, is a far more valuable and patriotic citizen than he who, in such an event, can only offer raw material for training—praiseworthy though the latter may be as compared with the individual who will offer neither !

When we now speak of “ Volunteers ” the class usually referred to are the old Volunteers of 1859 and 1860—the stock from whom the Artists Rifles sprang—and the object of this Chapter is to give some account of how this class came into existence. To do this I have endeavoured to learn the history of our country during the forty years, about, that preceded their birth and the events and circumstances that gradually gave rise to the different stages of their creation.

In 1815, the stirring days of Waterloo and of the Peninsular War were over. The local Militia and the then existing Volunteers duly received the thanks of Parliament for their services—and were disbanded ! The ballot for the Militia was suspended. As a consequence, the auxiliary forces dwindled away, and with few exceptions ceased to exist altogether. The exceptions appear to have been :—first, of a few Yeomanry Regiments ; secondly, of two old Voluntary Rifle Clubs—viz. : the Devon Rifle Club and the Victoria Rifle Club, which continued till they became the 1st V.B. Devon and the 1st Middlesex R.V., and are now known as the 4th (Territorial) Battalion of the Devon Regiment and the 9th (County of London) Battalion the London Regiment (Queen Victoria’s Rifles) ; and, thirdly, and most important, of course, of our old friends the H.A.C., who continued to carry on their good work at their Headquarters at Finsbury (which they had apparently been doing since the days of bows and arrows !), in spite of everchanging men and weapons ; and long may they continue to do so !

The extended period of peace that followed 1815, lasting for over a generation, seems to have made the country apathetic and indifferent to its military obligations, and to have lulled it into a false sense of security ; for about the year 1847, when relations with France again became strained, and the political situation in Europe dark and threatening all round, the first real national note of alarm was sounded by the Veteran Field-Marshal, the old Duke of Wellington himself, who wrote a letter (which from such a man must have sounded as a veritable trumpet call to the Nation) to Field-Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, as follows :—

“ I have endeavoured to awaken the attention of different administrations to the defence—
“ less state of our country. We have no defence, or hope or chance of defence, except in
“ our fleet. We hear a great deal of the spirit of the people of England, for which no man
“ entertains higher respect than I do ; but unorganised, without systematic subordination
“ established and well understood, this spirit, opposed to the fire of musketry and cannon
“ and the sabres and bayonets of disciplined troops, would only expose those animated by
“ such spirit to confusion and destruction. I am specially sensible of the certainty of failure,
“ if we do not at an early moment attend to the measures necessary to be taken for our
“ defence ; and also of the disgrace, the indelible disgrace, of such failure. I am bordering
“ upon 77 years of age passed in honour ; I hope that the Almighty may protect me from
“ being the witness of the tragedy which I cannot persuade my contemporaries to take
“ measures to avert.”

This letter, it appears to me, was the germ which created the public opinion which ultimately resulted in the creation of the 1859 Volunteers, and so marks the first stage of their development.

During the five years that followed the writing of the above letter, a general and growing anxiety as to military security seems to have taken possession of the people of this country. A forceful pamphlet by Sir Charles Napier addressed to the House of Commons, urging the immediate enrolment of Volunteers, with many practical suggestions as to their organization, also appeared ; but, in spite of all, no alarm appears to have been felt by the responsible authorities. A military spirit, however, so permeated the nation and so genuine became the fears of the people, that numbers of men (following the usual good custom, above referred to, when the safety of the motherland appeared to be in danger) volunteered their services for their country's defence and sought for permission to enrol as Volunteers ; and even the official refusal of all such offers did not prevent the voluntary formation of many unofficial Rifle Clubs. In the year 1853 official permission to exist as Rifle Clubs was obtained—first by the H.A.C., the Victoria Rifle Club and the Devon Rifle Club, and afterwards by other bodies ; and in this manner official voluntary Rifle Clubs were formed—which seems to mark the second stage of the development of the 1859 Volunteers.

By 1855 the war clouds had burst with a vengeance, and the country was involved in the terrible Crimean War, to be followed by the almost more terrible Indian Mutiny, besides complications in China. In 1857 there appears to have been a very urgent demand indeed for more troops to reinforce our sadly depleted but splendid old “ regulars,” who were so gallantly fighting our battles all over the world ; and the military state of the country again becoming most acute, the power of the press was invoked in favour of Volunteers. A mass of offers of voluntary military service was made, but were all refused by the authorities. The Commander-in-Chief (The Duke of Cambridge) in particular is reported to have opposed them and to have written to the Secretary of State (Lord Panmure) on the 25th September, 1857, as follows :—

“ I hope you will on no account give way to Volunteer Corps, of which I see so much
“ said in the newspapers. These never will answer : they are unmanageable bodies, and
“ would ruin our Army.”

And again on October 2nd (after referring to the urgent demands that had been received from India for more troops and that additional recruits should be enlisted) as follows :—

“ I dismiss at once from my mind all the ideas I see stated in the public prints about “ Volunteer Corps. If such system were to be adopted, the spirit of the Regular Army “ would be destroyed, jealousies would be at once engendered, the Volunteers would do as “ much or as little duty as they liked, and, in fact, they would be an armed and a very “ dangerous rabble. Some gentlemen are coming forward promising to raise 1,000 men for “ a Lieutenant-Colonelcy, others 100 for an Ensigncy, but none have as yet found anything “ like the number of men, and I doubt much whether many will succeed in their “ expectations.”

And to which Lord Panmure, on October 6th, replied as follows :—

“ I have thrown cold water on all schemes of ‘ Gentlemen Volunteers,’ and I was surprised “ to see *The Times* so foolish on the subject. I quite agree with Y.R.H. in their utter “ uselessness. Their danger would be greater to their friends than their foes. The proposals “ of private individuals to raise regiments and companies are visionary, as none have the “ least prospect of success as far as I can learn.”

May I hasten to add that I do not think the criticisms that have been levelled at the Duke of Cambridge for his attitude in this matter are justified. The suggestion then made was that Volunteers should be created in order to form drafts for the reinforcement of our “ regular ” forces while actually engaged overseas on active service, and whether we agree or not with his conclusions (arrived at no doubt with sincerity, responsibility and knowledge), his view may well be understood, viz. : that men of quite a different class, just enrolled and almost immediately sent abroad as a draft to an established regular regiment, brought up with quite different ideas, might create difficulties that recruits regularly enlisted for the regiment and trained at the regimental depot in the ordinary course would not do. Anyhow, it cannot and should not be said that the Duke was opposed to “ Volunteers ” as a class. Later on, as will be seen, he was of great assistance at their creation as a separate force (and as an addition to the Regular Army) for the definite purpose of service in Great Britain in the event of invasion ; and after they were created there are many instances on record of his help and sympathy towards them. To the “ Artists ” in particular he showed much kindness ; on one occasion (viz., in 1892) coming to our Headquarters, dining with our Officers, and afterwards presenting our Battalion prizes.

In 1858 all friendly ties between England and France appear to have been severed. The British Ambassador in Paris was openly insulted. (This was followed, I believe, by an extraordinary challenge by a number of French Colonels to an equal number of English Officers to a duel “ *à-la-Mort* ” !) A commercial panic was threatened ; national alarm increased, and early in 1859 a further almost uncontrollable wave of patriotic emotion seems to have swept the country. Numerous public meetings were held and tracts distributed. Beyond this, a number of Volunteer Corps (in the absence of official sanction) were unofficially formed under the jurisdiction of the Lords Lieutenants of the Counties, and pressed hard for official sanction, and what is described as the “ 1859 movement ” took place, the whole being brought to a climax by the publication of the following stirring lines, which appeared in *The Times* of the 9th May, 1859, signed by the single initial “ T.”—afterwards acknowledged by Tennyson :—

" There is a sound of thunder afar,
 " Storm in the South that darkens the day !
 " Storm of battle and thunder of war !
 " Well if it do not roll our way.
 " Storm, Storm, Riflemen form !
 " Ready, be ready against the storm !
 " Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

" Be not deaf to the sound that warns,
 " Be not gull'd by a despot's plea !
 " Are figs of thistles ? or grapes of thorns ?
 " How can a despot feel with the Free ?
 " Form, Form, Riflemen form !
 " Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 " Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

" Let your reforms for a moment go !
 " Look to your butts, and take good aims !
 " Better a rotten borough or so
 " Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames !
 " Storm, Storm, Riflemen form !
 " Ready, be ready against the storm !
 " Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

" Form, be ready to do or die !
 " Form in Freedom's name and the Queen's !
 " True we have got such a faithful ally
 " That only the devil can tell what he means.
 " Form, Form, Riflemen form !
 " Ready, be ready to meet the storm !
 " Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

Three days after the publication of the above lines, viz. : on the 12th May, 1859, the famous War Office " Circular," by Lord Peel, to the Lords Lieutenants of Counties was issued. This authorised, at last, the official formation of Volunteer Corps, provided they were organized on certain definite lines, the chief of which were as follows :—The men on enrolment were to take an oath of allegiance and be liable to be called out for service in Great Britain (only) in the event of invasion or rebellion ; when called out they were to be subject to Military Law ; they were to be unable to leave the Corps while on Active Service, but otherwise could do so on 14 days' notice ; except in the event of their being called out for Active Service, the whole expense of their Arms, Equipment and Maintenance was to be borne by the Volunteers themselves ; all Corps property was to be vested in their C.O. for the time being ; each Corps was to prepare rules and bye-laws for its own administration (to be approved by the Lords Lieutenants), and the C.O. was to have power to recover all fines and subscriptions due under such rules and bye-laws before a Magistrate.

A few days afterwards, viz. : on May 29th, 1859, a supplementary circular was sent round to the Lords Lieutenants of Counties to the effect that Volunteer Corps should be one of two classes, viz. : Artillery Corps—for Corps located near the coast, men skilled in the use of a gun, to hinder any landing in their neighbourhood—and Rifle Corps, composed of " sharpshooters"—men skilled in the use of the rifle, who in every locality could effectually hinder, harass or " snipe " an enemy (especially on his flanks and lines of communications) if and whenever a landing might be effected. The supplementary circular also emphasized the paramount importance of " skill with weapons " (gun or rifle) ; of an intimate knowledge of country of their locality ; of discipline ; of special efforts to enrol a class of men as do not usually enlist in the Regulars or Militia ; of only buying and using rifles of the correct gauge (to take Government ammunition) ; of arranging drills at convenient times to suit the men ; of limiting the size of each Corps to

one Battery or to one Company (with an establishment of one Captain, one Lieutenant, one Ensign and 100 rank and file) ; of adopting a simple but distinctive uniform (a warm, light grey tweed jacket, trousers, greatcoat, cap, leggings and belt was suggested as suitable). The circular also authorised the official issue of a limited amount of targets and ammunition for practice ; and it may here perhaps be conveniently mentioned that soon afterwards the authorities decided to issue Government Enfield rifles to the number of 25 per cent. of strength for the purpose of instruction, and not long after that the purchase of private rifles by volunteers was discontinued as government rifles were issued to all, and soon after this again two officers per corps were permitted to attend a course of instruction at the Hythe School of Musketry to qualify as musketry instructors.

The effect of these official circulars (which may be said to mark the third stage of the development of the 1859 Volunteers) must have proved both astounding and gratifying. The whole nation seems to have risen to the occasion. Scenes must have been enacted similar to those of August, 1914. The Duke of Cambridge appears to have been one of the first to realize the value and to take advantage of the splendid spirit and enthusiasm that prevailed, and to have done all he could to assist the movement—indeed, it was thought by many that the official circulars were inspired by him. Meetings were held all over the country, chiefly by men of the upper and middle classes, who could afford the time and the money that “volunteering” required. Different universities, professions and businesses organized their special corps in the larger towns, but in the main, corps were composed of a collection of enthusiasts living in the same *locality*. Single companies very early proved too small, and official sanction was then given (apparently at first with reluctance) for a two-company corps (with a “Captain-Commandant” in command), and later for four companies (with a Major in command), and later still for a battalion (of either six or eight companies with a Lieut.-Colonel in command), and for even larger bodies. Later in the year an official “Green Book” was issued containing elementary military regulations and instructions for the training of a company—no larger body was apparently contemplated by the compilers of the book.

After preliminary meetings and arrangements a very large number of corps were officially created all over the country, some in 1859 and some in the early part of 1860, each having elected (by vote !) its captain or C.O. and its other officers, settled its rules and bye-laws, subscribed the necessary funds, arranged its headquarters and drill ground, designed and obtained its uniform, its badge (with motto) and its marching song, etc., obtained and hired a sergeant-instructor (Crimean veterans were at a premium !), and arranged its programme of training, etc. The motto adopted by the force as a whole was : “Defence, not Defiance.” A man was officially allowed to be styled “efficient” when he for four consecutive months had attended in each month at least eight drills of not less than one hour each, and in most corps the company roll was called at every parade, and it was considered disgraceful for a member not to answer his name unless a comrade could reply either “ill” or “working,” which latter meant actually at work at his profession or occupation, and which was considered a legitimate excuse.

Our Gracious and much-loved Sovereign Queen Victoria gave the greatest encouragement to the new movement. In the spring of 1860, when corps were in existence in practically every part of Great Britain, she held a special levee for volunteer officers, and collected together at St. James’ Palace what has been described as the most fearful and wonderful collection of uniforms ever seen in this or any other country ! (all self-designed, varying from a gorgeous artillery uniform

with gigantic plume in the shako, to the simple red shirt, blue serge trousers, tucked into long boots, and wide-brimmed hat designed by a corps hailing from a mining district !). To each one of her 2,500 volunteer officers presented our beloved Queen bowed as they passed her. Later on in the same year the National Rifle Association was founded, and its first meeting at Wimbledon was the greatest possible success in every way, and was opened in person by the Queen, who herself fired the first shot (by pulling a silken cord !), which was duly recorded as a "bull's eye." In order to encourage individual "skill with a rifle," the Queen instituted a yearly prize for individual shooting, then known as "The Queen's Prize," but now known as "The King's Prize," which has been the most coveted reward for individual marksmanship in existence. Besides this, on June 23rd, 1860 (by which time most corps had managed to equip themselves and "get in" a sufficient amount of drill and training), Queen Victoria herself, with the Prince Consort, held a review of her newly-formed volunteers in Hyde Park (which, by the way, she repeated at Windsor in June, 1881, on their twenty-first birthday) ; and a very large company of notable persons and high officials attended with her. The Volunteers also attended in large numbers, and won golden opinions by their appearance, drill, punctuality and generally by the way they carried out their task. A very gratifying "General Order" was duly issued, speaking in high terms of their work, and on the evening of the same day the Prince Consort, presiding at a "Trinity House" dinner, in the course of his speech on the Army and Navy, referred to the Volunteers as follows :—

"We have witnessed this day a scene which will never fade from the memory of those who had the good fortune to be present—the representatives of the independence, education, and industry of this country in arms, to testify their devotion to their country, and their readiness to lay down their lives in its defence. The Volunteer force exceeds already 130,000 men ; and to what extent this country is capable of exerting itself in real danger is shown by the number of Volunteers, which in 1804 reached the extraordinary figure of 479,000 ! We are apt to forget, however, that in contrast with any other country in the world, all our Services are composed exclusively of Volunteers—the Navy, Coast Guard, Coast Volunteers, Army, Militia, Yeomanry, Constabulary. May the noble and patriotic spirit which such a fact reveals remain unimpaired ! And may God's blessing, of which this Nation has seen much unmistakable evidence, continue to rest upon these voluntary services !"

And what of the Artists Rifles ! The first idea of the Regiment seems to have occurred to one Edward Stirling, an art student (and a ward of Carlisle), who, in 1859, convened a meeting at his studio of some of his fellow students in the "life class" of Carey's School of Art, at which the suggestion of a special Corps for "Artists" was discussed. Only a few members attended, apparently, but later on (probably after further meetings), in the early days of 1860, a bigger meeting was held at the studio of Henry Wyndham Phillips, the painter, at which, besides Stirling and Phillips, and many others, the following appear to have been present : Lord Bury, Thomas Hughes, J. E. Millais, Arthur Lewis, George Caley, Alfred Nicholson, R. W. Edis and Frederick Leighton. It was then definitely decided to form a Corps of "Artists," consisting of painters, sculptors, engravers, musicians, architects and actors. Other meetings followed, at which officers were elected. Lord Bury was, I believe, originally elected Captain, but apparently he almost at once resigned to take command of the newly-formed Civil Service Volunteer Corps, and H. W. Phillips was elected Captain in his place, and is the first "official" C.O. I can find on record. Arthur Lewis and J. E. Millais were elected "Lieutenants," and Frederick Leighton and Alfred Nicholson "Ensigns." Rules and bye-laws were drawn up and passed ; funds were subscribed ; a uniform was agreed upon ; also a badge (with motto), and a marching song, and an ex-Army Sergeant (Sergt. Hocking, late of the Guards) was engaged as a professional Sergt.-Instructor. The

new Corps was duly and officially formed as "The 38th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers," and the first enrolments took place on May 10th, 1860, when 119 men were attested. Lord Bury was No. 1, Val Prinsep (afterwards our senior Major) being No. 7, R. W. Edis (for many years afterwards our Colonel and Hon. Colonel, and who became Sir Robert Edis, K.B.E., C.B., etc.) being No. 8, and Frederick Leighton (afterwards Lord Leighton and for many years our Colonel and Hon. Colonel) being No. 9; but beyond recording briefly the birth of the Corps, I propose to postpone a further and fuller account of their infancy and youth and of their early training and work, and of the eminent position they at once attained to the future chapters.

I should like to place on record, however, that the Artists Rifles, ever since their formation, have received much kindness and encouragement from the Royal Academy, and that a large number of R.As. and A.R.As. have from time to time served in the Regiment. The headquarters of the Corps, from 1860 to 1869, were (through the kindness of the R.A.) at Burlington House, and right up to the present time the Corps has had the honour of furnishing each year a Guard of Honour to the R.A. on the occasion of the opening of their Summer Exhibition. After the Great War the Royal Academy placed at the entrance of Burlington House a beautiful memorial to the memory of those 2,003 members of the Corps who were killed during the Great War. This was in addition to a memorial to such of their students as were killed, and these two memorials (placed on each side of the entrance) were unveiled together by General The Earl of Cavan, K.P., G.C.M.G., K.C.B., etc., then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and were dedicated by the Dean of Westminster (The Honorary Chaplain of the R.A.) on May 22nd, 1922, and an illustration of the memorial erected to the men of the Artists Rifles will be found on page 349.

There is also a tradition in the Corps that the first Officers were largely composed of members of the well-known "Arts Club" (originally of 17, Hanover Square, but now of 40, Dover Street), which seems to have come into existence about the same time as the Regiment. Anyhow, the Corps had the use of the premises of this Club for their headquarters for eleven years, from 1869 to 1880, and has always received much hospitality from them. Even to this day members of the Club, who are also past or present members of the Corps, dine together at regular intervals, and on these occasions ask as their guests some of the other past or present members of the Corps who are not also members of the Club—as I know well, having, though not a member of the Club, on frequent occasions during many years past, myself enjoyed their kind hospitality, and I have many very happy memories of our meetings there.

In conclusion, I should also like once more to refer briefly to one who, it always seems to me, all Artists of every generation have occasion to remember with gratitude, namely, Edward Stirling, the young Art student of the life class at Carey's Art School, the ward of Carlisle and the Cornish Militiaman—the young man who first conceived the idea of forming the Regiment. I have been unable to find any personal details about him, but I have always imagined him to be a man full of enthusiasm, and burning with a desire to inspire his fellow students to serve their country in an emergency, and I can well believe that he may have been disappointed with the immediate result of his first meeting. It was, however, he who first sowed the seed from which the Regiment sprang, which has given to each of us so many friends and so much congenial work, recreation and happiness. Several times since the Great War I have wished that I could meet this young Art student (as I still imagine

him, though, if alive, he would be very old and grey by now !) and place in his hand a copy of our Roll of Honour published after the Great War, and so convince him, by that sacred book, that the seed sown by him in 1859 turned out in the end to be the greatest success, and one which when the great opportunity arose brought forth its fruit abundantly in due season, and is still bearing good fruit in readiness for a similar occasion in the future.

* * * * *

" No hostile Invader England fears
" As calm and with firm reliance
" She trusts to her loyal Volunteers
" Formed for ' Defence, not Defiance.' "

(Chorus of old pre-war Music Hall Song.)

CHAPTER II

THE EARLY DAYS OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES 1860 TO 1882

IN the last chapter I have described how the Corps of Artists Rifles was formed and how the first Officers were elected, and have stated that in addition rules and bye-laws were duly passed, and a badge, a uniform and a marching song agreed upon.

The "Rules and Bye-laws" then passed will seem very antiquated to the present generation of Artists, and to savour more of the formation of a private club or of a modern joint stock company than of a military body, for they contained provisions for "General Meetings," "Election of Officers," "Election of Treasurer," "Accounts," "Audit," etc. The following are the principal points dealt with:—

Members of the Corps were to be of two kinds, viz: those enrolled for service in Great Britain (who had to provide their own uniform and equipment, pay an entrance fee of 10s. 6d. and an annual subscription of £1 1s. on each January 1st, with a risk of being reported as a "defaulter" if not paid by February 1st), and Honorary Members, who were under no liability for military service, but had to pay in addition to the entrance fee of 10s. 6d. a subscription of £2 2s. yearly or £10 10s. in one payment.

The names of Officers elected by a "General Meeting" were to be submitted to the Lord Lieutenant, who had power to grant commissions subject to the Queen's approval (the C.O. apparently had power to appoint the N.C.Os.). The election of Officers by the Corps now seems a strange procedure, though even now I think I would trust most Corps with regard to the selection of their own men to be their Officers.

The C.O. was entirely responsible for "discipline," but under the "Rules" had power to convene a "Court of Enquiry" (of from three to five members of the Corps, one of whom was to be an Officer) to assist him in the investigation of any "irregularities," but if any enquiry was to be made concerning the irregularity of any Officer, the Court of Enquiry was to be convened by the Lord Lieutenant. I cannot find, however, that this provision was ever of any practical use, or any record of any Court of Enquiry ever having been convened.

"Fines" could also be inflicted for irregularities—on the spot apparently—by the Officer or N.C.O. in charge of a parade! The amounts, however, now seem small in proportion to the irregularities sought to be guarded against, e.g., for "Pointing a rifle, loaded or unloaded, at any person without orders," £1; for "Loading without order" or for "Discharging a rifle accidentally" or "Without permission," or for "Shooting out of turn without leave when engaged in ball practice," 2s. 6d. on each occasion. For "Hitting the dummy target on the range," 6d. each time (which seems cheap!); and for "Firing when the danger flag is shown," 10s. These fines, when collected, were to be paid to the "Treasurer" of the Corps; but in spite of all this elaborate machinery, I can find no record of any fine having ever been inflicted!

Although all Corps property was to be vested in the C.O., the rules provided that a Committee to "assist him" should be appointed each year at the annual general meeting, which was to be held in February. This Committee was to consist of the Officers and Musketry Instructors, and of certain N.C.Os. and privates elected by the Corps, with the Secretary and the Treasurer as ex-officio members. The Committee was to meet at least once each quarter, and also when summoned by the C.O., or on the written request of ten members of the Corps. Eleven members were to form a quorum. The C.O. was under an obligation to publish yearly accounts and a balance sheet of all "Corps finances" (made up to December 31st in each year), which were to be duly audited (by the auditor already appointed at the previous general meeting), and to be printed and circulated to each member of the Corps at least seven days before the "Annual General Meeting" in February, when they were to be duly presented for "passing."

The rules also made provision for the registration of the names and addresses of members, for the keeping of "Minutes" of all meetings, for the due collection of subscriptions, for giving receipts, for the custody and safe keeping of Corps property, for resignation, for the appointment of Special Committees for various purposes, and a general power was given to the C.O. to call a general meeting of the Corps at any time.

The Badge chosen by the Artists consisted of two heads, of Mars (the God of War) and Minerva (the Goddess of Wisdom), to represent a combination of War and the Fine Arts. This has remained our badge ever since, and is now carved over the graves of our comrades who fell in France while wearing it. It was designed by Wyon, the Queen's Medallist, who was one of our original members (see pages 74 and 253).

The Uniform agreed upon was of our present light grey colour (originally without any facings), and consisted of tunic, knickerbockers (afterwards altered to trousers) and black gaiters with a "shako" (having a grey and black ball in front), white haversack, water-bottle, white gloves, and a cape (or sometimes a greatcoat) rolled and worn "horse-collar fashion" across the left shoulder. The purchase of a military overcoat was optional, but was practically universal.

The Marching song adopted by the Regiment and sung by all ranks on the march was "Cum Marte Minerva," the words written by George Calcy being set to music of Salvator Rosa's by Alfred Nicholson. The words were as follows:—

Sons of Art, our voices raising,
Onward we march, with step so free,
Sons of Art, our voices raising,
United thus in harmony.

Chorus :

Peaceful or warlike our Song shall be
"Cum Marte Minerva,"
Thus sing we as onward we march,
As onward we march in harmony,
"Cum Marte Minerva" our Song shall be.

Peaceful Arts new vigour gaining,
Whilst we guard our liberty,
Art and freedom thus obtaining
Strength increased by unity.

Chorus (as before).

Danger and hardship ne'er can alarm us,
Ready at England's call are we,
The Arts of Peace themselves shall aid us,
We fight for Queen and liberty.

Chorus (as before).

The Regimental march of "They all love Jack" was a composition of one of our celebrated Officers of later days, Capt. Michael Maybrick, who wrote under the name of "Stephen Adams," and it was adopted by the Corps as their Regimental march in the 'eighties.

The Headquarters of the Corps were at first temporary ones only at the Argyle Rooms, where most of the meetings took place, and towards the end of the year a change was made to Burlington House, the headquarters of the Royal Academy—our first official headquarters.

In 1860 "The Artists" were duly represented at the Queen's Levée for Volunteer Officers, and also at the opening of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon. The Corps also attended the great Volunteer Review before the Queen in Hyde Park in June of that year (all which events have been before referred to), marching to their rendezvous by way of Piccadilly, led by their two tallest Sergeants, R. W. Edis (afterwards Sir Robert W. Edis, K.B.E., C.B., etc.) and Val Prinsep (afterwards Major Val Prinsep), both being considerably over six feet in height. At the review the Corps seem to have won high opinions by their good turn-out and appearance.

Just before the end of the year 1860 the Corps became so strong that a second Company was formed, and Capt. H. W. Phillips was promoted to "Capt. Commandant." Arthur Lewis and Frederick Leighton were promoted to be the respective Captains of the two Companies. According to an old tradition, when the new Company was formed the Corps was paraded and volunteers for the new Company were invited to "Step forward." A large number of men at once stepped forward, and were "Closed in" on the left to form the nucleus of the new Company, and the Companies were then numbered off from front to rear, and were subsequently, designated by the letters "A" and "B." Old pre-war "B" Company, therefore always stoutly maintained that they represented the original Company in the Corps, but in the Great War pre-war "A" and "B" Companies were (under the new four-Company organization) again amalgamated and converted into the present "A" Company of the Battalion, so that the question of the seniority of Companies can never again arise.

In 1863 an important consolidating Act of Parliament was passed (The Volunteer Act, 1863), officially constituting the Volunteer Force as a part of the British Army. By it, all Volunteers were compelled to take an "Oath of allegiance" on enrolment, and so long as they remained members of the force became liable to be called out for military service in any part of Great Britain, but only in the event of actual or apprehended invasion and not for civil disturbances. When embodied for service, all ranks were to be subject to Military Law, but unless on actual service, any man could resign at any time on giving fourteen days' notice and on paying all dues and returning all arms and stores in his possession. Commissions to Officers were to be granted by the Queen to persons recommended by the Lord Lieutenant. All Corps property was to be vested in the Commanding Officer, who was to be responsible for the discipline of his command. Power was given to each Corps (but subject to the subsequent approval by the authorities) to make its own rules and impose its own fines, and payment of all dues could be enforced by a Magistrate. Most of the above was merely re-enacting the regulations then already existing, but a new and very useful part of the Act was the practical help given by the authorities by directing the attachment to each Volunteer Corps of a small staff of regular soldiers, viz. : One Officer, to act as Adjutant ; and three N.C.Os., to act as Sergt. Instructors. The Act also provided that the Volunteers could from time to time be placed under Regular Officers (of senior rank) for instruction and training ; it also provided for an annual official "Inspection" and report of each Corps by a regular Officer. It

also laid down conditions of "efficiency" (mostly requiring a yearly minimum of drills and shooting by each man), the fulfilment of which earned an annual "Capitation Grant" of (originally) £1 10s. for his Corps from the Public funds. This was a very real and practical help, as these grants were in all cases, I believe, utilized by the Corps concerned for the purchase of uniforms and equipment (arms were at this time already provided by the Government), and so relieved each member individually of the cost of these; and it became usual for each man on joining to enter into a written legal agreement with his Commanding Officer to the effect that the C.O. was to supply him, free of cost, with uniform and equipment in return for an undertaking given by the man to earn at least three annual capitation grants for the Regiment, and in default to himself pay the balance of any grants unearned. Most corps also, I believe, about this time abolished their entrance fees, and a man's financial liability on joining was thus generally limited to the payment of the yearly subscription (of varying amounts in different corps—in the case of the Artists it was £1 1s.—afterwards raised to £1 5s. to include the extra expense of a brass band), and an obligation to become "efficient" three times, or in default to pay or contribute towards the cost of his uniform. In the Artists (and in many other Corps also) each man joining about this time had also to enter into an obligation to purchase a military overcoat (cost 16s., afterwards 23s.), the total of the three capitation grants not being large enough to include the cost of this.

About 1864 "C" Company was raised (and subsequently commanded) by Capt. R. W. Edis (when he was President of the Architectural Association), and was composed chiefly of architectural students. Soon afterwards, viz. : in 1865, "D" Company was formed. It originally consisted of members of the Arts side of the London University. Capt. King-Harmon was the first Captain. He was formerly in the 60th Rifles, and according to tradition was our first Adjutant. He may have acted as such, but the first official record of the appointment of an Adjutant of the "Artists" in the old Army Lists is that of Capt. J. A. Ramsey, of the Bombay Army, who was appointed the same year, viz. : 1865.

In 1868 the C.O., Capt. H. Wyndham Phillips, died. He was succeeded in the command by Capt. Frederick Leighton, who was elected Commanding Officer at a general meeting of the Corps held at the 1st Middlesex Artillery Drill Hall, in Leicester Square, on January 6th, 1869, and in the same year (the Corps then consisting of four Companies) he was promoted to be Major. In 1869 also the headquarters were transferred from Burlington House to "The Arts Club" (then in Hanover Square), and in 1871 the Government "Enfield" rifles, with which the Corps were armed, were converted into "Sniders."

In 1875 black facings and black-edged shoulder straps (with "38th Middlesex" worked thereon) were added to the grey uniform; and in the same year, "C" Company having become over strength, a new "Architectural" Company ("E" Company) was formed, with Capt. Lacey Ridge in command. This was followed in 1877 by the formation of a new "Painters" Company ("F" Company), largely recruited from "A" Company, with Capt. Val Prinsep in command; and, the strength of the Corps being by this time six Companies, the C.O., Major Leighton, was promoted to Lieut.-Colonel, and Capt. Edis was promoted to be the Major.

In 1877 the famous Artists "School of Arms" was founded—Colour-Sergt. Hamilton and Transport-Sergt. A. G. Cowell being among its founders. This School of Arms was lucky enough to secure the services of Corporal-of-the-Horse Macpherson (a Fencing Instructor of the Royal Horse Guards) as their first instructor, and in a very few years' time became, and has since continued to be, one of the most flourishing institutions connected with the Regiment. Accommodation during the

winter months was, in former days, obtained at the Queen's Road Baths at Bayswater. The founders of the School of Arms also furnished enthusiasts who helped to initiate "The Military Tournament"—which was originally established by Volunteers and "run" by them annually at the Old Agricultural Hall at Islington; prizes being offered by them for competition by Regulars as well as Volunteers. The success of the Corps at the Military Tournament and other similar meetings was astonishing, and has been continued right up to the present date. (See "Landmarks," No. 9, "Bayonet team Results," on pages xxii to xxviii).

In 1878, our Commanding Officer, having been appointed to be the President of the Royal Academy, was "knighted," and became "Sir Frederick Leighton." In 1879 the "shako" was abandoned, and the helmet introduced as the full head-dress, the round forage cap—worn on the right side of the head, just above the right ear—being retained for undress. In 1880 the designation of the Corps was changed to "The 20th Middlesex (Artists) Rifle Volunteers," and the headquarters were also changed from the Arts Club to the West London School of Art at 155, Great Titchfield Street, W. In the same year Capt. Ramsey (the Adjutant) was replaced by Capt. E. Pennell Elmhirst, of the Royal West Kent Regiment.

In 1880 two more Companies ("G" and "H") were added to the Corps—"G" was chiefly an off-shoot of "D" (The London University) Company, and was recruited largely from the students of the various London hospitals, Capt. F. A. Lucas being in command. "H" Company was chiefly an off-shoot of "A" and "F" (the two Painters' Companies), and was commanded by Capt. D. W. Wynfield, the painter. Shortly afterwards (the Corps being then eight Companies strong) Capt. E. H. Busk was appointed as a second (i.e., the Junior) Major.

In 1881 (being the 21st year of their existence), the famous Royal Review of Volunteers was held by Queen Victoria at Windsor. The Artists (eight Companies strong) were among the best of the Corps represented on that occasion, and won high praise for their smartness and appearance during that very trying day's work.

In 1882 our headquarters were moved to 36, Fitzroy Square, and at the end of that year Capt. Charles Haggard, of the Royal Irish Rifles, was appointed Adjutant in the place of Capt. E. Pennell Elmhirst.

Ever since the formation of the Corps, all recruits have had to be introduced by a past or present member (who has been responsible to the Corps for his introduction). The minimum age (except for buglers) has been 17 years; minimum height, 5 ft. 6½ ins.; minimum chest measurement, 34 ins.; and the Officers have never been commissioned except from the ranks. The Corps has taken part in every important Volunteer Camp and Review that has been held.

It also formed a very efficient and excellent "Transport" Section (under Transport-Sergt. A. G. Cowell). Also, during the latter part of the period, of which I am writing, there was established a very efficient drum and fife band (recruited from the scholars of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts' School at Westminster); and the Artists' Regimental Smoking Concerts were among the best of their kind in London.

The chief military work, however, done by Volunteers in the early days was undoubtedly DRILL (for which the Corps attained a great reputation), with shooting on the range a considerable way behind. Bayonet fighting was only taught in the School of Arms.

With regard to manœuvre and field work, towards the end of the period about which I write, permission was given for men (voluntarily) to attend (in provisional companies) a week's camp at Aldershot each summer (in provisional Battalions made up of a mixture of different Corps), but these summer camps were by no

means popular or largely attended. The chief and best " outings " of the Volunteers in those days were undoubtedly at Easter-time, when practically all attended, assembling in their thousands at Eastbourne, Folkestone, or some other seaside town (which combined good manœuvring ground and good accommodation with seaside attractions !), and the four days of training, from Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive, always culminated in a big field day on the Easter Monday under the direction of some highly-placed regular Officer, and always resulted in a great amount of marching and firing of blank ammunition ! Most of the Corps spent the Good Friday and Saturday in marching to their rendezvous, and huge marching columns were often the result. The Artists usually started a detachment (known originally as " The Baggage Guard," and later on as " The Marching Detachment " (which is more particularly referred to in Chapter IX) on the Tuesday before Easter. The whole force entrained back to town on the Easter Monday night or very early on the Tuesday morning. The marching on these occasions, all in marching order, was of a strenuous character, and this and also the billeting *en route* was a distinctly valuable training from a military point of view.

Recent members of the Corps—especially those who joined during and since the Great War—should feel grateful to those old members who kept the Regiment going in these early days, especially those who kept it going during the first twenty years of its existence ! The Territorial Army has now a definite place in our military programme, and men joining are not subject to the discouragement that was the lot of our ancestors of 1860 to 1880. In spite of discouragement, however, these men continued to give their best in time and in money to the good cause and stuck to " Volunteering " as their " hobby." As the force grew in strength it gradually earned the admiration of all good citizens, and (after being converted into " Territorials) was in the end able to render good service to the country in 1914 (and afterwards) when the great occasion arose.

CHAPTER III

MY ENROLMENT IN THE ARTISTS RIFLES

(1882)

IN the autumn of 1881, when I was eighteen years of age, and was serving my Articles to a solicitor in the City of London, I made the acquaintance of another pupil who had been articled in the country, but was serving the last year of his Articles with a West End firm of solicitors (his principals' London Agents) in order to get an insight into London work. My new friend was an enthusiast who, I believe, had never been to London before, and was determined to learn all he could about it during his last year of service. I had not long left school, and was in much the same frame of mind. We had much in common, and together we searched the hidden mysteries of the Great City. We were both pledged not to neglect our office work (the future livelihood of both of us depending upon this), and I think I can honestly say that we worked as hard at our future profession during the day as the majority of articled clerks, but Saturday afternoons and Sundays and most evenings we devoted to our researches. My friend was living in rooms in the Bloomsbury district, and I was living at home, close by. We were both of us impecunious, and beyond a few seasonable and much appreciated gifts from relatives, my total income was but a few shillings a week, to cover lunches (often very limited), 'bus fares (I generally walked) and amusements. As to amusements, we invariably went to one theatre each week, generally two, and sometimes more, but we could seldom afford more than a gallery seat, which never cost more than a shilling, and at most theatres (in those days) was only sixpence. Together we explored London in a most thorough and systematic way, first making lists of all attractions, theatres, music halls, dancing platforms and places of interest, "ticking off" each when "done." We visited the "Zoo," the Tower of London, the various cathedrals and celebrated places of worship (of all denominations), also Covent Garden, Billingsgate, Smithfield and other markets (often so early that it was practically the middle of the night!). On the cheap we saw the boat race and the more important cricket and football matches, athletic meetings, picture galleries and museums. We also included a tour of the Police Courts, Criminal Courts, County Courts and High Courts. The East End was our frequent playground. We included 'bus and tram rides into unknown districts, trips up and down the river in penny steamboats, long walks in the suburbs on Sundays. Altogether we acquired a knowledge of London which was both extensive and peculiar, and which has been useful to me all my life—always, from necessity (as mentioned above), working on the cheapest lines!

Soon after Easter of 1882 my friend's thirst for experience led him to join "The Artists Rifle Volunteers" for the usual term of three years. He was persuaded to do this by a friend of his, an engraver by profession, and an old member of the Corps, who pictured in glowing colours the new experience to be gained, at a minimum expense, by a week in camp in August, for which my friend would just have time to qualify, if he worked hard and attended all the drills possible until then.

The engraver also informed my friend that he could eventually be transferred to a local corps, near his home, to complete his three years of service, and would thus gain both London and country experience. He also guaranteed my friend's acceptance by "The Artists," even though he was not a *bona-fide* Artist (i.e., painter, architect, sculptor, engraver, musician, etc.), which in those days was (in theory at all events) supposed to be a necessary qualification.

I confess I (then) rather resented this importation of "Volunteering" into my friend's programme. It was the first experience he had undertaken since his arrival in town in which I had no share. It occupied at least two of his evenings each week, sometimes more, and often a Saturday afternoon as well. It severely limited the time he could devote to his London researches. I fear I also felt inclined to resent the enthusiasm my friend was displaying for his new "hobby," and his accounts of his work and of the new acquaintances he was making, and his anxiety as to whether he would be sufficiently advanced to be able to attend his week's camp at Aldershot early in August. As a matter of fact, though barely out of his "Recruit's Course," he was allowed to go to camp, and all the half-formed schemes we had discussed to go for a cheap walking tour round the Isle of Wight were scattered to the winds!

In due course I received a hastily written post-card from my friend, sent from his camp at Aldershot, telling me of the time he expected to return (on a Saturday afternoon), asking me to meet him at his rooms, and suggesting a re-union dinner for the two of us on that evening at a cheap Soho café which we sometimes patronized—when we could afford it! I went to his rooms accordingly, and waited for his return. When he arrived, I could not help being immensely struck by his personal appearance in his new role!—his uniform, his rifle, his kit-bag, the Aldershot dust lying thick all over him—his rather unwashed but splendidly healthy appearance, his clear eyes, his brown face and hands, his high spirits, his self-reliance, his stories of camp, his enthusiasm for his military work and, what perhaps touched me most of all, his really affectionate welcome and his genuine regret at my not having shared with him what he evidently thought was his best experience of all. He was full of the Corps, and earnestly advised me to join at the earliest possible opportunity, which apparently was the following November 1st, when a new Volunteer year started. As my friend was leaving town (to spend the remainder of his summer holiday at his home) on the Monday morning, he informed me he was going at once to the headquarters in Fitzroy Square to leave his rifle in the armoury there. This ended by our arranging to walk round together, and we went accordingly.

On arrival at headquarters we went to the Orderly Room, and there met the Sergeant-Major (Fullerton by name, an old Guardsman, as I afterwards discovered), also obviously just back from camp, and whose very red face and neck were in striking contrast to his white bald head, which had been protected from the sun (above a well-defined line, diagonally across his forehead) by his round "forage cap." The Sergeant-Major (in rather a peremptory manner, I then thought!) ordered my friend to take his rifle to the armoury and to get a receipt for it, and my friend (rather meekly, as I then thought) went accordingly, and I, feeling a little nervous of the Sergeant-Major's attitude towards myself (he had been "eying" me!), also left the Orderly Room, and waited for my friend on the steps just outside the front door.

While waiting on the steps a waggon arrived from the railway station laden with all kinds of miscellaneous stores from camp. It was escorted by a party of uniformed "Artists," including a mounted driver of the pair-horsed waggon and a Sergeant on horseback (Transport-Sergt. A. G. Cowell, I afterwards found out), the whole

detachment being under the command of a bull-dog looking Colour-Sergeant (Colour-Sergt. A. C. Pine). I was very greatly impressed by the appearance of this detachment, by the (what I then thought) peremptory orders of the sergeants and by the smart manner in which the stores were carried into headquarters after the escort had first got rid of their rifles and accoutrements. The whole detachment showed a willingness and keenness that was most impressive and contagious. I felt half inclined to offer my own services, but was not quite sure how the offer would be received! While pondering the matter, my friend rejoined me, and answered my numerous questions as to the Corps and their work. We duly dined together, and before the evening was over I had acquired quite a lot of information about the Corps, and had quite made up my mind to join as soon as possible. I was glad to find that my friend, being now a member, could himself introduce me to the Captain of his Company (which he promised to do), and that it would not be necessary to again seek the services of his friend the engraver.

In October (of 1882) I received a letter from my friend (sent from his home), enclosing a "nomination form" for me to fill in certain particulars (name, profession, age, height, chest measurement, etc.), and return it for him to forward, with his recommendation, to the Captain of his Company, and towards the end of the month I received a short note from the Captain (Capt. D. W. Wynfield), making an appointment for me to attend at headquarters at 6 o'clock, one Tuesday early in November, to be "sworn in."

I duly attended at headquarters (then at 36, Fitzroy Square), and found it teeming with men, all, except the Staff-Sergeants, being in "plain clothes." I was referred to a Colour-Sergeant—W. H. Hudson—who had my nomination form in his hand. He informed me that he had just been made Colour-Sergeant of "H" Company, and that he was on the look-out for me. He gave me certain papers to fill up (including an agreement with the Commanding Officer), which I did to the best of my ability and to his satisfaction. He then took me to a Regimental doctor to be medically examined, and afterwards to an Officer of the Company (Lieut. R. A. Todd), who, after glancing at the papers, told me to stand up, take a book (which I believe was a New Testament) in my right hand and a card in my left. He then rather startled me by suddenly calling the room to "Attention" in a loud voice (which immediately produced a dead silence), and he then bade me read certain words printed on the card, which I afterwards came to know by heart. They were to the effect that I sincerely promised and swore that I would be "faithful, " and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, her heirs and successors, " and that I would faithfully serve Her Majesty in Great Britain for the defence of " the same against all her enemies and opposers whatsoever, according to the " conditions of my service." These I read in a quavering voice. I was then told to "kiss the book," after which the talking all round suddenly began again, and I found myself duly "sworn in." The Colour-Sergeant then collected from me £1 5s. for the first year's subscription, and I was told that there was nothing more for me to do except to "turn up" the following Friday "at six o'clock sharp," to start on my recruit drills. The whole process being very much quicker and more simple than I had expected.

As I was leaving I was stopped by Lieut. Todd, who told me that Capt. Wynfield had just arrived at headquarters, and that I had better see him, as he liked to have a personal interview with all recruits on their first joining his Company. After a short delay, I had an interview with Capt. Wynfield. He rather surprised me by his appearance, big bushy beard and comfortable artistic costume, looking exactly like the conventional painter and not the least like the conventional soldier. He

could not have been kinder, however, or more polite. He referred to my friend as "a promising recruit," he asked me searching questions about my profession, education and "hobbies," he told me a lot about the Corps and its work, about the Colonel's aspirations, and the Corps' obligation to the country in the event of an invasion. He also told me that the Colonel (Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.) was responsible to the Government for maintaining the Corps and keeping it well up to the mark, that he obtained the necessary funds to do so from two sources: First, from the Government, who paid him a "capitation grant" of 30s. each year for each man in the Corps who fulfilled certain conditions and so made himself "efficient," and that nearly the whole cost of the uniform was provided by the Colonel out of this grant, but that each man had to buy for himself a greatcoat, cost £1 3s.; a kit-bag, cost 2s.; and a red, brewer's cap, cost 1s. 6d. And, secondly, that each man had to pay to the Corps a Regimental subscription of £1 5s. each year (being one pound to the Corps funds and five shillings to the band fund). He explained that I would have to undertake to become "efficient" three times or else I myself would have to pay the grant of 30s., which the Colonel would lose owing to my inefficiency; that to qualify as an efficient I should have to (i.) Attend at least sixty drills during the first two years, and nine drills a year afterwards; (ii.) fire at least sixty rounds on the range, and pass a certain standard of shooting (which he said was quite easy); and (iii.) each year attend the "Annual Inspection" in Hyde Park. He also told me that beyond this I should be expected always to attend the annual Easter training (from Good Friday to Easter Monday inclusive), also the majority of the Saturday afternoon drills in uniform, but that I could please myself as to whether I attended the summer camp or not, though personally he strongly advised me to do so. Had I any questions to ask—he liked recruits exactly to understand their position and obligations before they joined but that if I were satisfied, he would order my papers to be made out at once!

Capt. Wynfield seemed considerably surprised when I told him that my papers had already been made out, and that I had been duly sworn in by Mr. Todd! He thereupon congratulated me, predicted I should never regret it (which prediction has been fulfilled), urged me to do my best for the Company and for the Corps. He also told me always to look upon him as a friend, and to write to him if I were ever in a difficulty with regard to Corps work. He then shook hands with me cordially, and wished me good luck!

This last interview may have seemed a bit late, and so possibly useless, but I did not then and have never since regarded it as a waste of time. It enabled me to understand (much more exactly than my friend or the Colour-Sergeant or the Lieutenant had explained) my obligations to the Corps; it gave me a strong desire to become a useful member of Capt. Wynfield's Company, and it also gave me an intense liking and admiration for my new Captain, who took so much trouble over his new recruit. These feelings I afterwards found were shared by every member of his Company.

CHAPTER IV

RECRUIT COURSE AND DRILL IN 1882.

I HAVE related in the last chapter how I came to join "The Artists Rifles." After enrolment I duly attended all available recruit drills. They were held on Tuesdays, from 5.30 to 7.30 p.m., and on Fridays, from 6 to 8 p.m., either at Westminster Hall or at headquarters, or sometimes on Saturday afternoons at University College; and for one Company, viz.: the medical students' Company, at 5.30, on Wednesday afternoons, at Guy's Hospital. I at once became keenly interested, and studied most carefully the official drill-book, which was then "Field Exercises, 1877." We were a fairly large squad of recruits, and a keen one, and were generally drilled by one of the regular Staff-Sergeant-Instructors, under whom we made good progress. Sometimes our instructor was a volunteer member of the Corps, often of no higher rank than a Lance-Corporal, and sometimes one who was not only inexperienced in his work, but had no one present to supervise him. As regards the volunteer instructors also we generally had a different one each time, so we often felt our drill was being wasted, and were disappointed accordingly. We were further handicapped by having one or more newly-enlisted recruits sent to join us in the course of almost every drill, and in consequence we were everlastingly starting again with "Squad drill with intervals" (standing at ease, dressing, turnings, saluting and "balance step," i.e., standing on one leg and slowly swinging the other to and fro from front to rear!), all "by numbers," and all as an introduction to "slow march," which was then given with much detail. We seldom, therefore, got as far as "Quick march" or "Squad drill in single rank" before it was time to "dismiss." Every now and then an instructor would enquire: "How many drills have you done in this squad?" and when we could answer "ten" (I think it was) or upwards, we were told to "Join the next squad," i.e., the next squad above us learning "manual exercises," also in great detail, mostly "by numbers," over and over again to provide for constant new-comers as before. The third and last squad did "squad drill in two ranks," in which we had rather longer instruction. After this we were sent to join the "Company drill"; but even in those early days I had the impertinence to feel how much more valuable the drilling would have been if (1) Only the very best of our Volunteer Instructors were allowed to drill recruits, and not then till after undergoing a special course of instruction in the art of instructing (with possibly here and there an extra keen young Lance-Corporal pupil who could practice occasionally under competent supervision so as to gain the necessary experience); (2) If they always had the same Instructor for each special squad; and (3) If the same men constituted the squad from start to finish, i.e., until the whole squad were really fit to be passed together to be a higher squad after a moderately stiff test examination—those failing to pass to begin over again in a new squad. I am proud to say that I was able to suggest these reforms (all of which were eventually adopted) after I had attained the rank of Sergeant.

After passing the second recruit squad we were given an order on the Regimental contractor to be measured and supplied with uniform and equipment. I then learnt

that the Corps were changing their contractor at that time, and that the first twelve uniforms of that year (1882-83)—of which mine was one—were being made by the new contractors (Messrs. Hobson & Sons) as samples of what they could produce for the money. Anyhow, I felt that the greatest pains were being taken both by the contractors and by a special "Dress Committee" of the Corps—of whom I recollect that 2nd-Lieut. A. J. Davidson was the life and soul! The constant inspections, modifications and refittings of each article of uniform and equipment were rather trying to the selected twelve men, but in the end I think we got wonderfully fine material and fit and value for money—indeed, it will scarcely be believed, but is nevertheless the fact, that my original private's regimental greatcoat, made by Hobson in 1882, which cost 23s. (as against 16s., the price of the previous contractor) was, after the rough and tumble of six years' service in the ranks and as a Sergeant, on my attaining a commission, adopted by me as a dressing-gown, and hanging on my bedroom door, was in due course afterwards gradually acquired by my wife! and has been her dressing-gown ever since, and as such is still worn by her daily. After nearly fifty years of service, it looks quite capable of going on for many more years of such service before it is worn out! and some of my vivid recollections (during a long and trying illness after the Great War) are of my wife, in the middle of the night, by my bedside with medicine or something more comforting in her hands, clad in my old Artists' greatcoat of 1882 (to which Sergeant's stripes had been subsequently added) as her dressing-gown!

With regard to our arms, uniform and equipment in 1882, we were armed with the "Snider" rifle and bayonet. Our uniforms were of the "Artists" light-grey colour, pointed with black. We wore our helmets in full dress, and always on Sundays till sundown. We wore round "forage caps" (well down on the side of the face over the right ear, and held in place by a narrow chin-strap) for undress. We had rather wide but short black leggings, with trousers tucked into them and turned down over them to within 12 inches of the ground. In "marching" or "field-day" order we carried white canvas haversacks on our left sides, and a thick glass water-bottle on our right sides. When in uniform we always had to wear white cotton gloves (buckskin for Officers and Sergeants), and when without rifles and not on parade, we had to carry "swagger" canes not exceeding 18 inches in length. We did not carry valises (only kit-bags). Capes were invariably carried when on parade in uniform. These were rolled "horse-collar fashion," and carried over the left shoulder. Greatcoats (with the cape inside) were carried in the same way when in "marching order." Plates I and II (see page 75) (taken from the first edition of our "Greybook," published in 1889) will show our kit at the date I joined. Afterwards, about 1890, our equipment was changed to the "Slade Wallace" equipment (see Plates III and IV, page 75, taken from the second edition of the "Greybook," published in 1893).

On the conclusion of our "recruit's course" in drill we had a short training in "musketry," consisting, if I recollect rightly, of two or three "aiming and position" drills, and one lecture on "Theoretical principles." We then attended at the range to shoot our "recruit's course." Musketry, however, was by no means popular in those days. To be called a "shooting man" was generally considered a term of reproach!

Training with the bayonet was entirely voluntary, and was limited to comparatively few. "Sammy" Cowell and a few of his personal friends in our voluntary "School of Arms" were the only ones who cultivated it at all in those early far-off days, but they taught and cultivated it on really sound lines. They practised, and then matched themselves against and gained brilliant victories over redoubtable

champions in every other unit. They also evolved such men as Murray, Hammond, Keene, Byrne and others to be their successors ; and they started a scheme of bayonet-training that at once placed and has since kept the Artists easily at the top of all other Volunteer and Territorial units, and even in close running for the championship of the British Army when matched against the best of our splendid old "regular" teams. Long may their good influence help us.

The drill of 1882, to which practically the whole of our training (in squad, Company and Battalion) was devoted, would astonish the present-day Territorial soldier. Such as it was, however, there is no doubt that the Corps became most efficient at it, and was always most splendidly and carefully "turned out," and accordingly held a very high reputation indeed in the old Volunteer Force. Drill was also, I believe, the chief training of the Regular Forces in those days. It was carried out with enormous detail and mathematical exactness. The Army was very conservative, and in spite of ever-changing circumstances, corresponding changes in drill were only made slowly after considerable pressure on the part of would-be reformers, and perhaps at this distance of time I may without impropriety venture to add a few words on this subject.

In the drill book of 1824 it was laid down that "Slow march is to be the ordinary step on all occasions whatever, unless otherwise specially ordered. . . . Quick step may occasionally be used in the march of small bodies when the route is smooth and no obstacles occur ; but in the march of a considerable body it is not to be required, otherwise fatigue must arise to the soldier, and more time will be lost by hurry and inaccuracy than is attempted to be gained by quickness" ! (the note of exclamation has been added by me).

The drill book of 1833 contains 157 manual and platoon exercises !

The drill book of 1859 lays down that "Slow march is an essential foundation for arriving at accuracy in the paces of greater celerity . . . the toe a little pointed and kept near the ground, so that the shoe soles may not be visible to a person in front." It was also laid down in describing the position of "Attention" that "a soldier's arms and his hands must be kept steadily to his sides, and in open files the palms of his hands are to be turned full to the front . . . and on no account suffered to vibrate or partake in any degree of the movement of the leg."

In 1865 there were 56 complicated Battalion movements, each to be learnt and practised with great detail.

Under the drill book in force when I joined ("Field Exercises, 1877"), the above amongst other things had, mercifully, been somewhat modified ; though in all marching it was still insisted upon that the arms were to be perfectly straight, fixed and rigid, as if glued to the sides, and were "not to partake in any degree in the movement of the leg." The practical instruction given to us was always to keep our thumbs on the seams of our trousers ! Men were formerly allowed only 21 inches of space in the ranks, and had to march by "touch," i.e., all jammed up close together (measure 21 inches, and see for yourself !), and much care had to be taken that neither the head or the eyes were turned towards either flank, but that the dressing was to be kept by "touch" only. By "Field Exercises, 1877," however, the space allowed to each was increased to 24 inches, though we still had to march by "touch," the elbows being turned slightly outwards in order to maintain it.

All drill was also carried out with reference to a fetish known as "front." There were, in fact, three fronts : the individual soldier's front, the company's front and the battalion's front, each of which had to be carefully borne in mind

when drilling, so as to turn or look in the correct direction on the command "Front turn," or "Look to your fronts." Before most movements in battalion drill, "guides" or "markers" (represented by Officers or Sergeants) had to take up the exact place where the flanks of the companies would respectively rest when the proposed movement was completed, and were first carefully dressed by a Major, and afterwards each company was carefully dressed on to these points by an officer. Men of a company were always meticulously "sized" at the commencement of each parade ("the tallest on the flanks, the shortest in the centre"), and were then divided into four equal sections, thus making it practically impossible for a company to have permanent sections or to be always supervised and commanded by the half-company or section commanders permanently allotted to them. It was apparently considered essential that for the purpose of drill the original front rank should always be in front, and the original rear rank always in rear, and that these ranks should never be changed. The consequence of this was that if it was desired that a battalion should face the opposite direction, instead of giving the command "About turn," or "Change ranks," it had either to "wheel" round twice (which took a lot of space and time), or to "countermarch," which involved a complicated movement too elaborate to be quickly explained.

"Fours" were formed in four distinct and separate ways, according to whether they were to be formed to the "right," "left," "about" or "deep"; but perhaps the most senseless movement of those days was what was called "locking up," the ability to perform which was then supposed to be one of the chief tests of a really good battalion. It was consequently always insisted upon when "marching past," though as a matter of fact I cannot find any mention of it in the old drill books, except in one place in the index only—with no page added! It was performed as follows: When standing on parade the rear rank stood, normally, only 30 inches (one pace) behind the front rank (which was, anyhow, too close for comfort), but before marching past, the ranks "locked up," i.e., each rear rank man placed himself as close as was possible behind his front rank man. His chest practically touched the back of his front rank man, and the supernumerary rank (of officers, sergeants, drummers, pioneers, etc.) "locked up" to the rear rank in the same manner. The three men (front rank man, rear rank man and supernumerary) thus became welded into one creature with six legs—three right legs and three left legs—which (as the length of the marching pace was 30 inches, and the distance between the "locked up" ranks much less) overstepped each other, and made marching even on the level and for a short distance most trying and difficult, and for a long distance and over rough ground almost impossible. Two of the three men could not see the ground in front of them or where they were going to, and a small obstacle in the way, such as a brick, meant disaster! Moreover, the discomfort was indescribable (try it and see!). Yet most Generals in those days judged the value of a regiment for the purpose of active service by the way it "locked up" in marching past! Faint praise in those days being: "Not a bad lot, but can't 'lock up.'"

The outstanding soldier of those days was undoubtedly Lord Wolseley, who sometimes visited us at our headquarters, and was a good friend of the old Volunteers. For him I soon acquired, by reason of his work, his books, his reputation and his speeches, a very great admiration. He always seemed so far-seeing, so broad-minded and so practical, his ideas being miles in advance of the military opinion of his day. Read his "Soldier's Pocket Book," and you will find it crammed with useful, practical information, most of which would even now be useful to officers in active service, and, indeed, was most useful to me in many ways in the training of many thousands of young officers during the Great War.

To Lord Wolseley were attributed three sayings which have always struck me as remarkably correct, viz. :—

(1) “ *That all big military reforms had been first introduced by England.*” Her troops could fight in line when other armies could only fight in column, and could afterwards fight in extended order when other armies only fought in line. Nearly all big reforms in military clothing and equipment have started in England. She was the first to utilize cycling as a military aid. She has initiated most of the advanced forms of shooting. The reason Lord Wolseley gave for the above was that England, of all nations, had then had the most experience of actual fighting, i.e., we had, when most other nations were at peace, our constant small wars all over the world, teaching us continually new methods, and producing up-to-date practical soldiers—such as Lord Wolseley himself.

(2) “ *That all big military reforms since 1860 were first introduced by the Volunteers!*” It was certainly by constant pressure on the part of the Volunteers that drill was gradually simplified and changed, and in this connection the name of one persistent and splendid old volunteer in particular, viz. : Colonel J. H. A. Macdonald (afterwards Sir J. H. A. Macdonald, K.C.B., etc.), commanding “The Queen’s Edinburgh” (The Edinburgh “Blacks”), a Scottish lawyer, will long be remembered. Capt. Lacy W. Ridge, of the Artists Rifles, was also a reformer of the keenest kind. In organization, the Volunteers first started the formation of permanent sections and sub-sections in each company with individual sergeants and corporals as their permanent commanders. Volunteers first created the National Rifle Association, which in its lifetime has done so much to improve the shooting of the British Army. They founded also the “Military Tournament” at the old Agricultural Hall, Islington (since moved to Olympia), which has done so much to encourage skill-at-arms in all ranks. The “Central London Rangers,” I believe, were the first battalion to introduce machine-guns into their battalion. The “Post Office Rifle Volunteers” introduced for the first time a good system of postal service on active service. Whistles and signals were introduced by Volunteers, also automatic and rapid organization. Improvements in clothing and equipment also were mostly introduced by them. It was in the Volunteers that captains were first encouraged to train their own companies instead of leaving everything to the C.O. and his staff. War games were first introduced (from Germany) by the Volunteers, and the indoor teaching of practical subjects by means of maps and sand tables. It was the Volunteers also who founded the “Home District Tactical Society,” which did such good service in the old days. These are perhaps the chief examples, but many other instances could be given.

(3) “ *That the worst-drilled Militia battalion knew more than twice as much drill as was necessary for the purpose of war!*” And I think that all who saw service in France will agree that after a short but intensive recruit training, especially in shooting and bayonet, the exact parading of a company, exact and correct forming and movement in fours (and marching in column of fours), and the careful teaching and cultivation of a good, clear and far-reaching word of command covers most, if not all, of the drill necessary for the purposes of active service.

The present generation of amateur soldiers should be very thankful for all that their ancestors earned for them, and, among other things, that the Territorial soldier of to-day can now drill, march and learn with ease and comfort that was denied to his old predecessors of 1882!

CHAPTER V

AMBULANCE COURSE AND EASTER TRAINING

(1883)

AFTER completing my "recruit's course," I at once started to attend the "Company drills." These were conducted by the different companies as each came "on duty" on successive drill nights. I became keenly interested in drill, and inclined, I fear, to criticise my instructors! Some Companies, when on duty, evidently took much trouble to prepare for their task and make their evening a success, in that they produced what I thought were very fine instructors, and, consequently, an instructive drill. On the other hand, some Companies seemed to me hopelessly weak, with sometimes no Officer present, and the drill, as it seemed to me, degenerated into "manual exercises" under one of the Sergeants. On alternate Saturday afternoons we usually had a "Battalion parade" in uniform, generally under the Colonel, Lord Leighton (then Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A.), and this, as a rule, was either "Battalion drill," in Regent's Park or Hyde Park, or something in the nature of a sham fight at either Wimbledon, Putney or Richmond, part of the Battalion (in helmets) to one place, and the remainder (in forage-caps) to another. The Battalion drill of those days gave me quite new and advanced ideas on the subject of drilling, and I was, from the first, much struck with the ease and simplicity with which the Battalion, from long practice, I suppose, "entrained" and "detrained" when going to Putney, Wimbledon or Richmond.

In the early part of 1883, Volunteers were called for to go through a military "ambulance course," and I, feeling I had had enough of Company drills for the time being, sent in my name, to the intense joy of my Captain, dear old Capt. Wynfield, who had apparently pledged himself to the Colonel to send in at least two names from his Company, and felt he might be in a difficulty in obtaining them. The Instructing Officer was the Regimental Surgeon (Surgeon Capt. Jackson), not, as I recollect him, a particularly robust or military-looking man, but *a most excellent and painstaking instructor*, especially on the subjects of the fitting of boots and socks, and the washing and care of feet from a military point of view. These matters he evidently and rightly considered most important for a marching Regiment. There were only a few of us in his class, and he took the very greatest pains over each, and, if we would give the time to it after the class was over, he would go over again and again the essential points of every lesson and give us personal instruction and advice in a great number of matters affecting military hygiene. In fact, I doubt if military stretcher-bearers ever had a better instructor, or so much care taken over their tuition. I personally learnt many important practical hints which have been useful to me during my life, especially as regards fitting of boots and socks and washing and care of feet, and military hygiene generally.

In the days of which I am writing, viz. : early in 1883, it had long been a custom (as I have already mentioned) for practically all Volunteers to join, in their thousands, in a big field day ("sham fight," as it was then called) on the Easter Monday bank holiday. This field day was held in various parts of the country, where suitable

ground was available and accessible—mostly near a big seaside town. It soon afterwards became the custom for large numbers of Volunteers to be quartered in such town from the Good Friday or Saturday evening, till they returned to town late on the Monday, or very early on the Tuesday; each Volunteer who was taking part contributing a sufficient sum to cover his expenses. At the time of which I am writing, this custom had developed a little further, and big marching columns to such towns were frequently arranged, starting very early on the Friday morning, entraining to a convenient railway station as a starting point, billeting on the way on the Friday evening, resuming the march early on the Saturday, and arriving at the selected seaside town on the Saturday night—in time for a clean up. a big Church parade on the Sunday morning, and the remainder of the day resting at the seaside. The Artists, however, always tried to go “one better” than the rest, and from the very early days it had been their custom to send their “ambulance waggon” and “beer cart!” (the only two vehicles the Regiment possessed as its own!) with sometimes two or more military or civilian waggons (borrowed from the A.S.C. or a friendly firm) to carry “kits.” This little transport, commanded by Transport-Sergeant Cowell, started on its journey by road from London a few days beforehand, generally on the Tuesday or Wednesday. It was Walter C. Horsley (our present Honorary Colonel) who, when a Sergeant, first conceived the necessity of having a “baggage guard” to protect this little convoy on its journey till it met the Battalion. The original guard was only a Sergeant’s command (i.e., was commanded by Sergeant Walter C. Horsley himself), but it gradually grew in size as its founder and natural commander grew in rank, and went on growing for long after the date of which I am writing, and eventually enlarged to a party of two or more Companies, and became known as “The Marching Detachment,” commanded by a Captain or even a Major, i.e., generally by Captain or Major Walter C. Horsley. It became one of the most instructive and most important events of our Volunteer year. I refer to it again later (see chapter IX page 47).

In 1883—my first Easter as an Artist—the Easter Monday field day was to be held near Brighton, and troops were to be quartered there on the Saturday and Sunday nights. It was arranged that several big marching columns were to converge on Brighton during the Friday and Saturday. One big one, of which the Artists were to form part (officially known as No. 3 Column), was commanded by Lord Methuen (then The Hon. Paul Methuen, C.B., Assistant Adjutant-General), and was to start from Three Bridges early on the Friday morning, billet in barns and out-houses, etc., in the neighbourhood of Cuckfield, on the Friday night, and march into Brighton on the Saturday. On detraining at Three Bridges early on the Friday morning, the Artists were met, just outside the station, by their “baggage guard” (consisting of one strong Company and transport, commanded by Lieut. Walter C. Horsley), which had started from headquarters in Fitzroy Square, W., on the previous Wednesday morning, and had billeted at some convenient place *en route* on the Wednesday night, and at Three Bridges the previous (Thursday) night, ready to meet us on our arrival from town on the Friday morning.

The whole experience was a novel and a wonderful one so far as I was concerned. To my great regret, I was unable to secure a place on the baggage guard, the numbers of which were limited, and a place was hard for a recruit to obtain. I also went (rather against my private personal inclination) as a stretcher-bearer or ambulance man, and not as one of the rank and file. I found the marching, loaded up as we were in “marching order,” far more trying and arduous than I had expected. My equipment and my share of the stretcher seemed to weigh more than I had contemplated, and I welcomed the short periodical halts, and particularly enjoyed the

halt of one hour by the roadside for the mid-day meal, consisting of our haversack ration with water or cold, weak tea from our waterbottles, followed by a short impromptu smoking concert. I also greatly enjoyed the measured tramping along the country roads and through the little old-fashioned English villages, and particularly the singing of the marching songs and the choruses (for which the Regiment was justly celebrated), also the general high spirits and enthusiasm that prevailed all round. Although the experience was a novel and interesting one to me, the others all seemed to take it, including the toiling march and the sore and blistered feet, as a matter of course, and my respect for the Volunteers in general and for the Artists Rifles in particular increased each hour.

On arrival at Cuckfield the sum of 11s. 8d. was collected from each man as his share of the expense of the Easter outing. We were then billeted in a barn filled with clean straw to sleep on (with very strict orders against smoking), and (like all barns at Easter-time) a very cold billet it proved to be ! "Foot inspection" was ordered soon after arrival, which necessitated the changing of boots (to canvas shoes) and of socks, and also the washing of feet. Surgeon-Capt. Jackson inspected half the Battalion, I, whom he appointed as his orderly, carrying round his box for him ; and Surgeon-Lieut. Pasteur (his Lieutenant) inspecting the remainder ; Sergt. Chamberlain (the Ambulance Sergeant, a fully-qualified medical man), who would otherwise have helped in this job, being unable to be with us this particular Easter. There were a very large number of sore and blistered feet to deal with, especially among the men of the baggage guard. Capt. Jackson most kindly demonstrated the weak points for my edification, and also the weak spots in the boots and socks that in many cases were their cause, and when he could safely do so he very kindly allowed me to dress them, and, in fact, to practice on them ! after listening to, and correcting, exactly what I proposed to do. He afterwards supervised my dressings and gave me a valuable and practical lesson on "boots" and "care of feet," which has been useful to me ever since, and which I have since tried to pass on to officers and men under my command, and especially (forty years later !) to many thousands of young officers in course of training during the Great War.

On arrival at Brighton we were quartered in the Corn Exchange, and foot parades were ordered on the Saturday and on the Sunday evenings, both of which I attended, carrying the box for Surgeon-Capt. Jackson, and helping (or interfering !) as before. On Sunday night, however, at the conclusion of our foot parade, Capt. Jackson was suddenly called back to town to an urgent case, and I was afterwards informed by Lieut. Pasteur that he proposed to have a look at the worst cases again early on the following day, Monday, but that as it would be quite impossible for him to attend to all in the very limited time then available, he wished me to go round Surgeon-Capt. Jackson's patients (the ones which I had previously attended), and "do the best I could," reserving any very bad cases for him to deal with. So, with my box, bursting with pride and suffering from swelled head, I "did the best I could" on the Monday morning.

The "field day" was a long and arduous one. It chiefly consisted of a stiff march, followed by long lines of skirmishers advancing across the open country with ambulance men, carrying stretchers, following a little distance behind the battalions or behind such of the battalions as possessed them. We had eight ambulance men altogether in the Artists, divided into two stretcher parties, four men to each stretcher, with one Lieutenant in command, but with no N.C.O. The stretchers were separated, and marched a considerable distance apart. The Medical Lieutenant accompanied the other stretcher, and we were left without a commander. The

scheme that had been devised (apparently to give practice to the ambulance men) was to furnish each Captain in the firing line with one or more labels, each label describing some war injury—such as “Fracture of right femur,” “Gunshot wound at —,” etc.—and these labels were from time to time to be handed to men in his Company, who were thereupon instructed to “fall out,” tie the label to their waist-belt and lie down, till found by a stretcher party. The ambulance men in rear were supposed to find them, ascertain from the label in each case the nature of the patient’s supposed wound, bandage them, etc., and carry their patient to the nearest “moving dressing station”—I think they called it—where their work was to be criticised by the Medical Officer in charge, and useful practical instruction would then, it was thought, be afforded to the ambulance men.

The scheme, however well devised, did not work out quite so well in practice. It is, anyhow, an arduous task for a stretcher party, in marching order, to follow a line of skirmishers across country, but, after all, not much more arduous than to be one of the line of skirmishers and carry a rifle. The first patient we came across (a heavy one, by the bye !) was lying on the ground, waving his label at us (“Fracture of the left humerus”) and grinning. He was duly and carefully bandaged and placed on the stretcher in approved style. We (rightly or wrongly) resisted the temptation of opening the seam of his sleeve ! but among us we had to carry his rifle. We then proceeded to carry him on the stretcher to where we thought we should find the dressing station. Now, carrying a heavy man across country on a stretcher to an uncertain destination is a much more arduous task than most people, who have not tried it, are aware of. Very soon the lines of skirmishers disappeared, and we were left alone, laboriously toiling along with this weighty private, who was still grinning, and evidently enjoying his ride, and urging us to “put our backs into it.” Soon it became almost unbearable. It then occurred to one of our party that as all the supposed injuries were in the upper part of the body, it was obviously a “walking case,” and thereupon the stretcher was put down with a bump, and the patient, violently protesting, rolled off (which soiled his bandages somewhat !), and the party proceeded with the patient walking. Suddenly one of our party shouted out : “Look out, here comes somebody,” and in an adjoining field we saw a mounted officer with a bunch of feathers in his hat (we diagnosed him as a Senior Medical Officer), trotting very gingerly in our direction. Feeling a little uncomfortable as to whether, after all, our patient should not be lying on the stretcher, we halted, and after a short tussle (which further disarranged his bandages), we got him on to it again and staggered on as before ! The man with a bunch of feathers proved, as we thought, a Medical Officer of exalted rank, who was apparently on the look-out for us or for similar stretcher parties with patients. He looked at us rather suspiciously, I thought, and cross-examined us as to where we were going. He then proceeded, somewhat unkindly, I thought, to criticise our bandaging (which had become disarranged !), and after giving us one or two medical hints, told us to take off the bandages and move up without delay to our place again. The patient was directed to “double up to his regiment as quickly as possible,” and we handed him back his rifle, and gladly started him on his journey, urging him to “put his back into it” !

After some tiring, hurried marching we again caught up the skirmishing lines, but not where the Artists were. As soon as we came within sight, another Company Commander, seeing us, felt it his duty to hand out a label, and we soon had another patient. Fortunately, this time a Medical Officer was quickly on the spot. In fact, the patient was bandaged practically under his supervision, after which the bandages were removed, and we resumed our place as before. We had one or two similar

cases, and we found by experience that after finding a patient our best course was to wait till a Medical Officer found us, and not to make too much haste to rejoin the skirmishing line. At length the "Cease fire" sounded, and the battle was at an end. After a little delay we again found the Artists, and after the Battalion was collected together, we all marched to a pre-arranged rendezvous on the downs, where after a grateful halt and an "alfresco" meal of sorts we were marched to the station to entrain for London.

I could not help admiring the fine and workmanlike appearance of the Regiment and the way (as part of a long column of troops) it marched into Brighton. The singing of our marching songs attracted a big crowd, who marched with us in a kind of triumphal procession. Eventually I arrived home, very late, very tired, very footsore, very brown (or perhaps I should say red!), and weatherbeaten, but very enthusiastic about the Corps, the men, the marching, the songs and the work generally, and with a feeling that a new door had been opened for me, and that it would be my own fault if I didn't enjoy the prospect, which does as a matter of fact—as I have since found out—opened into what has turned out to be the most congenial hobby of my life.

CHAPTER VI

CAMP AND SIGNALLING

(1883 TO 1884)

AFTER completing my first Easter training in 1883, I turned my attention to shooting, and I found a most able and willing instructor in Sergt.-Instructor of Musketry John Hampson, who was at that time just completing his 21 years of service as a reservist in the Rifle Brigade. He was one of our Staff-Sergt. Instructors, and a very fine old soldier, overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and anxious above all things to help any man in the Regiment, especially a recruit, in his own special subject, viz. : rifle shooting. I spent many days on the range with him, generally at Harrow, first to learn and to practice, and afterwards to shoot through my classes. Under his guidance I shot both my "recruit's course" and my "trained man's course," and owing to his able tuition was able to qualify as a "marksman." The shooting in those days in the third class was at 100 yards, 200 yards and 300 yards; in the second class at 400 yards, 500 yards and 600 yards; and in the first class was ten shots at 700 yards and ten shots at 800 yards. Men making 40 points, out of a possible 80, qualified as marksmen. The conditions of the first class were modified soon after this date to five rounds at 700 yards, five at 800 yards, and ten commencing at 300 yards and ending at 100 yards, two rounds every 50 yards with sight fixed (at 200 yards) and bayonet fixed at a figure target (without bull's eye or centre), first four rounds lying down, second four kneeling, and the last two standing. Hits on the figure only, but not ricochets, to count three points each.

With regard to drilling, the Company drills on Tuesday and Friday evenings and the Battalion parades on alternate Saturday afternoons were continued till the beginning of August, when the summer camp was held. Among the Battalion parades was included a "Brigade drill," which was an advanced and rather tedious form of battalion drill. The appointed Brigadier (a regular Officer of the rank of full Colonel) shouted out his "Caution" before each movement. Each Commanding Officer repeated it, and, on the sound of a bugle, gave the executive words of command to his own battalion, so that all might act simultaneously. One Brigade drill annually was compulsory for every Volunteer Regiment, and unless at least one-half of the Regiment were present on that occasion it had to be repeated, and, being somewhat unpopular, it generally occasioned a certain amount of "whipping-up" beforehand by the Officers and N.C.Os.

Perhaps the most important parade of the year was the official "inspection," which was essential to enable the Colonel to draw his annual capitation grant of £1 10s. (afterwards increased to £1 15s.) for each man who made himself "efficient." Every man in the Corps, who had not obtained express written permission to absent himself (given only for urgent reasons, such as duly certified illness), was compelled to attend this parade. The Inspecting Officer was a regular Officer of high rank appointed by the War Office, and the inspection usually took place in June, in Hyde

Park, on a specially marked-out ground, with seats placed near the saluting base for friends and relatives of the Regiment to attend as spectators. The usual procedure was for the Battalion to be drawn up in line, at open order, with both bands, transport and all other details complete, and for the Inspecting Officer to be received with a "General Salute." Then followed a careful inspection of all ranks (the bands playing meanwhile), after which the Battalion "marched past," first in column, next in quarter-column, and lastly in quarter-column at the "double." After this line was formed again, and the "manual exercises" were performed under the command of the Senior Major, and the "firing exercises" under the command of the Junior Major. After such further evolutions as the Inspecting Officer might order, the Battalion was finally drawn up in column at the saluting base, and was there addressed by the Inspecting Officer, in front of all the friends and relations—generally, but not always! in complimentary terms. Finally, it was marched out of the Park, with bands playing, to some near but convenient point to dismiss, everyone being rather glad when this somewhat trying parade was over. There is no doubt that the Regiment at full strength, composed, as it always was, of men of fine physique, well turned out and steady on parade, presented a splendid appearance at these inspections; and yet I never thought it appeared quite so fine or so workmanlike as it used to do at the Easter manœuvres—possibly because all ranks, the Officers in particular, and even the C.O., generally seemed to be a bit nervous at inspections, and if there *were* any slack men in the Regiment (who never appeared at Easter), they were necessarily present then.

The next important event in my first year's work was the annual eight days' summer camp, usually held at Aldershot. The camp in those days was a comparatively recent institution, and was not then considered nearly so important as the Easter training. Consequently, only comparatively few Artists attended it—not more, as a rule, than sufficient to make two or three "provisional" companies. Provisional battalions were usually formed, sometimes of great strength, nearly always composed of very keen men, under the control of the headquarters and staff of different Volunteer Regiments in turn. When it became the turn of the "Artists" to furnish the headquarters and staff of a provisional Battalion we used to make a very special effort to attend in strength, and contribute at least four strong provisional companies as our share of the provisional Battalion.

My first camp (in 1883) was at Cove Common, Aldershot. The headquarters and staff were furnished by the 1st Herts. Rifle Volunteers. The Artists contributed two provisional Companies only. Capt. D. W. Wynfield, my Captain, was in command of the provisional Company of Artists to which "H" Company men were attached, and no one could have been more assiduous in studying the welfare and comfort of his men than he was. The weather was perfect, very hot and sunny, and I enjoyed every minute of the outing. The time, as was usual in those days, was chiefly spent in drilling. There was usually an early morning parade, a parade later in the morning, and another in the afternoon, all, however, leading up to a big field day, in conjunction with the regular troops, on the Friday—the day before return to town. There was a multitude of "duties," however, to be found daily, including "guards" and fatigues—all of which formed a change to drill, and I, being a recruit, took my turn at most, including as a start a tour of cooking in the absence of our Company cook, and which lasted three days. Here I learnt a lot about the best way of making tea, coffee and stews, in turn, for a number of men, all out of the same kettle! and also about the best way of cleaning camp kettles—all from a rather taciturn but very strict and efficient Sergeant-Cook, a "regular," who was supplied to the provisional Battalion for a week by the Rifle Brigade. This N.C.O.

was most anxious to have everything right up to the mark, and inclined to be a little scornful of the methods of Volunteers ! but was only too willing to impart instruction to anyone anxious to learn his own special subject of " camp cooking ! "

In the very early days of Volunteering, as already mentioned, each volunteer contributed out of his own pocket the whole of his share of the expense—including even the cost of his rifle and the hire of his Sergeant Instructors ! This was gradually modified, and by the time of which I now write the Government provided not only rifles and ammunition and a permanent instructional staff, but also paid to each Commanding Officer an annual " capitation grant " of £1 10s. for each " efficient " Volunteer. This, with a fixed personal subscription of £1 5s. per annum by each man to the Corps, and allowing for the purchase by each man of his Regimental greatcoat, costing £1 3s., was sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses of the Regiment, and the only further expense to which a Volunteer was then put was his share of the cost of the Easter outing and any other outing that entailed special expense. The idea, however, of *paying* a Volunteer for his service to his Country was quite a novel one. Nevertheless, the Government about this time ordained that when Volunteers were encamped at Aldershot with regular troops and were doing the same work, they should receive the same rations and rates of Army pay for their services as their regular comrades, and I believe this camp in 1883 was the first (or one of the first) at which such pay was given to Volunteers. Anyhow, I remember that the announcement at the end of camp that we were each to receive 10s. for our eight days' work (i.e., pay at the rate of 1s. 3d. a day) was received with surprise by all, with suspicion by some, by some with laughter, by many with righteous indignation, by others with complaint—that they were trying to turn us into militia !—and by few or none with any feelings of gratitude ! I only mention this to show the different atmosphere and point of view of the old Volunteer from that of the modern Territorial who accepts pay and bounties as a matter of course, and who would be and has been highly indignant at any attempt to withdraw or reduce them.

Camp was the last important event in the Volunteer year, which ended on October 31st, though the Company drills and Battalion drills were continued to the end to enable any laggards to complete drills required for " efficiency." So my first year of volunteering came to a close, and I had the gratification of learning that I had had the good fortune to gain one of Capt. Wynfield's " General Excellence " prizes—being a sketch portrait of the winner, in oils, painted by the Captain himself, for the member of the Company who had gained most points during the year for drills, shooting, attendancies at Easter and camp, efficiency before inspection and various other matters combined. His painting of me (which now looks very old-fashioned and boyish !) still hangs on my wall to remind me of my first year's work in the Artists Rifles. (See page 78).

Soon after November 1st, 1883, when the new Volunteer year started, signalling was for the first time introduced into the Volunteer Force and into the Corps. Two of our Lieutenants (Lieuts. Northcroft and Todd) had been through a signalling course in the summer to enable them to qualify as signalling instructors, and names of men willing to be instructed by them were called for. Twenty-seven men responded, of whom I was one. We started on one of the most strenuous courses I have ever undertaken in connection with the Corps. I soon found out that no one can become an efficient signaller without a lot of hard work, and I think I may say that, inspired by our enthusiastic instructors, our little squad worked hard. The course provided for four evening drills (two twice a week) each week, with frequent extra ones on Saturday afternoons. Besides these we practised privately between ourselves on most of the other evenings and on Sundays also, with the result

that we gradually became masters of our subject. Before the arrival of the early spring we were sufficiently advanced to practice "station work" with lamps in Regent's Park in the evenings, and with flags at Hampstead on Saturday afternoons. All who attended the class were of the same rank—privates—and as time went on there were rumours that N.C.Os. for the squad (a Sergeant, a Corporal and a Lance-Corporal) would have to be created sooner or later from among us. At this distance of time I may perhaps confess that an ambition gradually sprung up within me to become an N.C.O. myself, and in due course to attain the exalted rank of a Sergeant and to have a little squad of my very own to teach and look after!—which in the ordinary course of promotion at that time took about seven years to achieve! I suddenly realized, however, that the signalling squad might open a very short cut to promotion to Sergeant for *one* of us. Would there be any chance of *my* being the lucky man? This thought made me redouble my efforts. I, with a kind friend I had made in the squad (Private Smith, of "F" Company—an artist by profession, a man with a bushy red beard, an expert in stained-glass windows, I believe—who did not seek promotion himself, but was anxious to help me!), practiced signalling nearly every evening, and in the end, to my great joy, I succeeded in passing out first in the examination that was eventually held. In spite of my youth (19 years of age) and general want of experience, I was appointed "Signalling Sergeant" (with the rank of "Lance-Sergeant"); and a Corporal and Lance-Corporal with six privates—and one or two "reserves"—were also promoted and selected as the permanent signallers of the Regiment, and were all placed under Lieut. Northcroft, who was appointed Regimental Signalling Officer.

It was soon after this that I was bitterly mortified to hear from the Sergeant-Major that my appointment was not altogether popular with certain of the older members of the Sergeants Mess! They thought, apparently, that I was "too young for the stripes," that I was "almost a recruit," and could not possibly have had enough experience to know my duties as a Sergeant, or to be qualified to wear three stripes with credit to the Regiment! I further understood that three of them had sought an interview with Colonel Edis on the subject, with the result (as anyone who knew Sir Robert might have guessed!) that they received a very severe rebuff, and some pointed enquiries as to why not a single Sergeant in the Regiment had volunteered to go through the course and qualify as a signaller? My feelings, however, were very badly wounded, and, feeling no desire to thrust myself into a mess where (as I thought) I was not wanted, I, in a fit of peevishness (of which I was afterwards ashamed), sent in to the Commanding Officer, through the Adjutant, a formal official request to be allowed to resign my stripes and revert to the ranks again till I could gain promotion in my own Company in the usual way! This document, fortunately for me, never reached Colonel Edis, as the Adjutant (Capt. Charles Haggard, of the Royal Irish Rifles) intercepted it, and requested me to call and see him. He discussed the matter with me in a very frank but very friendly manner. He told me I was "a silly young ass" to be so sensitive. He impartially weighed my grievance, but said I had nothing whatever to complain of!—that all that had been said was quite true—that I *was* very young for the stripes—too young, most people would say—but it wasn't my fault! He looked up the date I joined, and agreed that I *was* "almost a recruit," as I had done barely one year's service (but said that this was nothing to be ashamed of—everyone had to make a beginning!). He said it was also true that carrying a Sergeant's stripes would "earmark" me as one qualified to command men and as knowing all a Sergeant's duties, of most of which at that time, *he* agreed, I *was* entirely ignorant! He then pointed out that most men had to qualify for the position of Sergeant *before* they received their stripes,

but that I had been lucky enough, owing to a very special and unusual set of circumstances, to get my stripes first, but that my undoubted duty was to qualify myself in every way and as soon as possible. He added that no blame attached to me for not knowing more, that I had done well in one year—that there was nothing personal in the feelings of the Sergeants, that they were a little too sensitive about the “credit of the Corps,” in the matter of which they should have allowed the C.O. to be the judge, but that all must agree that no one should wear three stripes, a great honour, unless he was fully qualified in every way to be a Sergeant ; and that the C.O. no doubt assumed when he appointed me that I would qualify in every way in the quickest possible time. This would put everything right, and the point was *Would I do this ?* I assured him that this was exactly what I did wish to do, that I would give up all my spare time for the purpose, and in the end I was handed back my letter of resignation, and it was arranged that the Adjutant should consult a military friend of his, a Lieut. F. C. Ricardo, who at that time was a Regimental Adjutant in the Grenadier Guards, then stationed at Wellington Barracks, and see if he could arrange for me to be attached to the Grenadier Guards for a month during my summer holiday to learn all I could about Sergeant’s duties. Lieut. Ricardo agreed to allow me to be attached to his Regiment each day from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., and learn what I could, but could not authorise me to live in barracks or to draw any rations or pay (which I did not ask to do !), and declined to receive me for less than two months. He said he couldn’t undertake to teach even a smattering of what a Sergeant ought to know in less time than this. My principal in the City, however, to whom I was articled, refused to give me two month’s holiday even for this purpose, but in the end informed me that if my “military friend” (as he called Lieut. Ricardo !), would “split the difference,” he would extend my holiday to six weeks. As a matter of fact, when the time arrived he also added another week in August to enable me to go to camp ! It was finally arranged that I should attend at the Grenadier Guards at Wellington Barracks each day from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., for six weeks, from the middle of May to the end of June, and learn all I could of the duties of a Sergeant, and that this was to be in addition to my duties as Signalling Sergeant, which I undertook not to neglect.

The Easter field day of 1884 was at Portsmouth. The Artists Rifles formed part of a marching column, starting from Petersfield on Good Friday morning, and were quartered on the Friday night at Finchdean. We arrived at Portsmouth on the Saturday, where we had the good fortune to be quartered with the Royal Marine Artillery at Eastney Barracks. They gave us a splendid reception, and treated us throughout as honoured guests. I was able, this year, to secure a place on the “baggage guard,” which left London on the Tuesday under the command of Lieut. Horsley, arriving at Petersfield on Thursday night, and meeting the Battalion on its arrival there the next morning. I went throughout as a Signalling Sergeant, and had a nice little squad of signallers with me, and both Lieut. Horsley (as regards the baggage guard) and Col. Edis (as regards the Battalion) went out of their way to try and find us plenty of work as signallers. I could not possibly have had a warmer welcome than I received from our Sergeants. I at once felt quite at home in the mess, and I have often thought since of how I should have spoilt everything for myself if it hadn’t been for the timely services of our good little Adjutant, Capt Charles Haggard !

CHAPTER VII

" MY FIRST COURSE WITH THE GUARDS."

(1884)

ON a Monday morning, about the middle of May, 1884, I attended at Wellington Barracks for my course of instruction in the duties of a Sergeant. I presented a note from the Artists' Adjutant addressed to Lieut. F. C. Ricardo, the Adjutant of the Grenadier Guards, and, after being kept waiting for some time on the parade ground, the Sergt.-Major (a terribly strict and efficient person) came out, and after eyeing me rather suspiciously from top to toe (to see if I were properly dressed, I suppose!), enquired abruptly: "What's your rank?" I answered "Lance-Sergeant," adding, perhaps foolishly, "I'm a Signalling-Sergeant." "Oh, Signalling-Sergeant, are you? Well, the first thing a Signalling-Sergeant should know is how to signal! Go and join the Signallers." I then rather timidly tried to explain that I believed my course was to be in all the duties of a Sergeant, *except* signalling, as I had just been through and passed a signalling course. The Sergeant-Major looked at me impassively, and when I had finished said: "The next thing a Sergeant should learn is to do as he's told without talking! Go and join the Signallers." I couldn't help feeling a bit mortified, but went at once with the orderly to a Sergeant who was drilling a signalling squad, with flags, on the parade ground in front of the barracks. The Sergeant did not appear at all pleased to see me, but, after listening to the orderly's message from the Sergeant-Major, told me—rather sullenly, I thought—to "Fall in." He then started at the beginning of the signalling drill, and we were practised first in making "a succession of dots," and afterwards "a succession of dashes." The Sergeant paid particular attention to my part of the performance, and at the end announced that my "dots" were all right, but that my "dashes" would "want improving." This was as far as we got, however, because an "orderly"—who arrived at "the double" and somewhat out of breath—pantingly explained to the Sergeant that "Mr. ——" (I didn't catch the name, but apparently the Signalling Officer of the Grenadier Guards) "says he won't have any Volunteers in the Signalling Squad until after the competition." The Sergeant seemed relieved and pleased at the message, and, pointing at me with his signalling flag, said: "Fall out, you," and then directed the orderly to take me back to the Sergeant-Major and "Tell him!" The orderly took me back, and I again waited on the parade ground as before till the Sergeant-Major came out. He didn't seem in the least pleased to meet me again. He said nothing for some time, but, after pondering the matter deeply, announced: "Best begin at the beginning. Take him to Sergeant Brown's squad." Thereupon the orderly took and introduced me to a Sergeant who was drilling a squad of recruits in "squad drill in single rank" (in those days apparently recruits were drilled by the regiments as well as at the Guards Depot at Caterham). The Sergeant commanding the recruit squad, for a wonder, appeared quite glad to have me, and told me abruptly to "Fall in." I then started on the hardest course of drilling and gymnastics I have ever had in my life! Soon I, like my regular comrades, was in a swelter of perspiration and "jump"

in endeavouring to come up to the Sergeant's standard of smartness. I can say that I honestly did my best to satisfy him, and yet, as time went on, began to be terribly nervous that sooner or later my name (like that of so many of my comrades) would be taken down in his book for "Inattention" or "Idle in the ranks," or some such offence—in which case, goodness knows what would have happened! I suppose I should have been sent away, and my "course" would have come to an end. I managed, however, to avoid this, and the worst that happened was that when I was a fraction of a second behind in some movement the Sergeant would keep the squad rigidly at attention for a few moments, while he glared hard at me, and then repeat his command half-a-dozen times in rapid succession, followed each time by "As you were," "As you were," etc., or "Smarter yet," etc. I had another stiff dose for two hours in the afternoon, and arrived home tired out. The next day I had four hours more—two in the morning and two in the afternoon—before we were dismissed; and at the conclusion of the afternoon's performance, the Sergeant, pointing at me with his cane, said: "You'll give instruction in this on Thursday morning." This put me in a fever of apprehension, and caused me on that (Tuesday) evening, and also on the next (Wednesday) evening to study, far into the night, over and over again "squad drill with intervals," and in "single rank," and I did my very best to become word perfect, and so uphold the credit of the Artists' uniform!

On the Thursday morning I gave my first word of command to guardsmen! but fear I was not a brilliant success. It must have been very tedious for the rest of the squad, but the Sergeant didn't seem to mind this in the very least! He was very strict, also very critical and very frank! but not altogether unkind. I felt that behind all his strictness he was anxious to help and teach me, and for that matter the squad also, and bring us all up to his standard of what he thought a squad should be. Where he was so particularly "down" on me was if I failed to notice or to correct the smallest mistake or want of smartness in the squad I was drilling. He would keep me giving the same instruction on the same movement, over and over and over again, till I was perfect in it, and the squad were perfect in it also; but he seemed to have little feeling for me, and no feelings whatever for the squad who were listening and obeying! It was about this time that I began to wonder (for the first and last time in my life!) whether, after all, I was not rather foolish to spend my summer holiday thus! and whether success in volunteering was worth it! I am glad, however, that I "stuck" it, and gradually got more into the "hang" of it, and, as time went on, even came to really enjoy it!

On arriving on the Monday morning (i.e., on the first day of my second week's work) I was told abruptly by the Sergeant of my old squad that I was to "join the next squad," which I did. They, however, were teaching "manual exercises" with the "Martini-Henry" rifle with which "regulars" were then armed. I had never had a "Martini" in my hand before, as the Artists, and, indeed, all the Volunteers were, at that time, armed with the "Snider." The Sergeant consequently had to begin again at the very beginning, i.e., "by numbers," for my special benefit. I couldn't help feeling that they were teaching me something that would be of no use to me whatever when I rejoined the Artists, but fearing the wrath of the Sergeant-Major, I did not dare to suggest that I should be put on to something else! So I did the best I could, but being behind all the others in my knowledge of the work, I made a complete ass of myself for the first day or so. About the middle of the week I was told to be prepared to give instruction on the Friday morning, so did my best to commit all the details to memory. The strong feeling that I was wasting my time, however, induced me, on the Friday evening (after I had been giving instruction all that day) to take an opportunity after the parade

to mention the facts to the Sergeant who was taking us. He said I should have told him before, and I suppose he told the Sergeant-Major, as the Sergeant-Major sent for me on the Saturday morning, and after emphasising that the "Martini" was at that time the arm of the British Army, and that every Sergeant, regular or volunteer, should know the "detail" of it, and that I must go on giving instruction in it that day, said that on the Monday I was to go on to "company drill." He added that immediately after parade I was to buy a copy of "Ricardo's Company Drill" (quite a small practical booklet, written by their Adjutant, and always used by the Grenadier Guards), and learn it by heart from beginning to end!

I bought "Ricardo's Company Drill" that same afternoon, and tried to master it as well as I could during the week-end, but found it rather difficult. On the Monday morning I was put under Drill-Sergt. Gardener (a most efficient Sergeant—a perfect enthusiast about drill, and with the clearest and best word of command I have ever heard), who was taking the company drills. I was not put into the ranks any more, but drilled with the Company, first as a "marker" (a sergeant's work), next as a "guide" (a junior Officer's work), and lastly as a Captain. I made quicker progress in this than in any of the other squads. After about three days of drilling in the Company I was called upon to "give instruction," which in company drill was a big order for me. I was then told by Drill-Sergt. Gardener that my "instruction" was fairly correct, but was not at all clearly given, and that no one could hear me unless quite close to me, and that I required special training in giving instruction and in giving words of command. He then, most kindly, arranged to take me himself for nearly an hour extra each day (in addition to and after the ordinary parades) to give me special instruction—first to one man only, a Corporal, who had to listen to me and then "report." He started quite close to me, but was gradually sent farther and farther away, by direction of the Drill-Sergeant, as my voice improved, and after much effort on my part would generally call back: "Can't 'ear 'im." I was not allowed to yell, and was taught to speak loudly but very clearly—in fact, to "sing" rather than shout my commands, and to stand quite still, to give my "Cautions" very clearly, to make a proper pause, and to give my "executive" word sharp and "slick." The Corporal, gradually getting farther and farther away, gave better and better reports of what he could hear. Later on, four men (defaulters, I believe!) were added to the Corporal for me to drill. They were placed at a distance from me, which was from time to time increased until they were at the other end of a very long parade ground—so far away that they seemed to me to be much farther than any squad was ever likely to be! Drill-Sergt. Gardner stood by me meanwhile, and took no end of pains to teach and help me to improve the clearness and carrying power of my word of command, which he was kind enough to say was "Coming on nicely."

On the last day of the third week (Saturday) I received a shock. On attending at the barracks as usual, I found everything in a state of apparent chaos! Stores were being issued, and other stores were being hurriedly returned, as the Battalion had the night before received urgent orders to start at once for Egypt on active service! After waiting for a long time, hoping to get someone in authority to tell me what I should do, I received a message by an orderly from the Sergeant-Major that I was to be transferred to another battalion of the Grenadier Guards who were then stationed at Chelsea Barracks, and was to report there at once, and take with me a letter of introduction which he handed to me.

I went immediately to Chelsea Barracks, and after delivering my letter and waiting for some time, was ushered into the presence of Sergt.-Major Hill, who also at once gave me the impression, which my subsequent experience confirmed, of

being very smart and very efficient ! He was seated at a table with a lot of papers all round him. He eyed me very closely, then asked me abruptly what I had been doing at Wellington Barracks. I tried to tell him in a few words. He then enquired if I had done any musketry there. I answered " No," but (as my heart rather sank at the prospect of another course with the " Martini-Henry " rifle, which I then thought could be of no possible use to me), I ventured to add that we in the Volunteer Force were armed with the " Snider." This at once brought an emphatic rejoinder from him that " Sniders are obsolete, the ' Martini ' is the rifle of the British Army." I admitted this, but ventured to point out that, in the Volunteers, Sergeants were still required to give instructions in the old obsolete " Snider," and timidly hinted that possibly in the circumstances I had better leave musketry alone for the present. The Sergeant-Major, though distinctly puzzled, evidently did not wish to discuss the matter. He groped about to find his " letter of instruction " (as he called it.) and read it carefully again, and then announced : " This letter says we are to teach you everything a Sergeant ought to know—Go and do it ! " He then sent for a Sergt. Brisbane, and put me in his charge.

Sergt. Brisbane was young, smart and good-looking. He literally sparkled all over ! He was also one of the nicest men I have ever met in my life, and one of the luckiest things for me was my being placed in his charge. I at once started on musketry with a Martini " by numbers " as one of a small squad which Sergt. Brisbane organized and drilled. They were not recruits. My impression is they were defaulters, but anyhow they all had to begin again at the very beginning for my special benefit ! We only had a short time before dinner (mid-day), and when we were dismissed, Sergt. Brisbane invited me into the Sergeants' mess for dinner, adding : " Provided I can get the sanction of the Sergeant-Major ! " I gladly assented, and the Sergeant-Major having signified his approval, I dined there, and afterwards had a long talk with Sergeant Brisbane, as there was no afternoon parade that day. I told him exactly my position, and my aspirations, and he promised to help me. He said that there were a lot of things a Sergeant ought to know that he could teach me which were not learnt on the parade ground. He promised to make a list of these and to teach them to me. He also suggested that I should officially join the Sergeants' mess of the Grenadier Guards for dinner (mid-day) and tea each day, if he could get permission for me to do this. I assented most willingly, as this would save my going away each day for lunch as hitherto. I explained, however, that I was not allowed to draw any rations, but that I would be quite willing to pay for all I had. Before I left him, Sergt. Brisbane gave me quite a lot of useful information about a Sergeant's work, and advised me what books to get and study, and promised to do all he could to help me.

On Monday morning we went on with the musketry, which I had been studying diligently during the week-end. Sergt. Brisbane, I found, had obtained leave for me to join the Sergeants' mess for dinner and tea each day, at a quite small subscription. He had also made a list of the additional things he thought a Sergeant should know, including such things as " duties on guards and pickets," a Sergeant's duties on " outpost," barrack-room duties, " discipline," bugle calls (both in barracks, in camp and in the field), and a large number of other little matters. By the latter part of the week I was giving instruction in musketry, and by the latter part of the following week (thanks to Sergt. Brisbane) I was again doing company drill (giving instruction) in the morning. In the afternoon, with the Sergeant-Major's permission, Sergt. Brisbane was giving me instruction in the miscellaneous subjects mentioned in his list. He had handed over to him " the defaulters," and I was allowed to drill them or use them for anything I wished that Sergt. Brisbane approved

of—even to inspecting them (in great detail) in “ marching order ” (which was not popular with the squad !), and, in the end, thanks to Sergt. Brisbane, I had the chance of learning a Sergeant’s duties, in a great variety of matters, in a way few volunteers (or even regulars, I should think) have ever had. I was also allowed (through the Sergeant’s efforts and advice) to be attached in turn to different Sergeants, who were carrying out different duties, but only to those employed inside the barracks—never outside. The only guard duties I was allowed to have practical experience of were the barrack guard at the barrack gate, and I was allowed to be attached first to the Corporal (for a tour of duty), and afterwards to the Sergeant, so as to see exactly how they carried out their duties, and made their reports and dealt with their prisoners—the regular N.C.Os. being, of course, entirely responsible. I was allowed, however (under supervision and inside the barracks), to give the commands and do some of the work, but I was not allowed to attend any “ orderly-room ” the next day, not even as a spectator, much as I wanted to do.

I had a more pleasant time at Chelsea than at Wellington Barracks, chiefly, I think, because I was allowed to join the Sergeants’ mess. After mid-day dinner and while waiting for the afternoon parade we often had discussions in the mess about drill and various other military duties, and even Sergeant-Major Hill (though I always rather feared him !) unbent a little on these occasions, and treated me more like a guest than as a junior Sergeant. I recollect one occasion in particular when we were discussing why, when forming company squares in company drill, the corner man of the square made a full turn to the right (or left), whereas on forming battalion square in battalion drill, the corner man made a half-turn only. The point was referred to Sergt.-Major Hill for decision, who at once replied : “ Because the book says so.” I then rather rashly ventured to suggest that it was because the company squares were (according to the drill) always formed when the companies were in “ echelon,” and a flank man who made a half-turn only might be firing into the next company, which (according to the drill) didn’t apparently apply to battalion squares. There was a dead silence after this remark—broken, to my surprise, by the Sergt.-Major’s voice : “ Well, that’s the first time I’ve ever learnt anything about drill from a Volunteer ! ”

I noticed on more than one occasion, that after a Guard’s Sergeant had been promoted, say, to Colour-Sergeant, the waiter came round with a jug of beer at dinner, and asked each member in turn : “ *Colour-Sergt. X* ” (with an emphasis on the word “ Colour ”) “ says Will you have some beer ? ” and each member, after his glass had been filled, sought for and caught the eye of the newly-promoted one, and then drank a very unobtrusive and silent toast across the table. My six weeks having nearly expired, the time was arriving for me to go ; so I asked Sergt. Brisbane if he thought I could be allowed to do the same. He seemed doubtful at first, but said he would ask the Sergeant-Major, and afterwards told me that the Sergeant-Major didn’t object. On the last day of my course, therefore, I gave instructions to the waiter accordingly, but the first few members, after being served with their beer, wouldn’t look up to catch my eye, and wouldn’t even drink (I began to wonder if I had offended them !), and as the waiter gradually drew nearer to where I sat, I couldn’t help hearing him say to each in turn : “ The Volunteer Sergeant says Will you have some beer ? ” and, after he had poured it out, adding in a hoarse whisper : “ The Sergeant-Major says don’t drink it,” and not one of them drank ! I began to feel most uncomfortable, but my feelings were relieved when, after all had been served, the Sergeant-Major tapped on the table, stood up, and gave the mess a toast in three words : “ The Volunteer Sergeant ” ! Thereupon they all stood up and drank the toast enthusiastically ! There was no speech, and no reply,

though I felt greatly honoured, and indeed quite touched, and I think they all knew this. And so I left them, shaking hands with each, especially with Sergt. Brisbane and the Sergeant-Major, and I have never to this day come across a party of Guardsmen marching in the City or elsewhere (with the same smart "turn out," the same steady tramp and silence) without thinking of my "first course" with them. It has sometimes occurred to me how surprised some of these youngsters would be if they were told that the old fogey looking admiringly at them from across the street was once drilled at Wellington and Chelsea Barracks in their recruit squads, even as they were, and had to sweat and "jump" in the same way as they had to do.

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In due course our Adjutant, Capt. Haggard received a formal document from the Guards' orderly-room, certifying that I had been duly attached to them from such and such a date to such and such a date, that I had only been absent on one occasion, with permission (that was when I had to see my principal on some office matter), that my work was "satisfactory," that my conduct was "satisfactory," and that I was certified as being "Qualified to act as a Sergeant in the Volunteer Force."

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I then had a further piece of good luck. In February of the following year (1885) the "Snider" rifles were withdrawn from the Volunteer Force, and "Martini-Henry" rifles were substituted. Neither Sergt.-Major Fullerton (an old Guardsman and Crimean veteran) or any of our Instructional Staff-Sergeants had ever handled a Martini except for shooting, and I was asked by our Adjutant: "Could I give instruction in the manual and in the firing exercises with the 'Martini.' " I declared that I could, and at once started *hard* to work up all the detail again, and ultimately had the honour and the pleasure of instructing, in both "manual" and firing exercises, a succession of squads, first of Officers, next of Sergeants (including my three colleagues, who saw Col. Edis on the subject of my promotion!) and afterwards of recruits. So both the Sergeant-Majors of the Guards were right, and the time I spent in learning the "Martini" was not wasted after all!

CHAPTER VIII

RECRUIT INSTRUCTION—N.C.OS. SCHOOL—AND “GREY” BOOK

(1885)

(1) *Recruit Instruction*

AFTER completing my course at the Guards I felt a keen desire to pass on to others some of the valuable information I had obtained. It appeared to me then that the persons least likely to resent this would be new recruits, who would be unaware of how very junior I was in my rank, and of how short a time had elapsed since I was a recruit myself! I therefore made a point of attending recruit parades and, whenever I could, obtained leave to drill one of the squads. They seemed to me, especially at first, to be very slack as compared with my recent squads of budding Guardsmen! and with not half enough smartness or “jump” about them. I did my best not only to correct this, but to be word perfect and clear in my instruction and in my commands, as I had been taught. Indeed, I did my very best to “enthuse” my pupils in their work and to turn out a really well-drilled squad. I was handicapped, however, in many ways. New men were constantly joining the squad, some nearly every drill. Others were constantly leaving, many before I considered them fit to go; so that my squad scarcely ever consisted of quite the same men two nights running. Further, I could never be certain of getting leave to drill the same squad on two successive nights, as different companies came on duty each night, and different N.C.Os. had a prior claim. I got an opportunity, however, of having a “heart-to-heart” talk about my difficulties with the Adjutant, Capt. Haggard, and at once discovered that he was most anxious to help me in any way he could. He seemed pleased with the result of my course with the Guards and with my efforts, but pointed out that the recruits were very scarce, and few at that time of the year (July); that there were not sufficient of them to justify the formation of a lot of squads; that constant changes in the personnel of each squad was unavoidable; that all that could be attempted at that time of the year was to drill such recruits as there might be sufficiently to enable them to attend the annual camp in August, and that after this camp there would be little or no recruit training until after October 31st, when the Volunteer year ended. He reminded me, however, that early in November there would no doubt be a rush of recruits, as most of them joined about that time, and he promised me carefully to consider the whole matter of recruit instruction, and see what could be done before that time arrived.

The result was that beyond a certain amount of work with the recruits, I did little drilling before camp, which in 1884 was held at Aldershot (Church Plateau), Col. Monroe, of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, finding the Staff, and the Artists sending two Companies, in one of which (as Signallers were not required) I was allowed to attend as an ordinary Company Sergeant. This was a new experience for me, and enabled me to see volunteering from a different point of view, and I enjoyed myself immensely, especially in having the care for one week of a little section of men for my very own. I also much liked the long, rather trying and dusty marches across

the sandy, rugged country round Aldershot, the *al fresco* meals, and the marching songs and choruses for which our Battalion has always been famous.

At the end of the Volunteer year I discovered (thanks chiefly to the numerous signalling drills in the early part of the year) that I had done 245 drills during the year (in addition to my course at the Guards), which at that time established a "record" for the Corps (the previous highest, I was informed, was 212 in one year by a certain Sergeant Bigsby), and I do not think my total has ever been beaten since. Before November 1st also I had several talks with the Adjutant as to the best method of instructing our recruits in the new Volunteer year. In the end he promised to collect for me the first sixteen recruits who were enrolled after November 1st, and then to allow me, exclusively, to drill them continuously in preference to any other N.C.O., no matter what Companies might be on duty. He also promised not to allow any change in their personnel until their first squad ("squad drill with intervals and in single rank") was completed, and that after twelve drills he as Adjutant would examine them with a view to passing them *en bloc* into the next squad ("manual and firing exercises"), which he said he would also allow me to take as before. After another examination (by himself), and passing out as before, he said he would then allow me to take them in their third (and what used to be their *last*) recruit squad ("squad drill in two ranks and piling arms"). In my case, however, he went further, and at my suggestion promised that after they had passed their third squad that I should be allowed to continue to instruct them in an additional, fourth, squad (consisting of at least 16 drills), so as to give me an opportunity of teaching them a variety of other matters which, it seemed to me, all recruits should be taught before they could be considered efficient private soldiers—such as the exact fitting of uniform and equipment, the rolling of coats and capes, "duties on guard," "duties as an outpost sentry," "marching," "care of feet," "duties in camp," "bugle calls," and many other little matters, a list of which he "agreed" with me. He further promised that after the instruction in their last, fourth, squad was completed, to examine them again himself in everything and anything they had learnt in their four squads since enrolment, and then tell me very candidly whether or not he considered them fully qualified in every way to be considered trained private soldiers, and if not, to give me particulars of all the points where he thought they fell short, so that I might have a chance of "blocking up" all their "weak spots" before sending them back as "trained" to their respective companies, and also of enabling me to amend my syllabus of instruction before starting on a new squad. I, in turn, promised him to try and turn out the best-instructed lot of recruits ever turned out by the Corps! This was the system upon which the first 16 men who enlisted on or after November 1st, 1884, were instructed, and it proved, if I may say so, a great success. The Adjutant's final examination was very searching and thorough, but the result was quite satisfactory from his point of view, and so became the system which was later on officially adopted for the instruction of all recruits in the Regiment, i.e., of handing them over as a *squad* to some N.C.O., who undertook to train them in one or more of the four squads, and who had the prior right to drill them, no matter what Companies might be on duty; but, on the other hand, no N.C.O. was allowed to have the entire instruction of such a squad until after he had satisfied the Adjutant that he was really competent in every way to give them good instruction, and in the event of his training not proving satisfactory (i.e., if he missed any substantial number of drills, or if the squad at the end did not eventually come up to the required standard) he was liable to have this permission to drill recruits withdrawn, but he was allowed, at my suggestion, to have attached to him a junior or budding N.C.O. (who was without official permission to drill recruits)

as an assistant in order to teach such junior how to drill and instruct, and to give such junior an opportunity of gaining experience in drilling and of teaching and being taught under competent supervision—all of which system was officially adopted and turned out well in practice.

(2) *The N.C.Os. School.*

In addition to my work of drilling recruits, I could not help feeling that much of the information I had obtained in my course with the Guards would be useful to many of the N.C.Os. of the Regiment, and I was very keen on getting an opportunity of passing it on to them. I obtained official permission to form a class for N.C.Os. junior to myself (that is, if I could get any volunteers to attend it !), which, my rank being that of a junior Lance-Sergeant only, meant a class for Corporals or Lance-Corporals only. After a little difficulty and persuasion I got a few volunteers for my class. It was a very small one at first, consisting chiefly of newly-appointed Lance-Corporals, but it gradually increased in size as time went on. I ascertained from a dictionary that the word "Corporal" was derived from "Caput," a head, and signified a "leader," so I took this as my key word, and the professed object of my class was to teach all Corporals and Lance-Corporals who attended how to be good *leaders* of the rank and file, among whom they stood on parade, in drill, in shooting, in setting them a good example in discipline, and in all military duties and fatigues, and also in all Regimental sports, recreation, singing on the march, and in the creation of a really high and healthy tone and good leadership whenever possible.

In the following year, 1885, I was made a full Sergeant in my Company, and thereupon gave up the post of Signalling-Sergeant, and devoted myself to looking after my new section, to company work, to drilling recruits, and to developing my newly-formed N.C.O. class. In the following year, 1886, a new Adjutant (Capt. H. Gore-Browne, of the 60th Rifles) was appointed in the place of Capt. Haggard. The new system of drilling recruits had become definitely established by then, but the N.C.O. school was in a more or less nebulous condition. The new Adjutant, however, highly approved of it, and went out of his way to assist me, and in the end established it definitely as "The N.C.Os. School" of the Regiment, and all N.C.Os. of every rank were enjoined to attend for the winter course of 1886-87, the Adjutant himself taking all the Sergeants and higher (N.C.O.) ranks, and I taking all the Corporals and lower (N.C.O.) ranks, including privates nominated by their Captain as likely soon to be promoted N.C.Os. In our course of instruction and with the help of the permanent staff we first put our pupils through a really sharp "refresher" course of squad and company drill and musketry. We then instructed them in the art of drilling and instructing others, including the giving of clear and correct instructions and cautions and words of command, in discipline, duties on guard, dress and equipment, tent pitching, duties in camp, cooking, fatigues, outposts, advance and rear guards, marching, care of men, care of feet and boots, bugle calls (with help of the piano and a bugle !), topography and scouting (the Adjutant's two favourite subjects !), and also such domestic things as singing on the march, organizing impromptu smoking concerts and miscellaneous matters in connection with the Regiment. I think I may fairly say that the N.C.O. School was a great success, and was attended by practically every N.C.O. in the Regiment, also by a considerable number of Officers (as spectators !), including, on one occasion, Col. Edis himself, to hear me give a miniature lecture on "Care of men"—to my embarrassment, but secret gratification !

In 1887 I was promoted to Colour-Sergeant in my old ("H") Company, and was thereupon allowed to instruct and drill all the N.C.Os. (including the Sergeants)

in one class, and organized special classes for all the N.C.Os. of my old ("H") Company. In the following year (1888) I was given a Commission in the Regiment, and the Adjutant thereupon gave up his work in the N.C.O. School (except as an occasional helper), and I was given complete charge of it, also of the recruit instruction, and was allowed to suggest the N.C.Os. to be assistant instructors and to help in the work—all of which I found most interesting.

It was in 1886 that Lord Wolseley brought out a new edition of his "Soldier's Pocket Book," which I read and studied with avidity! I was greatly struck with his valuable suggestions with regard to "Care of men," which (with the associated subjects such as sanitation, billeting, justice, etc.), I endeavoured in a humble way to incorporate into the 1886-1887 syllabus of my little newly-formed school. As I found from my dictionary that the word Sergeant was derived from the Latin *Servio* ("I serve"), I added *serving* (i.e., of the Officers above us, and particularly of the men we command in our own little unit!) as a further key-note of my little school of Sergeants and Corporals. May I add that about thirty years later, during the Great War, when we were suddenly called upon to produce from our ranks at a few hours' notice fifty young men to be Officers of the famous 7th Division of Regulars, and I had to organize on the spur of the moment a suitable course of rapid training, I found my two big subjects—the *leading* of men (to fight and alas! to kill) and *serving* of men (i.e., devotion to one's own command in every possible way) covered most of the subjects on which they required rapid instruction when such subjects were developed into their many branches, and in the end these two subjects in all their ramifications constituted the basis of all the training of the many thousands of young men (nearly twenty thousand altogether from first to last!) sent to me to be trained as Officers during the Great War.

(3) *The "Grey Book."*

In my work in connection with the "Recruit Course" and "N.C.Os. School," I often felt handicapped because of the number of different hand-books, pamphlets, leaflets, etc. (in addition to the "Field Exercises" and "Musketry Instruction"—the two official books on drill and shooting, a copy of which all members of the Regiment possessed as a matter of course) which were required by my pupils to cover all the miscellaneous subjects we taught or touched upon. Soon after I had received my Commission and was given definite charge of the N.C.Os. School (i.e., about the year 1888), I felt emboldened, therefore, to approach Colonel Edis and suggest that a Regimental hand-book should be prepared and circulated, at a cost price not to exceed 1s. a copy. This was to contain, broadly, everything in the way of military information that a private in the "Artists" was expected to know beyond what was contained in "Field Exercises" or in "Musketry Instruction," or was learnt on the parade ground; so that these three books, "Field Exercises," "Musketry Instruction" and our "Grey Book" (as I suggested it should be called) should constitute the only really essential military library of each recruit anxious to learn all his military duties.

Colonel Edis received my suggestion with much cordiality—in fact, at our very first interview on the subject I received his definite instructions to prepare and submit to him the draft of such a book for his approval together with an estimate of cost of production! within, if I recollect rightly, a month from the date of our interview or, anyhow, within something very much less than was within the bounds of possibility! So I found my spare time for the next few months very fully occupied in consequence. This, by the by, was very often the consequence of a suggestion to our Colonel in those days! In the result, after considerable labour on the part of

many Officers and Sergeants, the first edition of the Artists' Regimental "Grey Book" was published in 1889, and four years afterwards, viz. : in 1893, the original edition being sold out, a new improved edition was prepared and published. I was given the privilege of compiling and editing both of these editions, and, if I may be allowed, without boasting, to say so, I think they both helped to fulfil the object for which they were written, and furnished a text-book containing instruction in various military subjects outside of the official "Field Exercises" and "Musketry Instruction." The book contained full information on a Volunteer's obligation to his Country, the names and addresses of all Officers, N.C.Os. and men holding definite appointments in the Corps ; the official Regimental standing orders on every subject ; full instructions to recruits joining the Regiment as to his obligations, uniform, equipment and many other matters ; full instructions to N.C.Os. as to their duties and as to the Sergeants' mess ; also to all Officers as to their duties and as to the Officers' mess ; full information, instructions and regulations with regard to such departments as signalling, ambulance, transport, cycling and as to musketry and prize shooting and conditions and prizes ; also full information as to "duties on guard," entraining, marches, camp, barracks, bivouacs, tent pitching, cooking, bugle calls (with popular words to assist the memory !), both in barracks and in the field, full information and rules about the N.C.O. School and various Regimental courses, about the Regimental Club, School of Arms and Regimental Institutions. Also chapters on elementary tactics (about which the Adjutant, Capt. Gore-Browne, was especially keen) dealing with simple principles, rules and duties in Advance and Rear guards, Outposts, Reconnoitring, Attack and Defence, Rivers, Woods, Defiles, Villages, Hedges, Walls, Houses, Trenches, Convoys, Obstacles and other matters—all written about from the point of view of a really intelligent private ! I do not think I am overstating the case in saying that this little book (produced for 1s.) became the up-to-date Bible of the Corps, and was studied, carried about, referred to and produced as an authority on all occasions by all ranks, and which helped to settle many disputed points, small discrepancies and differences being unearthed and officially decided, and uniformity established in numerous little Regimental habits and customs.

CHAPTER IX

THE MARCHING DETACHMENT

ANY account of the work of the Artists Rifles in pre-War days would be incomplete that did not include the yearly "Marching Detachment," which, as before mentioned, was organized to march from London during the early part of Holy week to join the remainder of the Battalion late on the Thursday evening (or sometimes very early on the Friday morning) at whatever spot they might have been sent in order to take part in the Easter manœuvres.

The "Marching Detachment" was in its early days known as "The Baggage Guard," and was ostensibly and originally, I believe, a guard for the transport waggons that conveyed by road the Officers' and men's kits and other Corps property required for the manœuvres, from our headquarters in London to a point from which the Battalion started on its Easter manœuvres. The first waggons, purchased and possessed by the Corps, were, according to tradition, a beer cart and an ambulance waggon! to which additional waggons (sometimes Army waggons lent to us by the military authorities, and sometimes civilian waggons hired for the occasion) were added as required. The personnel of "The Baggage Guard" consisted originally of a Sergeant (usually Sergt. Walter C. Horsley, I believe—he, according to tradition, being the person who first conceived the necessity of a baggage guard to escort and protect the Corps' property on the road!), a Corporal and less than a dozen men; but this party gradually grew in size, and, as the transport required, increased—first from a dozen men to half a Company, then to a full Company, and finally to several Companies with drums and fifes, C.O., Adjutant, Quartermaster, Sergt.-Major and other "trimmings" complete—all in consequence (so it was said) of its original Commander being gradually promoted to Lieutenant, Captain and Major respectively!

The chief point that impressed itself upon me with regard to the Marching Detachment was its excellence as a school for the instruction of Officers and N.C.Os. in many and various branches of their work. One reason for this was that the work of each post was, in the great majority of cases, undertaken by a novice at that particular kind of work, who was doing it for the first time in order to gain military experience. I can never recollect the Colonel of the Regiment, not even Col. Horsley after he obtained command, ever commanding a Marching Detachment—or the Adjutant, the Quartermaster, the Sergeant-Major, or the Q.M.S. of the Corps ever acting as the Adjutant, Quartermaster, Sergt.-Major or Q.M.S. (respectively) of the marching detachment. Indeed, I do not think any of the "permanent staff" were ever employed on the marching detachment in any capacity. The provisional Companies composing the detachment, also, were very seldom commanded by full-blown Captains (the posts of C.O. or Adjutant, or Quartermaster of the detachment being reserved for them), but by senior subalterns. A full Colour-Sergeant also, would, if going with the detachment, usually go as Acting Sergeant-Major or as Acting Q.M.S., etc. Full Sergeants would usually go as Acting Colour-Sergeants

of the provisional Companies, full Corporals as Acting Sergeants, etc.—in fact, most N.C.Os. in the Regiment, and most Officers also for that matter, gained their first experience in a new rank, to which they were looking forward, in the “marching detachment,” which in consequence always produced the greatest amount of enthusiasm and hard work on the part of all concerned. Looking back now, I cannot help thinking that it was one of the best and most instructive “stunts” ever created by the Regiment in by-gone days, and that it would be a good thing to revive it, if such a thing were possible.

The tour usually consisted of three days’ route marching (Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday in Holy week), with two nights (Tuesday and Wednesday), billeting *en route*. A day’s march was anything between twelve and twenty miles, with a tendency to make the shortest march either the first day, when it was sometimes hard to get an early start, or the last day, if, as sometimes happened, there should be much work to be done by the detachment on arrival to prepare for the coming of the remainder of the Battalion later in the day.

About Christmas in each year (or earlier) the C.O. of the Corps would make a careful selection of the Officer whom he wished to act as “the C.O. of the detachment,” and, after such selection, the two C.Os., i.e., the Corps’ C.O. and the proposed detachment C.O., would between them carefully select an Adjutant, a Quartermaster, a Sergeant-Major and a Quartermaster-Sergeant for the detachment. Only real enthusiasts were ever selected, and in nearly every case, as mentioned above, someone who had never acted before in a similar capacity. The whole success of the tour largely depended on the everlasting energy, enthusiasm and trouble taken by the C.O. of the detachment and these four assistants, all of whom usually sought for and obtained all the instruction and “tips” they required from the persons who occupied their posts during the previous year. I think that most old members of the Corps will agree with me that it was very rare for the marching detachment Headquarter Staff to fall short in their work! Indeed, a very large proportion of our most brilliant Officers, N.C.Os. and men were, I believe, first “discovered” through their work on the marching detachment.

The next step was usually a meeting by the proposed C.O. of the detachment with his proposed Adjutant, Quartermaster, Sergeant-Major and Quartermaster-Sergeant so soon as the locality of the Easter outing for the Battalion was known. A map of the country would be produced and studied, and stopping places would be suggested at convenient distances apart to enable the detachment on the Thursday night to arrive at the point at which the remainder of the Battalion assembled. If practicable, the detachment started on its march, direct from headquarters in London on the Tuesday morning; but sometimes, if the distance was too long for a three days’ march, it was necessary to proceed by train the first part of the journey to a nearer convenient starting point. A note would be made of what appeared to be suitable towns or villages at convenient distances apart, where the detachment could be billeted on the Tuesday and Wednesday nights, scenery and any other points that would help to make the march attractive and pleasant being also taken into consideration, and it was then generally left to the proposed Quartermaster of the detachment with his Q.M.S. to visit and inspect such towns and villages, and to cycle along the proposed route, and to “report” in due course to the C.O. of the detachment.

Although the persons and places selected and the roads marched were seldom the same two years in succession, the repeated consideration by a succession of amateur Quartermasters of the task of marching and billeting a detachment in time of peace undoubtedly led to the matter being nearly always approached and con-

sidered on the same lines. I believe it was Major L. H. M. Dick (one of the greatest enthusiasts and hardest workers the Corps has ever produced—especially when for many years he was, just before Philip, the renowned Colour-Sergeant of the famous old pre-War “D” Company!), who, after acting as Quartermaster of the marching detachment in his turn with the help of Henry Wilson (one of the best Quartermasters ever produced by the Regiment), collected and created a series of “notes” on the subject which were passed on to and studied and added to by a long succession of amateur Quartermasters. I had them in my turn, and they were full of instruction and wise suggestions. In them it was pointed out that, broadly, what was required was sufficient transport to convey the Officers and men’s kits and other baggage from one resting place to the next, also board and lodging for the detachment for each night, with special accommodation at each place for Officers, Sergeants and horses. The first step recommended was to secure an introduction to the local clergyman, doctor or schoolmaster at each halting place (which could generally be arranged through some past or present member of the Corps living in the neighbourhood), and then with his or their assistance to get full information about the local hotels, inns and billeting places—such as schools, town halls, etc.; also the local reputation of the landlords, especially as to their previous experience in billeting, their seating accommodation at meals, their store of crockery, glass, etc., and their punctuality! What we usually stipulated for was a good dinner on arrival, a good and early meat breakfast and a “haversack” lunch for the mid-day meal, and the maximum price we paid for these was 3s. a night (1s. 6d. for the dinner, 1s. for the breakfast, and 6d. for the “haversack” lunch), no extra payment being made for the billeting accommodation or for a certain amount of fresh fruit, which was generally insisted upon, and a few flowers for the table were generally gratuitously added! Afternoon tea on arrival was considered an “extra,” and if required was paid for privately, also all “drinks” beyond one pint of either ale, stout or cider for dinner, and tea or coffee for breakfast—and we never had any difficulty in getting these terms accepted. As to the sleeping accommodation, we stipulated that each man should have a space of at least one yard by two yards to lie in, that the floor he slept upon should be reasonably clean. Stables we only used when really necessary, but town halls, theatres, schools, lofts, barns and houses have all helped us in their turn. For bedding we usually hired trusses of straw for men to lie upon, allowing about two-thirds of a truss for each man, and paying a price not exceeding 6d. a truss, which included the delivery and laying of the straw before the men arrived and the collecting and removal of it after they had left—for this reason we always issued strict orders *not to cut the bonds!* For bedding each man (besides sleeping in his clothes) had his blanket or rug (carried in the transport waggons, strapped to his kit bag, but so as “not to obliterate the name”!), and each man was instructed to carry his knife and fork in his haversack and never in his kit bag, to avoid accidents. For washing purposes we could generally arrange for the hire of buckets (at the rate of about one bucket to every three men), and these were largely used for the washing of feet on arrival. The hire of a tank was sometimes necessary for the storage of water, besides benches (or planks with trestles) to stand the buckets on, also short hose pipes to help in the filling of the buckets from the taps, the source and quality of the water being always plainly labelled. For light we always carried with us a number of candle lanterns and plenty of candles in our waggons to use if necessary, and we always took very special precautions against the risk of fire (i.e., to ensure the exits being always unbolted and plainly marked, boots kept ready, buckets kept three-quarters full, and well understood fire signals arranged). The local carpenter and a few handymen with spades could usually fix up suitable latrines, if, as was

practically always the case, it was necessary to add to the existing accommodation. The cost of these was agreed upon by contract, and they were fixed before we arrived, and emptied by contract after we had left. Good rifle racks were easily and quickly made by suspending planks against the wall with rows of long French nails to keep the rifles apart and upright. We also quickly improvised (by suspended planks and long French nails) serviceable pegs on which to hang accoutrements, etc.

The Officers had special accommodation at one of the hotels or inns. Each had a separate bed, and the C.O. (at all events) had a bedroom to himself. There was always a separate room for the Officers to occupy as their mess room, and we were nearly always able to arrange also (either at the same or some other inn) for another special room to be used as the Sergeants' mess. The cost to the Officers for board and lodging was usually about 9s. each night, exclusive of drinks, but including early morning tea. We were generally able to secure quite good accommodation for the horses at the rate of 2s. 6d. each per night for Officers' chargers, and 1s. 6d. for transport horses; and we were also generally able to arrange accommodation for the drivers so that they could always be close to their horses.

It was essential that both the Quartermaster of the marching detachment and also his Q.M.S. should be able to ride a bicycle, for after the route had been provisionally fixed, and an introduction to some influential local inhabitant obtained, the Quartermaster elect, with his Sergeant (after long interviews with their predecessors of the year before and with note-books full of useful information), would cycle down together and make their "preliminary visit," obtaining information on all the above points, but being especially careful *not to enter into any contracts* of any kind (or make any promises at this stage), and to keep copies of all letters written, and abstain from *binding* themselves in *any* way (in particular not at this point to promise a *smoking concert* in any particular place or inn, which is what all the landlords seem to hanker after!—though they would, of course, note down suitable places where such a concert could be held, and where a piano could be easily and quickly obtained if necessary), till after everything had been settled at all places and agreed to by the C.O. and others concerned. For we sometimes found by experience that some comparatively small but unsurmountable difficulty at one place necessitated revision of the scheme, and sometimes a recasting of the whole tour. It was only after the Quartermaster could see his way to *all* difficulties being disposed of and of all weak spots being cleared up that he could, after obtaining the full approval and concurrence of the C.O. of that particular marching detachment, make any binding contracts whatever, and our experience showed us the desirability of postponing this till just before our visit.

Just before the date of the march the Detachment Quartermaster, after he had made final arrangements, would send to the Detachment Adjutant full notes as to billets, times and other points for inclusion in "Detachment Orders." Experience also showed us the advantage of letting men know exactly what payments would be expected from them, and of warning them to place their names early on the list—or quarters and rations could not be guaranteed—also advising them as to special precautions to be taken against fire when sleeping in straw.

On the day of the march it was customary for the Detachment Quartermaster (with his Q.M.S. and a cyclist orderly, the latter being a much-coveted post) to attend the parade, obtain exact numbers, "settle" a time-table with the C.O., also a list of local guests who were to be invited to dine with the Officers of the detachment at mess that evening (the Quartermaster was usually given a very free hand in this respect, and there is little doubt that such hospitality was greatly appreciated). The Quartermaster then cycled on with his Q.M.S. and cyclist orderly

to the stopping place for the night, and settled final figures and made final arrangements, sending a multitude of notes as to the amount of accommodation, food, straw and other things required, and making appointments later in the day with the persons supplying to deliver and further appointments the following morning to such persons to take them back—after which the Q.M. generally despatched by his cyclist orderly detailed messages to the Detachment Adjutant of all arrangements made and guests invited, also messages to each Company Commander, to the Transport Officer and to other persons concerned with the details affecting their own particular unit, and these messages usually arrived back at the column before lunch.

After lunch the Detachment Quartermaster sent round the invitations to his guests for that evening, and also arranged for a “meeting of creditors” the next morning, i.e., for a meeting of all persons with money claims against the detachment for providing accommodation, food, straw, lanterns, etc., or for any other purpose. This meeting the Quartermaster would of course attend himself, and after numbers and amounts due to each creditor had been agreed upon would pay the sums due and obtain receipts, and so enable the detachment to march away from the town *free of all debts of every kind*. After years of experience we found this by far the most satisfactory method.

After lunch also it was customary for our Quartermaster to allot the bedrooms to the Officers in the hotel; labelling each (and the rooms set aside for Officers’ and Sergeants’ mess, etc.) with a card and drawing-pin, with a general index of names and numbers of rooms for the entrance hall. If, also, as sometimes happened, any of the Companies had to be quartered some distance away from the headquarters, local boy guides would be obtained in readiness to conduct them to their quarters immediately on arrival, and it was generally possible, by keeping in touch with the marching column by cyclist or otherwise to forecast almost to a minute their exact time of arrival, and to have afternoon tea ready and waiting for all ranks who required it.

After the detachment had arrived and afternoon tea had been disposed of, it was usual for the Detachment Quartermaster to take the Detachment C.O. round all the quarters and introduce him to all local helpers—a kind of glorified “inspection.” The Quartermaster (or his Q.M.S.) usually made a point of verifying numbers, etc., with the respective landlords at each meal which saved discussion afterwards, and also usually arranged (before the column arrived) for one big smoking concert for the whole detachment at the most convenient place in the town. This we found by experience was better than several smaller concerts at each of the billeting places. We took particular pains beforehand to ear-mark (from our own ranks) a really good pianist (sometimes difficult to get), a good and experienced chairman (seldom difficult to get), and some good hearty singers (never difficult to get), not omitting to import some local talent if there were any available, and always keeping in reserve a few really good items (mostly “encores”) for the end, and making a point of ending *punctually* with the concert apparently at its very height on the sound of the bugle sounding the last post!

The next morning the Quartermaster’s first important job was to see that the breakfasts were early and ready—next that all stores were duly returned before the detachment marched off. Immediately after the detachment had marched off there usually followed the big appointment by the Quartermaster and his C.M.S. with all the “creditors” (as mentioned above) and a payment of all just claims in cash, obtaining receipts as vouchers for the detachment accounts hereafter. Lastly, the Q.M. made a dash round the town or village to make sure that nothing had been left behind, took a hurried farewell of all old friends, landlords, store providers, etc.,

and then cycling on to the next billeting place, passing the detachment on the road, and settling (*en passant*) with the C.O. any new conundrums arising with regard to the next night's billeting, etc.

At the end of the trip the detachment Quartermaster was always most careful to clear up without any delay any outstanding questions that may have arisen with any of the inhabitants or creditors and to make full and detailed accounts to forward to the detachment C.O. for approval, and filing also notes of any points that might help the Quartermaster of the next year's detachment, also sending letters of thanks, in the name of the C.O., to all the local inhabitants who had helped to make the tour a success. His last job was usually, as indicated above, thoroughly to instruct his successor for the following year so soon as such successor has been selected.

As to the cost, the rank and file usually had to pay something not exceeding 5s. each per night (usually collected from them by their Colour-Sergeant at the first halt on the first day's march). The Officers paid about 12s. 6d. each per night (which included their hotel expenses, and a contribution towards the general cost of transport, postage, etc.) The Sergeants paid the same as the rank and file, plus about 2s. 6d. per head per night for additional expenses in connection with their mess. At the present time, with inflated post-War prices, these sums would have, of course, to be substantially increased.

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On reading over the above, it seems to me that I have devoted too much time in describing the routine of the marching detachment, and not enough in describing its delights. The large bulk of our old members, in thinking of their old marching detachment days, will remember most, not the routine, but the everlasting tramping along dusty country roads with heavy kit, sunburnt face, and sore feet, also the cold nights and the small physical discomforts in sleeping, washing, shaving and dressing ! They will also recollect, however, the informal though sincere greetings of the inhabitants and the children of the villages we marched through, and also, I am sure, the good old marching songs and the men who sang them. The looked-forward-to short periodical halts. The mid-day halt, with its informal alfresco meal, and—perhaps most of all—the lifelong friends they made on those occasions and the general atmosphere of good fellowship. In looking back on my forty years of service with the Regiment, nothing stands out more prominently in my memory than the real enjoyment I experienced in the succession of marching detachments I had the good luck to be able to attend, and I think that this feeling will be shared by every one of my old comrades who had a similar good fortune.

CHAPTER X

" F " COMPANY

(1893 TO 1900)

AS previously mentioned, I was promoted to be a Sergeant in " H " Company (my original Company), and thereupon took over the command of a " section," and gave up my duties as Signalling-Sergeant. Soon afterwards I was promoted to be the " Musketry Sergeant " of the Company, and afterwards " Colour-Sergeant " (one of the most enjoyable of all ranks !). In course of time I was given a Commission, and became the junior subaltern of " H " Company, and by the year 1893 I had become, automatically, the senior subaltern of the Company and one of the senior subalterns of the Regiment. I then began to wonder whether I was ever likely to attain the exalted rank of " Captain," and if so, when, and of which Company ?

In the days of which I write, the Corps had more connection with Art and artists (painters, architects, musicians, etc.) than it has at the present time, especially as regards its Officers. All its Commanding Officers had been professional artists (either painters or architects), and very nearly all its field Officers. Of its eight Companies, six were what were then known as " Professional " Companies—i.e., " A," " F " and " H " were Painters' Companies, " C " and " E " were Architects' Companies, and " B " was a Musicians' Company. Two Companies were " Non-professional " ones, viz. : " D " and " G," both of which were founded in connection with the London University. The " Professional " Companies were, all originally, and afterwards usually commanded by a Captain of the profession to which the Company belonged ; and I always understood that it was the wish of the C.O. that in the " Professional " Companies two of the Company Officers (out of the three) should be of the Company's profession, and that in the " Non-professional " Companies at least one of the Officers out of the three should belong to one of the artistic professions, so as to keep up the artistic character of the Corps. Before the year 1893 this rule had been broken many times, and the Corps was undoubtedly beginning somewhat to lose its touch with Art and artists. Still, it was the general impression that being a member of some artistic profession carried weight in the selection of N.C.Os. for promotion to commissioned rank, and also in the selection and promotion to be a Captain in command of a " Professional " Company.

In 1893 there was a vacancy for a Junior Major, and there seemed every probability that Capt. Horsley (the painter), who then commanded " F " Company (a Painters' Company), would be selected and promoted, and as neither of his subalterns (Lieuts. F. S. Howarth and S. S. Higham) were professional artists (one being a stockbroker, and the other a solicitor), it was thought by some that the C.O. would appoint another professional painter in Capt. Horsley's place. Perhaps at this distance of time I may confess that the matter was one in which I felt much interest, but also considerable doubt ! I was intensely looking forward to some day having a Company of my own to look after and command. On the other hand, " F " Company was very largely a big family party which had always produced its

own Officers, and which contained a considerable proportion of professional painters in its ranks. Was it then likely that the command of a Company which had always had a professional artist as its Captain would be offered to a solicitor, especially as neither of its other two Officers belonged to the artistic professions. Further, in such an event, ought I, as a matter of good taste, in these circumstances, ask to be allowed to decline the command? As to the first question I felt no responsibility; but as to the second, I, like many others, felt some doubt. All my doubts, however, were set at rest by a letter I received from the two subalterns, informing me that the whole Company very much hoped that I would accept the command of the Company *if I got the chance*, and would be greatly disappointed if I did not do so!

In due course the command of "F" Company was offered to and accepted by me, and I determined, so far as it lay within my power, to make it the most efficient Company in the Battalion from an *active service* point of view. I had a most excellent and enthusiastic team of Officers and N.C.Os. to help me. Everyone who knew the Corps at that time will agree with me in this when I give the names of some of my helpers: Howarth, Higham (before mentioned), Jack Austin, with his two brothers, "Pane-eye" and Clifford, Bromley and Mumford, the two Underwood's, Willis, Oldham, Innes, Choisy, Mimpriss, Stiff, Foster, Turner and Marshall—to mention only a few of those whose names at once occur to me.

We had an enthusiastic preliminary meeting, and all determined, if it were anyhow possible, to lower the Colours of "D" Company (which possessed Colour-Sergt. Philip and a party of wonderful N.C.Os.—not to mention their three fine Company Officers). "D" were then, as I think all "Artists" of that generation will agree, the "cock" Company of the Battalion, and the winners of a large proportion of the Battalion prizes for "Inter-Company" competitions. My idea of a really good Company, however, was not merely a Company with a few strong points, but a Company good all through, and one with *no weak spots*! I explained my views at our meeting, and made out a list of everything that could be expected from a *really good Company* in the Old Volunteer Force, also of all the "Inter-Company" Battalion prizes that were being offered—this with the help of my Senior Subaltern, F. S. Howarth, who had a perfect mania for figures and statistics! It was he who worked out the census of the Battalion, setting out various averages of each different rank. He also worked out for my own special benefit the Battalion average and "F" Company's average under every conceivable heading. We then all determined to concentrate our attention first on what seemed to be the *weakest* spots of the Company—so as to be at least up to the Battalion average in *everything*—and to let the strong points for the moment take care of themselves, with just a normal amount of encouragement. Howarth then went a step further, and worked out the average of each section (to compare with the Company average) on each point. He furnished the result to each Section Commander, so that the Sergeant and N.C.Os. of each section could devote themselves, anyhow, to bringing their section up to the average of their Company in everything. Again, I believe that Howarth, at the request of the respective Section Commanders, went further still, and worked out for each of the Section Commanders a list of the records of each of his individual men whose performance in the various subjects was below the average of the section, so that he, the Section Commander, could devote himself to the improvement of the *individuals* instead of putting blame indiscriminately on all the men of his section. Besides this, we had almost weekly meetings of the Officers and N.C.Os. to "report progress" on each point, and nothing could exceed the assistance rendered by my "helpers," who, working on the lines I had suggested to them, worried no one as regards his work unless he was *below the average*

of his section in the particular matter complained of. Any man, who required it, also could have a "Volunteer Godfather" told off to him to help him individually with his shooting or other work. The result of all this was really astonishing. The men of the Company responded in a wonderful way. No one apparently desired to be *below the average*, so improvement immediately took place in every direction. By the end of the first year the Company, which had been considerably below strength, rose to full strength, which was then 100 men. By the end of the second year the shooting and, consequently, the figure of merit improved, and improved so quickly that we soon had the largest number of marksmen and first-class shots of any Company, excepting "D"! The average number of drills per man improved, as also the percentage of "efficients before inspection." In addition, we also introduced many new "stunts," such as a Weldon range-finder, map-reading classes and some novel shooting competitions! We helped the Battalion in other ways also, for I see that by the end of the second year "F" Company was furnishing all the instructors (outside our permanent staff) for the Battalion N.C.Os. School of Instruction.

In 1897 the figures of merit of "D" Company and "F" Company were, I believe, the highest of all Companies of London Volunteers ("D" Company being very slightly the better!), and I think I am right in saying that between them these two Companies increased the Battalion figure of merit by 19 points. In 1897 every man in "F" Company was "efficient" before the inspection, and in the same year "F" Company obtained a "record" attendance at the Easter manœuvres. Our strength continued to increase so much that by 1900, when Colonel Edis decided to increase the strength of the Battalion to twelve Companies instead of eight, "F" Company had the honour of sending away something over 70 men (all Volunteers), and of thus founding, without other aid, a new Company—"I" Company—which was placed under the command of Capt. Brandon-Thomas (an old "F" Company man), with Lieut. L. H. M. Dick (late of "D" Company) as his Senior Subaltern, and C. E. W. ("Pane-eye") Austin (supplied by "F" Company) as his Junior Subaltern. I was also delighted to find that during the time the Company had been under my command the number of marksmen had increased *fourfold*, and the number of my "second-class shots" reduced from 42 to 8, and that there were no "third-class shots" at all!

For seven years we worked hard, and gave practically all our spare time to the work of the Company, but yet I cannot truthfully say that we "lowered the Colours" of "D" Company. They were a very wonderful lot, and wanted a lot of beating! I am certain, however, that we gave them more anxiety than any other Company in the Corps! and I believe that there was not a single annual "Inter-Company" Battalion prize that "F" Company did not win at some time during those seven years, and that even the old members of "D" will admit that by 1900 there was little, if anything, to choose between the two Companies.

From the above it may perhaps be thought that it was the Officers and N.C.Os. who caused "F" Company to flourish during the period I am writing of—but this was not the case. The chief reason was the splendid way in which *the men in the ranks* responded. They always appreciated, and never resented the efforts of their Officers and N.C.Os. Nothing could exceed their enthusiasm at all Company meetings and gatherings. Everyone was greatly interested in the competitions between the Companies, and no competitions were ever fought on keener, sounder, or more sporting lines. To show the feelings of the men in the ranks towards the N.C.Os., let me quote from the verses of Pte. E. T. Jaques, our "Company poet," a much-loved comrade, a solicitor by profession, now dead, alas! Jaques was in

the habit of recording the events of our Easter outings in humorous and pathetic verse, which sometimes, however, showed a tendency to poke fun at the N.C.Os. for their strenuous work. His conscience seems to have smitten him at last, and the lines I quote concluded his poem on "The Second Pirbright Campaign (Easter), 1899," which, I believe, most sincerely expressed his feelings and the feelings of his comrades in the ranks towards the Colour-Sergeant (J. M. C. Austin) and other N.C.Os. His allusion to the "sash" refers to the custom in those days for Officers and Sergeants in a line Regiment to wear a sash—the former on the left shoulder, the latter on the right.

"ENVOY—TO THE COLOUR-SERGEANT."

'Twere ill, by scoffing, to requite
The eager souls that share with you
(The Sash upon the left or right,
The single chevron or the two),
Those endless labours, day and night
That make us flourish as we do.
The zeal that owns, as better half,
A tact that rules without offence
The boundless patience. If I laugh,
Be slow to deem it want of sense!
Believe me! in a cloud of chaff
I veil a front of reverence.
And I, as each his gift employs,
Would offer mine, however small,
My songs are dust upon the poise,
But they at least, are free from gall;
So let them pass! they please the boys,
And he who writes them loves you all.

E.T.J.

The mention of Pte. E. T. Jaques and his verses reminds me of a thrilling incident which took place at Easter-time in the year 1895, when I was in command of "F" Company, and when the Artists Rifles were quartered at Windsor in the same barracks as the 2nd Life Guards. The two Regiments became the greatest friends, and most cordial and enthusiastic meetings took place between the Officers, Sergeants and men of both Regiments in their various messes and barrack-rooms—especially on the Sunday night, the last night of the training, which, it was then thought, would be the final meeting of the two Regiments, as the Artists had had instructions to march direct to the railway station to entrain for London immediately on the conclusion of the field operations which were to take place in the neighbourhood of Windsor on the Monday.

On the conclusion of the field operations, however, the Artists were halted by the roadside for a rest before marching to the railway station, and while so halted their friends the 2nd Life Guards chanced to pass on their way back to barracks. The sudden unexpected meeting and parting was of a most enthusiastic description, and will ever be remembered by those who took part in it. Pte. E. T. Jaques, at the conclusion of his verses on "The Campaign of Easter, 1895," describes it as follows, and I think the incident is well worth recording in any book written about the Artists Rifles (and see plate on page 82):—

"THE CAMPAIGN OF EASTER, 1895."

But a wild and thrilling moment marked the closing of the fray
When the Gold and Scarlet parted from the Silver and the Grey:
'Tis a memory to cherish—Oh, how bright the sunshine glowed
On the range of heathy common and the stretch of dusty road,
As the Artists crowded to it in a densely clustered throng,
All a-quiver with excitement as the squadrons came along!
And a vision dawns upon me in the watches of the night
Of the horses madly plunging and the riders sitting tight,
As they wave their gleaming helmets and they cheer with all their might.

So to the strains of AULD LANG SYNE the Guards went plunging by :
 We cheered them till the welkin rang, a flame in every eye:
 Guards of the Queen, farewell ! farewell !! Stalwart and staunch and true,
 We gloried in your comradeship, our hearts went out to you ;
 And as we cheered, within us all a thought was glowing warm
 A proud and lofty consciousness that took our souls by storm,
 That we were, too, Her Majesty's, and wore her uniform

E.T.J.

While I am on the subject of quotations, I cannot resist the temptation of placing on record some clever lines which will recall pleasant memories to many old members. These were written by my Corporal, Corpl. C. E. W. (" Pane-eye ") Austin, and were very popular and were constantly called for, and recited by him at practically all our impromptu smoking concerts in those days. They were as follows :—

THE FISHTORY OF MR. JOHN DOREY AND MISS ANNE CHOVEY.

The first time JOHN DOREY met Miss ANNE CHOVEY he fell over fins and tail in love with her. He called her the STARFISH of his SOLE, and swore he would be TROUT to her. They arranged to be married as soon as he could afford to KIPPER, and they were as happy as the DACE were long.

She was a CHUBBY little fish, her only fault being that she was a little hard of HERRING. He was a fine big fellow, very proud of his MUSSELS, which he kept in condition by taking an occasional HARD ROE. He was so heavy that he was what you might call a TUNNY FISH.

One day they had a CORAL. They were going for a SKATE, and he kept her WHITING a few MINNOWS in the light of a LAMPREY while he had a small BASS, and talked POLLOCKTICS.

She considered he treated her very CAVIARELY, and was in high GUDGEON. She accused him when he did at last turn up of going after other GRILSE. He, with a slight WINKLE in his eye, said he HADDOCKasionally, and tried to CUTTLE her. She objected to CODDLING, and when he tried to squeeze her to a JELLY FISH she hit him over the head with a MULLET, and made it HAKE. He said " DAB," and went off to see a STURGEON, who put some TARPON it.

While he was away Anne was very SHAD, and began to reproach herself bitterly. She called herself a little CATFISH and a SHELL-FISH little SEA-URCHIN.

When he returned, looking very EEL, she said : " Oh, JACK dear, I didn't do it on PORPOISE."

He said : " I'm not so SARDINE, you NAUTILUS. Besides, they might have come and LOCTOPUS ! "

She said : " Don't CARP."

He replied : " I didn't expect to SEA-ANEMONE in you, Anne."

Then she said : " Jack dear, you must forgive me before OYSTER from this spot."

Then she gave a little POUT, and he kissed her, which made her face one big BREEM. She took a PERCH on his knee, and they agreed to SEAL forgiveness by getting married at once.

The wedding was a huge success, though someone had a very big BRILL to pay. The Bridegroom gave the Bride two SHRIMPS and one SMELT, and there was a hideous TENCH, and for the Honeymoon they went to a little PLAICE in WHALES, where they talked WHELK like NATIVES, and then they went off in a PORTUGEE MAN-O'-WAR to live in CONGER EEL Free State, to the hoo-RAY of the Guests.

That is the fin.

C.E.W.A.

* * * * *

In 1900 I received promotion to the rank of Junior Major, and so my command of " F " Company came to an end. My old Company, however, most kindly arranged for me a " farewell dinner," which will long live in my memory. Here they presented me with a sword, which I have worn ever since on all occasions when swords have been required, and which I shall value all my life because it was given to me with the good wishes of my old comrades in the Company, my association with whom will ever remain among the most fragrant memories of my life.

CHAPTER XI

MAJOR

(1900 TO 1903)

EARLY in the year 1900 the Country was in an excited state owing to the South African War. The City Imperial Volunteers ("C.I.Vs.") which comprised all three arms of Artillery, Infantry and Mounted troops, and was composed of detachments contributed by the various London Volunteer Corps—had been enlisted, equipped, and hurriedly despatched to South Africa. The largest contribution their Infantry received from any one Corps was the detachment contributed by the Artists Rifles, which was by itself almost sufficient to form a complete Company. It became "F" Company of the C.I.V., with one of our Officers, Capt. Wilkie Edis—the son of our Colonel—in command of it, and my Colour-Sergeant (Col.-Sergt. J. M. C. Austin) as its Colour-Sergeant. It was a time when everyone was keen on doing his full share of military work, and a very real atmosphere of soldiering prevailed everywhere—the most real that I can remember, up to the time when the bombshell fell in 1914!

In May of 1900 I was promoted to the rank of Major, and, much as I appreciated this honour, I greatly missed my work with "F" Company, and not having a little unit of my own to foster and look after! Col. Edis, however, very kindly did his best to give me new interests elsewhere in the Regiment. He appointed me the President of the Band Committee, and gave me a general supervision over the band and drums, and thus I created a personal interest with them, the drums in particular, which has never ceased, and which I refer to more fully elsewhere. Col. Edis also appointed me the Chairman of the Clothing Committee, and ordered the clothing and equipment of the Battalion to be thoroughly overhauled and brought up to date—slouch hats and field-service caps (in the place of helmets and forage-caps) were introduced for all ranks; a new grey serge, a "Sam Browne" belt and a new (roll collar) mess dress were introduced for Officers, brown boots and leggings (in the place of long black boots) for mounted Officers, besides other changes.

After attending the usual Field Officer's Course at Wellington Barracks, and doing my best to bring myself up to date in military subjects, I found that, as a Major, I was able to devote rather more time than before to "The N.C.Os. School of Instruction," which I had always looked upon as my own special child. I was also allowed to start a new class for junior Officers, i.e., for all under the rank of Captain, and in this class I endeavoured to carry on, among many other subjects, the very thorough instruction in map-reading, topography and military sketching that had been introduced by Major Horsley a few years back, when he was a Captain. I also obtained leave to give a special course of instruction to the previous year's recruits, i.e., to men during their second year of service, in continuation of their recruit course on all kinds of military subjects, including mobilizing, sanitation, bugle calls, billeting, care of men, and other military subjects in which I took a special interest.

I still felt that I could devote a little more time to the work of the Regiment, and in casting round for further duties that could properly and without undue interference be carried out by a Major, I tried to realize the truth of Lord Wolseley's broad, and frequently quoted, dictum that all military training should have *preparation for active service* for its ultimate object ; and to think out what addition to our (then) training I could suggest to our Colonel that would be of distinct help to the Regiment if it should ever be called upon for *active service*. To do this, I tried to imagine what the conditions of active service would be. Our military training then consisted mainly of drill and musketry, both of which would, on active service, probably have to be carried on under conditions of intense noise, excitement and distraction, with possibly a tendency to panic and disorganization. The problem I tried to solve was : What could we, as a Battalion, practise during peace that would help us to fight and control men under such circumstances as these ? Both drill and musketry were subjects which, at the beginning, were taught and practised in an atmosphere of quietness and orderliness. The *early* stages of our training on both subjects seemed to leave nothing to be desired, but it occurred to me that a *further* stage of training might be useful, viz. : to accustom men to drill, shoot, manœuvre, control fire, re-organize, etc., under the active service conditions of noise, excitement and disorganization ?

With regard to drill, I tried to realize, even faintly, what a battle-field would be like, and what further training would be useful. The drill-book of those days directed that : " Troops will be practised in rapid assembly when dispersed," also that " It cannot be too strongly impressed on all concerned that to be able to rally and reform without risk during the course of an action is the first duty of all units," but there did not seem to be enough provision for *automatically* restoring order and control that had once been lost. I therefore tried a few experimental exercises. After getting the Battalion hopelessly mixed up, I tried in turn—and repeated as often as necessary—the following three exercises. First the sudden and *rapid* falling-in and re-assembling, each man in his proper place, i.e., sounding " left markers," and a few seconds afterwards " Fall in," followed by " Double "—to be carried out *rapidly* and *quietly*, i.e., within *two minutes*, at the most, and without *any* talking or noise ! But there might be circumstances when such re-assembling might be impossible. As a second exercise, therefore, we imagined the Battalion to be disorganized, retiring (retreating, if you like) pell-mell along a road, and we then practised the gradual *automatic* reorganization by the Officers and N.C.Os. on the spot into a new provisional organization of the men as they marched, i.e., forming new provisional sections and Companies, and numbering off as they went along, adopting as new Officers and N.C.Os. those happening to be on the spot—the idea being that even if a Battalion left one place in great disorder it should be trained to automatically reorganize itself, so as always to arrive under proper control at its new destination. Thirdly, we practised a new and rapid reorganization of a " mob " by Officers and N.C.Os. on the spot, starting with the seniors. For instance, I, as an imaginary Battalion Commander, would ride on my charger into the middle of the mob and roughly divide it into two portions and assign each portion to an Officer on the spot—a Major or Senior Captain, if I could find one—" Major —, from here to the right is your half-Battalion. Organize." The Major or Officer to whom a half-Battalion had been assigned would thereupon allot a suitable portion of his mob to an Officer (Captain, if possible) on the spot. " Captain —, take from here to the gate as your Company. Organize," and then proceed to allot another portion to another Officer, till his half-Battalion was disposed of. Each Captain to whom a Company had been assigned would get hold of two Lieutenants

(or senior N.C.Os.), to whom a half-Company would be allotted, who could in turn get hold of some N.C.Os. (or senior privates) on the spot, and allot a section to each in like manner, and so every Officer and N.C.O. who happened to be on the spot would at once be engaged, automatically, in re-organizing what had been a mob into part of a new organized provisional Battalion. In the event of a partial disorganization, stray men could, in the same way, be automatically and temporarily absorbed into the nearest unit, the general idea being to practice the rapid reforming of the permanent units into their original places when this was practicable, and the automatic creation of a new temporary provisional units whenever circumstances prevented the collection and reforming of units as originally organized. I had the chance of trying all these experiments with varying success, and the whole Battalion soon grasped the idea, and entered into the exercises with zest. The improvement was very rapid, sufficient to convince me that a little practice in this direction would well repay the time spent on it.

With reference to shooting, I wondered if it would be possible to introduce into the Battalion shooting competitions some of the features of a competition which my contemporaries, rather contemptuously, used to refer to as "F Company's 'bottle-shooting' competition"! which was a competition organized between the different sections of "F" Company, and specially designed to introduce conditions more nearly approaching those of active service. The "bottle shooting" competition was brought about as follows:—

When I was Captain of "F" Company I often wished to introduce into our section shooting competitions some form of target that would break or disappear when hit—on active service, few targets require hitting more than once, and I wanted something that would be more exciting to fire at, and that would give more satisfaction than the mere hitting over and over again of the same iron target. My first ideas on "bottle shooting" were suggested to me by a notice stuck up over a crockery shop at Woking (not very far away from our range which was then at Runmede), stating that the crockery business was in liquidation and that the whole of the remaining stock was to be sold at once, and that no reasonable offer would be refused. I made a sporting offer, and after a little haggling bought most of it—plates, cups, saucers, jugs, basins, etc., for a comparatively small sum, and in due course had it carted to the range, in time to be used as targets for a bank holiday section competition which was then shortly to take place. I then prepared the conditions for four novel but progressive competitions between the various sections of "F" Company, each section shooting under one of its own N.C.Os. In the first competition a row of crockery was set up before each team (in the place of the usual iron targets), and the object of each section was to break and destroy by its fire the crockery placed in front of the *opposing* team, and the team that first destroyed *all* its opponent's crockery was adjudged the winner—i.e., they won by so many pieces left unbroken. This practice having proved successful and popular, it was further developed in a second competition, in which specific articles of crockery were placed in front of each man, e.g., three plates (to represent three lives!) in front of each member of the teams that were shooting, and some other article or articles—such as a jug, basin, salad bowl, soup tureen, etc., to represent the team commander, and when the three plates or other articles in front of a man were broken, such man had to "fall out"—i.e., was assumed to have been killed; and if the crockery representing the team commander was broken, then he had not only to "fall out," but his place had to be taken by the next senior member of his team. The winners were the team that survived the longest, i.e., they won by so many men left alive! This practice also being tried and adjudged successful and popular,

the conditions were further added to in a third competition—designed to encourage the judging of distance, and also the careful expenditure of ammunition. In this, crockery was set up to represent each member of the team as before, and each team was halted by the umpire, during an advance, at unknown distances. Each member of the team was allowed at first only a very limited amount (five rounds, I think it was) of ammunition, and if and when more was required, a “live” member (only) of the team could be employed as a runner to fetch and bring back a further limited supply from some spot in rear, but if the crockery representing such runner was broken before he arrived back, he was assumed to have been shot on the way, and his ammunition could not be used, and another “live” member would have to be sent. This competition having been adjudged successful, as a fourth and final competition—designed with a view to introducing a little more noise, excitement and distraction—all the above three competitions were repeated, and the conditions in each case were made more difficult, by allowing each team, before the competition started, to select a limited number of “hecklers” from among their sympathetic onlookers. The task of the “hecklers” was to follow the teams and to do their best, by shouting, waving blankets, etc.—anything short of actual touching or obstruction—to distract the attention of the *opposing team*, and thus introduce the noise, excitement and distraction! These competitions—first between each pair of sections, with a “final” between the two winning sections in each of the competitions—lasted the best part of a day, and the result, in the final stages, was a yelling mob of men round the teams, each team firing at small objects (it came down to tea-cups and saucers at one time), and each commanded by an N.C.O., with field-glasses, doing his best to “spot” his target, judge his distance, control his men, direct their fire and harbour their ammunition, with keen umpires (also with field-glasses) behind each team, sentencing men, from time to time to be “casualties,” and the mass of broken crockery that was left round the target by the end of the day cannot be described—indeed, I was not surprised when I received, afterwards, a special claim for payment from the range authorities for “clearing up,” with an intimation that under no circumstances would they allow any more such competitions to take place in the future!—I still feel, however, that it was in the teaching of such final stages of musketry that the soldier lacks practice, and, holding these views when I became a Major, I tried to introduce and encourage competitions of this kind between the different companies—using bladders (which I thought would make less mess!) instead of crockery—i.e., putting three bladders, each attached by string of different lengths, to a peg, in front of each competitor, with a different coloured one to represent the team commander; but I cannot say they were a great success. I found it difficult to institute Company shooting competitions at all, outside class firing, and what I suggested required too many conditions and too much extra material, expense and preparation ever to become really popular. I also tried to introduce a little modification on these lines in our shooting on a miniature range in the drill hall, but only got as far as to make each member of the team (which included on one occasion—after a mess dinner—several very distinguished guests!) run up to the gallery to fetch, separately, each round of his ammunition as fired, with a time limit to induce him to hurry. This, I recollect, caused some useful argument as to what was the best pace for a man to go to produce the maximum score on the target! During the Great War I managed, with greater success, to introduce something of the same sort on the miniature range of my Officers’ School at Tidworth—but that is a matter I hope to refer to later—and I believe that since the War iron discs or plates (which can be whitened or left dark, as desired) have been introduced. These fall or disappear from view when hit.

Another experiment that I was able to make when I was a Major, was one as to the most rapid rate of movement that an infantry battalion would be capable of in an emergency. I had read somewhere that in a case of necessity a body of men could be made to go faster than a hard march, but could not be made to "double" for more than a comparatively short distance; further, that the fastest continuous rate of a body of men lay somewhere between the two. It was also stated that from experiments that had been made (in the Peninsular War, I believe it was, during the famous retreat to Corunna), the fastest pace that could be kept up along a road by a large body of men was first six steps of quick marching and then six paces doubling, then six paces marching, then six paces doubling—and so on alternatively. I tried this as an experiment on one occasion when drilling the Battalion on Hampstead Heath. I found that a few paces interval between Companies was almost necessary, but that the whole Battalion, each Company more or less "on its own," very soon settled down to the "rhythm" of the pace. The experiment was sufficiently successful to induce me to try as a further experiment, a similar rapid march along the streets back to our headquarters at the conclusion of our afternoon's work, so, after our usual halt at the "Spaniards" Inn for a cup of afternoon tea, I, as previously arranged, suddenly ordered the "left markers" to be sounded on the bugle, followed, in less than a minute, by the "fall in" and the "double," and in a very short space of time the Battalion were "loping" back to headquarters (*N.B.*, our young men at once christened this new pace the "lope"), to the astonishment of a large number of people whom we passed—fortunately, in those days we were not held up by the traffic! The result was a rapid march at a rate, we found, of something over four miles an hour, and the men did not appear to be unduly fatigued at the finish. On the other hand, we were not in "marching order," the distance was only a short one, and all ranks were flushed by the spirit of the experiment, and I know I rather came to the conclusion that when in "marching order" the regulation marching rate on a long and trying march would be the limit of the capacity of most men; but I was not able to repeat my experiment, and during the Great War I never had any occasion to make use of it, or, indeed, of any of our exercises in organization—but then the need for them, so far as our Battalion was concerned (so far as I know), never arose!

In August of 1900 we had a special 15 days' compulsory camp on Farnborough Common. A camp which, according to our official instructions from the Adjutant-General, was to be of "A very practical character," and "Conducted on the broadest principles." . . . "To teach duties in the field," and "Active service subjects." . . . "To be interesting as well as instructive," with "Daily lectures," and with "Not more than one day to be devoted to drill," etc., etc. In the result it was one of the best camps that I have ever attended, I know I enjoyed every minute of it. The War then proceeding gave the whole of the training an atmosphere of reality. The weather was splendid. I had a magnificent old mare for my charger named "Perfection," and both Col. Edis and Major Horsley (then our Senior Major) were most kind in making excuses to stand aside so as to give me all the opportunity they properly could of helping in the instruction of the Battalion. I was able, therefore, to introduce most of the subjects I was specially interested in, including a few tactical exercises (with troops) that I had long been keen on trying.

Early in the year 1901 our beloved Queen Victoria died, and the Artists Rifles had the privilege of sending a detachment to help to line the streets for her funeral in February. The whole country went into a very sincere mourning for her till the following July.

At the beginning of the year 1902 new conditions of efficiency for Volunteers were introduced by the authorities, the chief of which was that attendance at the

annual camp (for at least eight days) was made compulsory for all ranks in the future. It was also the last year of the command of the Regiment by our much-loved C.O., Col. Edis, who had been a member of the Artists for over forty years, ever since the original formation of the Regiment in 1860, and was then the only original member still serving. Col. Edis' last camp (in 1902) was at Yarmouth (near his home), and was the wettest camp ever recorded in the history of the Corps. It rained hard practically all the time! (See plate, page 90).

It was immediately after this Camp that a big parade of Volunteers was held in London in connection with the Coronation festivities of King Edward VII, and as it was desired by the authorities that only Volunteers should be paraded, Col. Edis (who was at that time the Senior Serving Officer in the Volunteer Force) was appointed to command the parade, and was given the temporary rank of a Brigadier-General, and I was appointed as his Staff Officer. We had to leave the camp at Yarmouth (just before it concluded) to take up our duties in London. The parade (which included a detachment of the Artists) was a big success, and was a fitting ending to Col. Edis' life's work of service for his Country. He retired from the command of the Corps at the end of the year 1902, but I am glad to be able to record that he continued for nearly another twenty years as our Honorary Colonel.

CHAPTER XII

"LIEUT.-COLONEL" (PRE-WAR)

(1903 TO 1914)

EARLY in the year 1903 Colonel Horsley was appointed to the command of the Regiment, and I, on becoming the "Second in Command," received promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel—about the same time I received "The Volunteer Long Service Medal," having completed twenty years of service.

In addition to my other work as Major, Col. Horsley appointed me to be the Chairman of the Finance Committee, which I soon realized was, at that time at all events, one of the most onerous and exacting jobs in the Regiment. The duty of this Committee, which was in numbers only a small one, was to administer, for the C.O., both the "Public Funds" of the Regiment, which consisted of the "capitation" and other official grants made to the C.O. by the War Office to enable him to carry on the Regimental work, and the "Private Funds," which consisted of the private subscriptions of £1 5s. each, and any other sums contributed by the members of the Regiment individually, and which were spent by the Commanding Officer, more or less as he thought fit, for the benefit of the Regiment and its members. Meetings of the Finance Committee were held almost every week to sign cheques and otherwise carry on the financial work. Strict accounts were of course kept, and a detailed report (as to the financial position of the Corps) was made each year by the Finance Committee to the Commanding Officer, and a printed copy of this report was, by the direction of the C.O., sent each year to every member of the Regiment.

Soon after Col. Horsley's appointment as C.O., viz.: on April 25th, 1903, Major-Gen. W. H. Mackinnon, C.V.O., C.B. (the C.O. of the C.I.V.), unveiled at our headquarters the War Memorial tablet we had placed there in memory of the three of our men in the C.I.V. who had fallen in the South African War. This was unveiled in the presence of a large number of members of the Corps and their friends, including relatives of the men who had fallen.

Not long afterwards, viz.: in 1906, the "Artists" were invited by the Royal Military Tournament authorities to give a torchlight display at the annual (May) meeting of the R.M.T. at Olympia, and I was deputed by Col. Horsley to organize such a display by the Regiment. The Military Tournament is now, and was then—as I think all will agree—an almost national institution, and I felt that a display given there by a Regiment, especially by a Volunteer Regiment, would be a good or a bad advertisement, not only for the unit concerned, but for the whole Volunteer Force, according to how it was carried out, and that every possible effort should be made to ensure success. I gradually evolved a long series of, I fear, somewhat complicated—but, I hope, picturesque!—evolutions, to be performed in succession, without any words of command at all being given from beginning to end and in the dark—except for the light of the torches and a few low lights in the auditorium to prevent risk of panic! I reckoned there would be comfortable room in the arena

for about 200 men to manœuvre with torches, and also for both bands (our brass band and our drum-and-fife band), which I thought would help to carry out my evolutions, but my difficulty was to arrange for a sufficient number of rehearsals by the 200 men I proposed to use, to ensure success, it being so difficult in a Volunteer Force to obtain the frequent attendance of so large a body of the *same* men. In the end, however, I secured a definite promise of unlimited service from twelve enthusiastic N.C.Os. and from one or two representatives of each of the bands, twice a week, oftener, if required, for so long as I deemed necessary to learn my evolutions, that is, until each of the men had every detail at his finger tips. These men constantly rehearsed, in turn, on the blackboard over and over and over again, night after night, the rather complicated evolutions I had devised, each one in turn describing it in detail with ever-increasing rapidity to the others, who were ready to shout out "No" on the slightest omission or mistake. In the end, all were absolutely perfect in their task, and I felt confident that there would be no mistakes with regard to either the evolutions or the music. This enabled me to restrict my instruction of the rest of the men to three hard drills of two hours each, with a final rehearsal at Olympia. At the first of these drills I practised most thoroughly absolutely correct "marching in file"; at the second the absolutely correct "dressing" and carrying of the torches; at the third I introduced my N.C.Os. and bands, and divided my party of 200 into four lines of 50 each, each marching in single file, with torches, through my evolutions, without word of command, with one of the twelve N.C.Os. at each end of each line (which left four N.C.Os. over as "understudies"). We went through the evolutions to the music of the bands with great success, as all that each man had to do was to follow correctly the N.C.O. in front. The training ended with a rehearsal one morning at Olympia with all the men and with both the bands. On the night of the display the continuous moving maze of lights in the darkened arena to the music of the bands going through, without any words of command, complicated evolutions, every moment getting more and more bewildering, until it began to appear more and more difficult, and towards the end almost impossible ever to get into order again!—proved very popular, and its repetition on another evening was called for and insisted on. Not one of my eight leaders lost his head for a moment (none of the understudies were required on either occasion), and the display was, I believe, adjudged a complete success. The credit was really due to my twelve enthusiastic N.C.Os. and band representatives, though the men behind them got a lot of credit for going through so perfectly what seemed very complicated evolutions. Col. Horsley made a sketch of the display, the original drawing of which he very kindly gave to me as a memento of the occasion, and which I am reproducing on a small scale in this book (see page 94).

It was in the year 1907—when Lord Haldane (always a friend of the Artists Rifles; the following year he came to our Prize Distribution) was Secretary of State for War—that the "Volunteers" were converted into "The Territorial Force," on a slightly different basis, and with slightly different conditions of service, which necessitated the re-enlistment of each man into the latter force. The Territorial Force, like the Volunteers, was originally created for home service only, but this obligation has since been so far extended that it may now include foreign service as well—but only in the event of a grave imminent danger or national emergency, and if and so far as it may be specially authorized by Parliament. Such service, however, will be as far as possible in each man's own Territorial Unit and, anyhow, in the Territorial Force, for, like the old Volunteers, Territorial soldiers cannot (speaking generally) be used as drafts for the regular forces or in aid of the civil power.

Men of the Territorial Force (which has now been officially re-christened the "Territorial Army") are enlisted for four years' service—as against three years, the old period of enrolment in the Volunteers—but they can then re-engage for such further definite period, not exceeding a further four years at one time, as may be fixed by their County Association—instead of merely staying on from year to year till they sent in their resignations as they did in the old Volunteer Force. In the Territorial Army also, as in the old Volunteers, men are able to resign before the expiration of their definite period of service (except when the force has been actually embodied for service) provided they give three months' notice, give up all their arms and equipment in a good condition, and pay a fine, not exceeding £5 as may be laid down, and the amount of which fine, speaking generally, varies with the length of their term of service unperformed. In the old Volunteers, it will be remembered, the amount a man had to pay to his C.O. on resignation before the expiration of his first three years of service (when not actually embodied for service) was, in accordance with his agreement on joining, such a sum, if any, as might be necessary to make up the total amount earned by him in capitation grants, since his enrolment, to the sum of £4 10s., the actual cost to the Corps of his uniform and equipment.

The obligation of a Territorial soldier to drill, shoot and attend camp is much the same as the obligation of the old Volunteer, except that he need not now attend any annual inspection parade (always rather an unpopular parade), but against this his attendance in camp is now compulsory, anyhow, for at least eight days, and a certain number of his drills have to be performed before camp takes place.

The chief difference between the old Volunteers and the newly-created Territorial Force is, to my mind, the further tendency towards the elimination of that fine old voluntary spirit which induced the Volunteers originally not only to give their time and services free to their Country, but even to put their hands deeply into their pockets and themselves provide the whole of the expenses of carrying on their Corps—i.e., the tendency now is to make them rather more like paid "Militia" than the old unpaid "Volunteers." For it will be recollected that the original Volunteers not only themselves paid the whole of their personal expenses, including the cost of their uniforms and accoutrements, but originally bore even the cost of their rifles and ammunition as well as the construction or hire of their drill-halls, and even the hire of the services of their Sergeant-Instructors! In the course of years the Government very properly relieved them bit by bit of their *out-of-pocket expenses*, first by supplying them with ammunition, and next with rifles, and next with a small paid staff of old Regular Sergeant-Instructors, then with a serving Regular Officer as Adjutant; next by means of capitation and other grants to the C.O., with a fund out of which to pay these *out-of-pocket expenses*, i.e., for the cost of uniforms and accoutrements, and for the upkeep of headquarters and drill-halls, also (by further grants to the C.O.) towards food and lodging during training at such times as Easter and camp. The Government next went a bit beyond this (as mentioned before), and provided "pay" for the men themselves at their summer camps when encamped with regular soldiers, but except as regards this pay at the summer camp (which was not in the least appreciated, and was treated by the men at first mostly as a joke, sometimes even as an insult!), such a thing as pecuniary remuneration for military services, i.e., anything beyond the repayment of *expenses*, was never thought of, and certainly never asked for.

By 1907, therefore, a "Volunteer" could get his military training practically free of cost, that is, free except for his annual Corps subscription (of £1 5s. in the case of the Artists Rifles), and his personal expenses of Regimental dinners, of meals in the canteen, and journeys to and from his headquarters, his drill-ground and the

range. But the Territorial Act of 1907 carried the matter farther, and placed the Territorial soldier on a different basis, by providing not only money to recoup expenses, but also certain personal bounties, pay and allowances as pecuniary *remuneration* to the man himself for his military services. At the present time a Territorial soldier (unlike the old Volunteer) receives not only Army pay and allowances during his annual training in camp, but in addition, both recruits and trained soldiers receive, for a moderate amount of drilling and musketry an annual bounty of £1 10s. (being £1 for the drills and camping, and 10s. for the musketry), and those who enlisted before March of 1927 receive bounties of nearly double this amount. This is in addition not only to certain ration and messing allowances which are very properly made to the Regiment, but also in addition to an individual bonus of £5 (besides usual Army pay and allowances), which all ranks will become entitled to in the event of their ever being embodied for active service. The Officers on first appointment receive an "outfit" grant of £40, out of which they must provide, besides their service uniform, a mess dress, a patrol jacket and, of course, their sword, revolver, Sam Browne belt and compass; but full dress is not required. The Officers also receive the pay and allowances of their rank when in camp and when attending any authorized courses of instruction. Horses are also provided by the authorities for use in camp or when required for training by such of the Officers as are entitled to them instead of each Officer having to provide his own horse, as in the old Volunteer days, so that a Territorial soldier, unlike the old Volunteer, has now not only little or no expense (beyond his Corps annual subscription of 25s., administered by the C.O. as before—and his personal expenses) in respect of his military work, but beyond this even receive remuneration in the shape of pay and allowances. This was the principal and, I think, regrettable difference introduced in 1907.

The second big difference, it seems to me, between the old Volunteer and the Territorial Army has been made by the institution of the "County Associations." The old Volunteer existed not only on the voluntary subscriptions of their members, but in their latter days very largely on grants paid to their C.O. (for the time being) for the benefit of his Regiment as above mentioned, and the administration of these "capitation grants," and also of the private subscriptions of the members (which private subscriptions still are, I believe, continued by most Territorial Regiments) entailed a good deal of responsibility and accounting. The Territorial Army is certainly much better organized than the old Volunteers ever were. It is now made up of definite complete divisions, containing a proper proportion of all arms, and is administered (under the War Office) by a "County Association." The Commanding Officer has been relieved of practically all his financial responsibility which in the old days was a very real one, and largely restricted the command of Volunteer Regiments to men of private means. The County Associations have now taken over all the drill-halls and other property belonging to the different old Volunteer Corps (which were formerly legally vested in their C.Os. as such), and are out of the very substantial grants made to them for that purpose responsible for the provision of all drill halls, ranges, training grounds, uniforms, accoutrements, horses and other "necessaries" and of all Regimental accommodation, rations and Regimental travelling, and also of all pay and allowances to Officers and men as referred to above. The County Associations, in fact, now administer the Territorials as a Government department much in the same way in which the Regular Army is administered by the War Office.

A third important feature of the Territorial Army system consists in the creation of "Officers' Training Corps" (O.T.Cs.), which are special Corps formed at Univer-

sities and at Public Schools for the express purpose of manufacturing and providing trained material for future Officers in the Territorial Force. They are of two kinds, "The Senior O.T.Cs." (specially designed for the Universities, and composed of students while in residence there) and "The Junior O.T.Cs." (specially designed for our Public Schools, i.e., composed of boys while actually at school—with some of the masters as Officers). Every University has started its Senior O.T.C., and practically every big Public School its "Junior O.T.C." When the Territorial Army was created, the military authorities seemed to think that as two Corps in particular derived their recruits from the Public School boy class, viz. : the "Inns of Court" and the "Artists Rifles," that both these Corps should become a "Senior O.T.C." Strong pressure was brought to bear upon both to induce compliance with these desires. The "Inns of Court" Volunteers thereupon became and has since remained a "Senior O.T.C." (though I believe their cadets now undertake in addition all the ordinary obligations of the Territorial soldier), but the feeling in the Artists Rifles was, and is, and always has been strongly against the Corps ever being an O.T.C. The length of service in an O.T.C. (i.e., sufficient for the cadets to learn their work as Officers) was more limited than our men were accustomed to. There was a feeling that after a few years of training in the Corps (if an O.T.C.) each man would be expected to leave the Artists to take a commission elsewhere, and the older members, serving in the ranks, became apprehensive lest they should have to go. The number of fine old soldiers always to be found in the ranks of the Artists has been one of the strongest features of the Regiment. Perhaps, however, the chief reason for our feeling against being an O.T.C. was because the men of all ranks in the Corps have always prided themselves on learning their work as soldiers from the very beginning, on joining as recruits and serving as privates, and on "roughing it," and learning their work exactly as would recruits and privates enlisted in other Regiments. We had, in any case, always provided a large number of Officers to other Volunteer Regiments from our ranks (there have been few Volunteer or Territorial Regiments that did not number among their Officers at least one old "Artist"), and our view was, and always has been, that hard service in the ranks is a splendid, indeed, the best, *preliminary* training for a future Officer in the Territorial Army. In the Artists it takes on an average about seven years of hard work to become a Sergeant, and at least ten years on an average to become an Officer.

The authorities were most kind in trying to meet our wishes in every way they could. What was known as "The Grey Brigade" consisted at that time of six Volunteer Regiments, viz. : (i.) The "Kensington" Rifles, (ii.) The "London Scottish" Rifles, (iii.) The "Civil Service" Rifles, (iv.) The "Queen's Westminster" Rifles, (v.) The "Inns of Court" Rifles, and (vi.) The "Artists" Rifles. At first it was proposed to retain the first four units under the Territorial Scheme as the "Grey Brigade" proper, with the "Inns of Court" Rifles and "Artists" Rifles as two Senior O.T.Cs. attached thereto, but afterwards an arrangement was come to by which (after being re-christened "The 28th Battalion County of London 'Artists Rifles'") we were allowed to remain on as a normal unit of the Territorial Army, and as an extra (5th) Battalion of the Grey Brigade—the Inns of Court only being a "Senior O.T.C." attached. Every single man in the Artists at once undertook his new liabilities as a "Territorial" soldier, and re-enlisted as such, and in addition there was an honourable undertaking (which I think all will admit was, even in pre-war days, most honourably carried out), that we would encourage our men after a tour of service in our ranks to take commissions as Officers in other Territorial units. Further, we promised that if the Territorial Army should ever be embodied for active service and Officers be required in other units, that we would

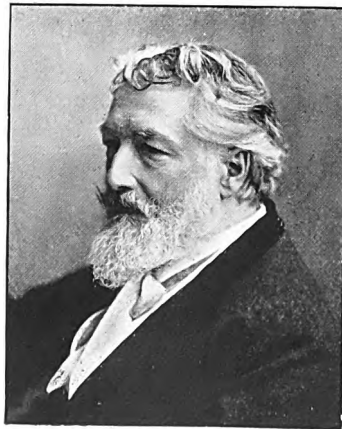
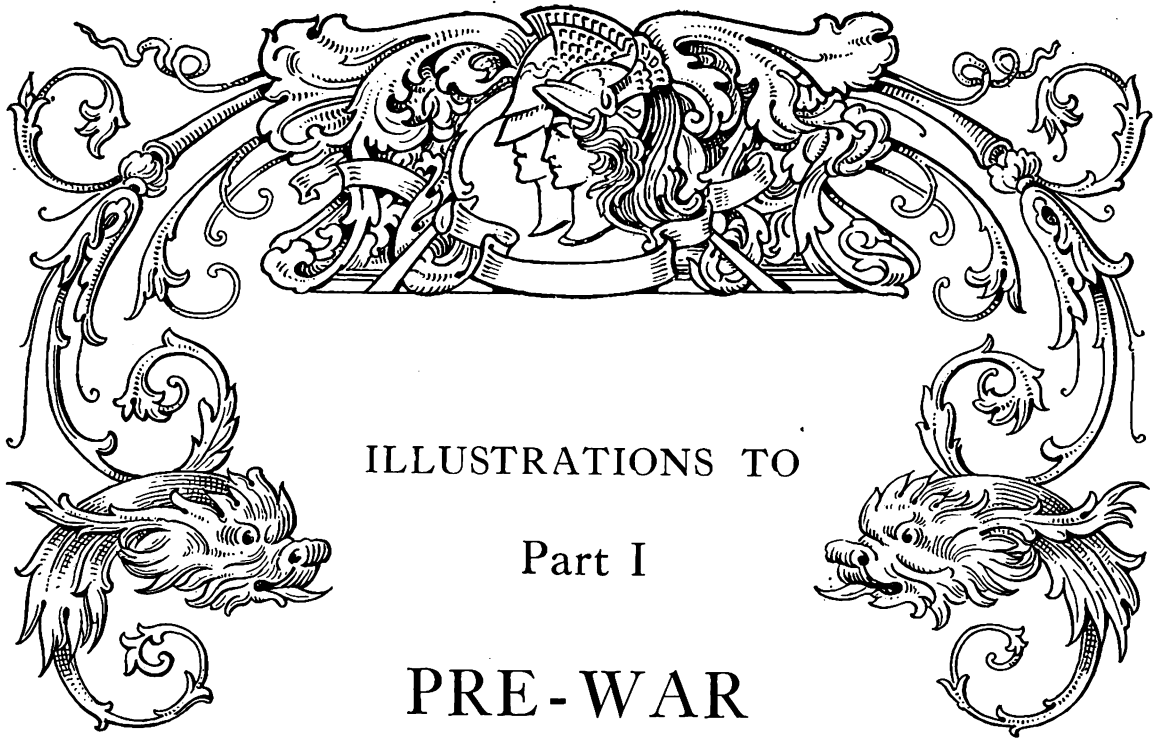
supply a proportion (i.e., at least 10 per cent.) of our rank and file to be Officers as and when required. History shows that when the great occasion arose and Officers (as well as complete Battalions of men) were required by the Nation that the Artists Rifles were able to supply upwards of 10,000 Officers to other Regiments (some to practically every single Infantry Regiment, Regular or Territorial, in the British Army), and in addition were able to maintain at least one good normal Battalion (in which our budding Officers could first serve as privates) to do good work in the "line." Since the War, the Civil Service Rifles and Queen's Westminster Rifles having become amalgamated into one Battalion, the Artists Rifles have now become the fourth normal Battalion of the Grey Brigade with the Inns of Court as a "Senior O.T.C." attached thereto.

Shortly before the War, viz. : about 1911, I was able to obtain a good deal of new military experience by attending the Continental Army manœuvres. I went with Col. Horsley and Major Weiss, both of whom were old hands and past-masters at the game. In 1911 we went to Holland, in 1912 to France (the Loire district), and in 1913 to Switzerland. In 1914 we had arranged to attend the foreign manœuvres in Germany, but the War prevented this, just in time, a month later might have found us there! We always attended, as civilians, though we first obtained the sanction of the War Office. We each took a bicycle and mixed with the foreign soldiers, and took our chance of getting a billet—we often found quarters in the same town as the soldiers, sometimes even in the same house. Altogether we saw a lot of the foreign military work, and I learned a lot of little things and different methods and of how they managed military affairs on the Continent that were very useful to me afterwards when war actually broke out, and we found ourselves soldiering on the Continent in grim earnest. We always got on very well with the foreign troops, especially with the Officers, who we found always most cordial and communicative. I have inserted in this book an illustration taken during the French Manœuvres in 1912, depicting me showing the French troops how we in England danced the English Waltz! (see page 97)—they had just been showing us how they danced in France! Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and cordiality of the French to us.

At the end of 1912 Col. Horsley retired from the active command of the Regiment, and I had the great honour of being appointed C.O., and had the grave responsibility of keeping the Regiment up to the high standard it had attained. I particularly tried to make it and keep it efficient and ready for *active service*, in case this should ever be required during my period of command. I again carefully overhauled and tried to improve in any way in my power the instruction of recruits, of 2nd-year men, of N.C.Os., and of Officers. I maintained all existing classes of instruction, and in addition instituted a series of week-end "Rapid Solution courses" for the rapid solution in the Country, and on the ground of simple tactical problems of all kinds that seemed to be likely to confront Officers and N.C.Os. if and when they should ever find themselves on active service. I also practised, whenever possible, all my "stunts" which I thought would be likely to prove useful on service—such as practical team shooting on the range, re-organizing, mobilizing, sanitation, etc. We had at this time also some very useful and practical camps under our Brigadier, Col. Cuthbert, of the Scots Guards, each of which included a week's bivouacking and independent manœuvres, and other novel work.

In the summer of 1913 the King held a special review of his London Volunteers in Hyde Park, and a very large number marched past His Majesty. I had the great honour of leading past the "Artists Rifles." I thought they looked splendid on that occasion (see frontispiece); indeed, I think I can fairly say that the Corps

had never been in a higher state of military efficiency than in the year 1914—and then the great event, for which we had so long been preparing—it happened—and the bomb fell at last! On August 4th, 1914, we went to our summer camp at Perham Down, but were recalled by an urgent order almost as soon as we had arrived there. We came back in the middle of the night, and then, soon afterwards, received orders to *mobilize*—AT ONCE—FOR ACTIVE SERVICE—but this new development certainly demands a new chapter!—indeed, a new PART!



LORD LEIGHTON.

EARLY DAYS (See Chap. II)



One of the original Officers.



Three of the original Privates.



A Private of the 'Seventies.



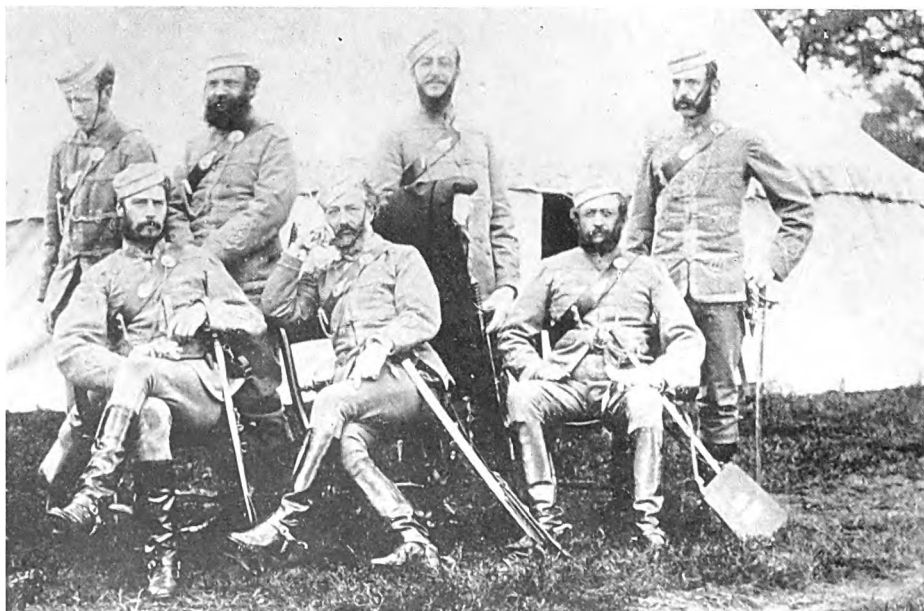
An "Artist" of the 'Nineties.



A Colour-Sergt. of the 'Eighties.



THE ORIGINAL REGIMENTAL BADGE OF THE ARTISTS.
 Motto contributed by Pte. George Cayley.
 Badge designed by Pte. J. W. Wyon, 1860 (The King's Medalist and engraver to the Signet).



Lieut. W. W. Bruce. Capt. L. W. Ridge. Lieut. F. A. Lucas. Lieut. Spiers.
 Major R. W. Edis. Lt.-Col. Sir Frederick Leighton. Capt. Ramsey (Adjt.)
 A GROUP, 1878.

Plate I

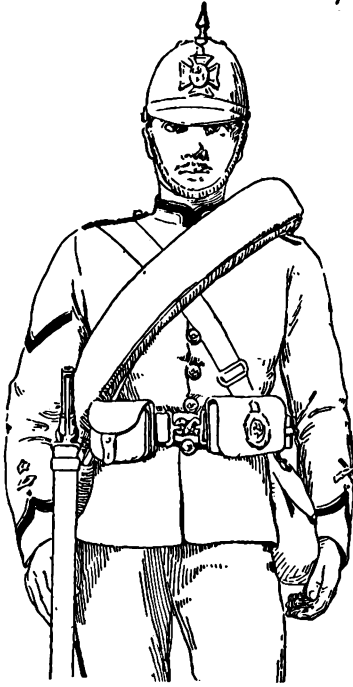


Plate II

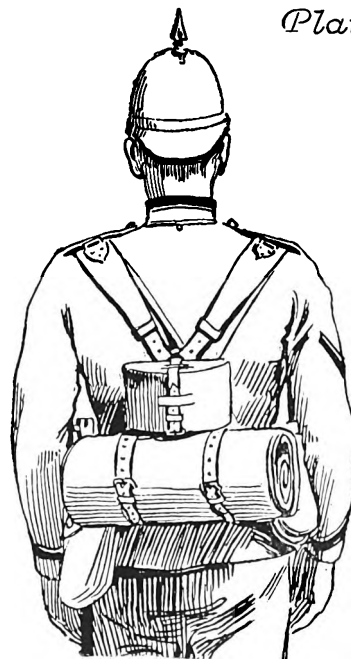


"Marching Order" in the "eighties." (Reproduced from the 1st edition of the "Grey Book.")

Plate I

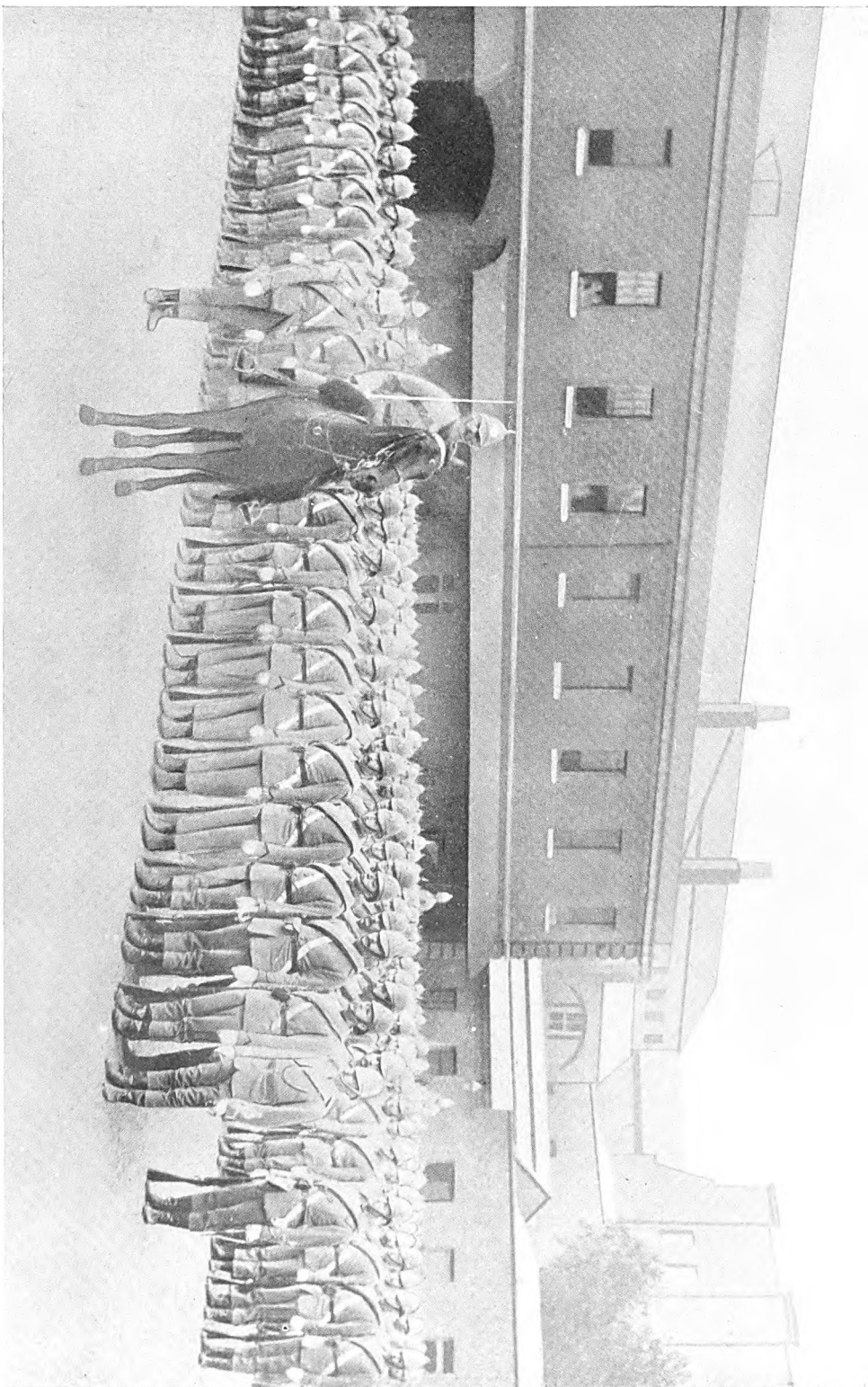


Plate II

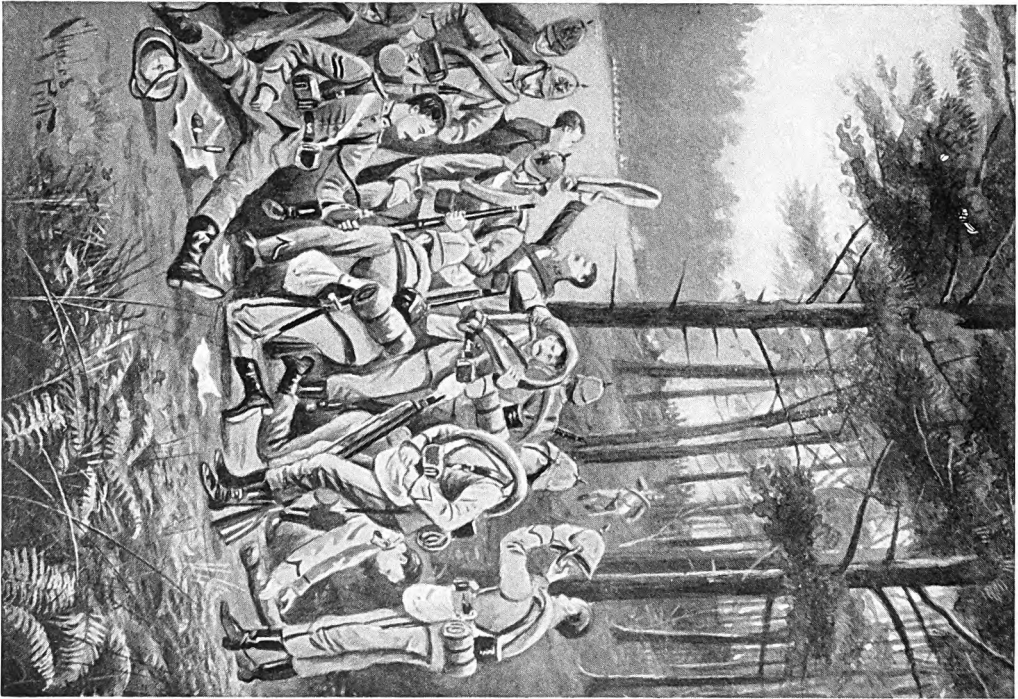


"Marching Order" in the "nineties." (Reproduced from the 2nd edition of the "Grey Book.")

THE "SLADE-WALLACE" EQUIPMENT.



THE ARTISTS RIFLES, 1883. Lord Leighton's last "Inspection" Parade, Kensington Barracks.

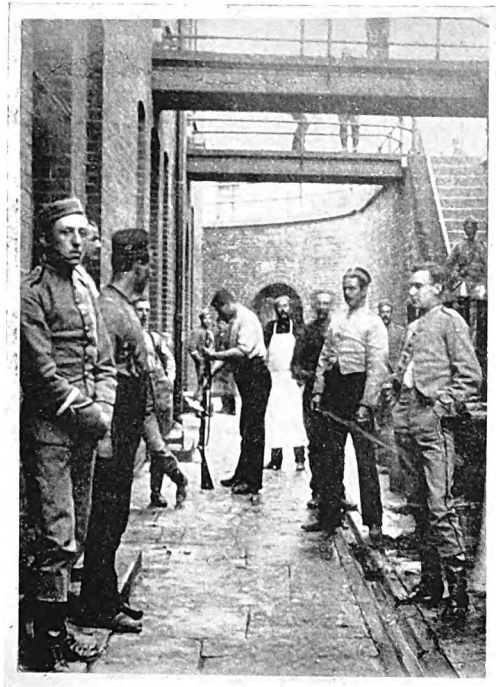


"THE INTERRUPTED LUNCH."

(From a sketch by the late Capt. C. L. Pott.)



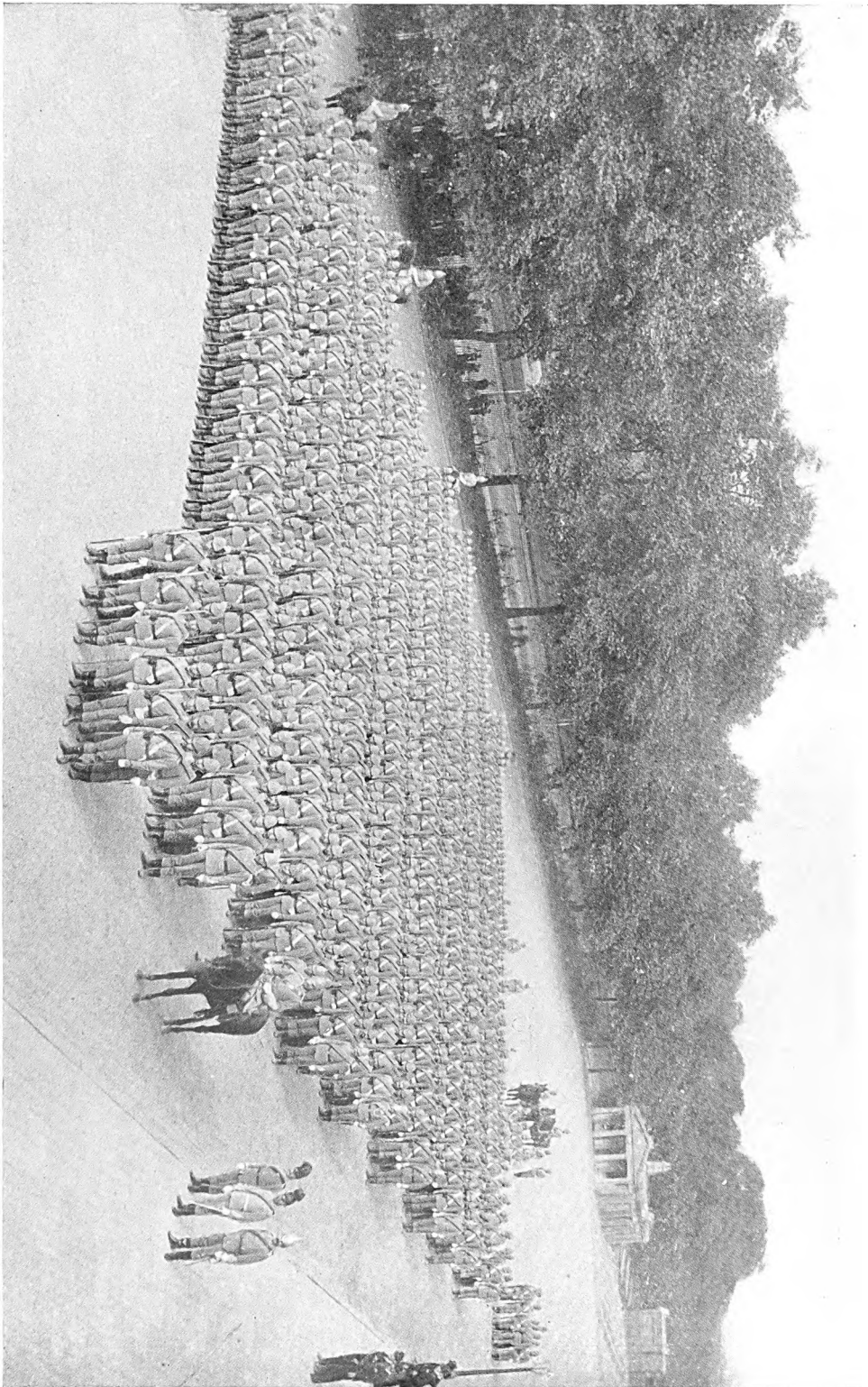
Private H. A. R. MAY, 1883.
(After 9 months' service).
"General Excellence" Prize—H Coy.
(Painted by Capt. D. W. Wynfield).



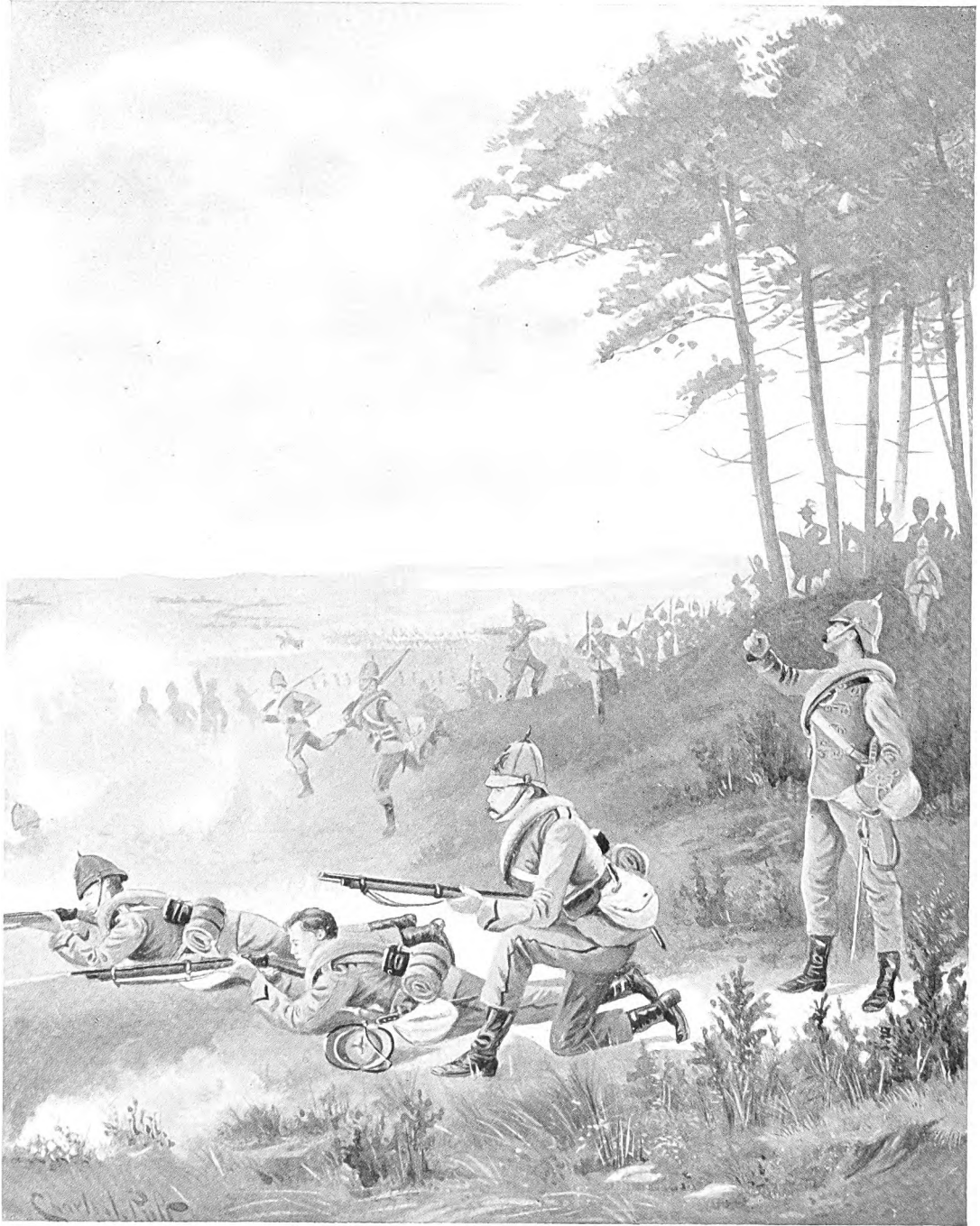
FORT PURBROOK, 1880.



WOKING, 1890.



PARADE OF THE "ARTISTS," 1890, AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, under Colonel R. W. Edis, F.S.A.



THE LINE OF SLAUGHTER OF EASTER MONDAY, 1895.

By Lieut. C. L. Pott.



FAREWELL TO THE 2nd LIFE GUARDS, 1895.

(Col. Edis will be seen in the foreground, saying " Good bye " to Lord Dundonald, the Colonel of the 2nd Life Guards).



ACADEMY GUARD, 1897.



ARTISTS RIFLES—OFFICERS—EASTER, 1896.

BACK ROW (left to right)—Capt. H. A. R. May, Lieut. C. L. Pott, Surgeon-Capt. H. D. Brook, Lieut. H. J. Mercer, Lieut. H. Roper,
Capt. T. A. Martin, Capt. C. Dodd, Lieut. S. S. Higham, Lieut. F. S. Howarth, Lieut. J. J. Gover, Lieut. W. Brandon Thomas.

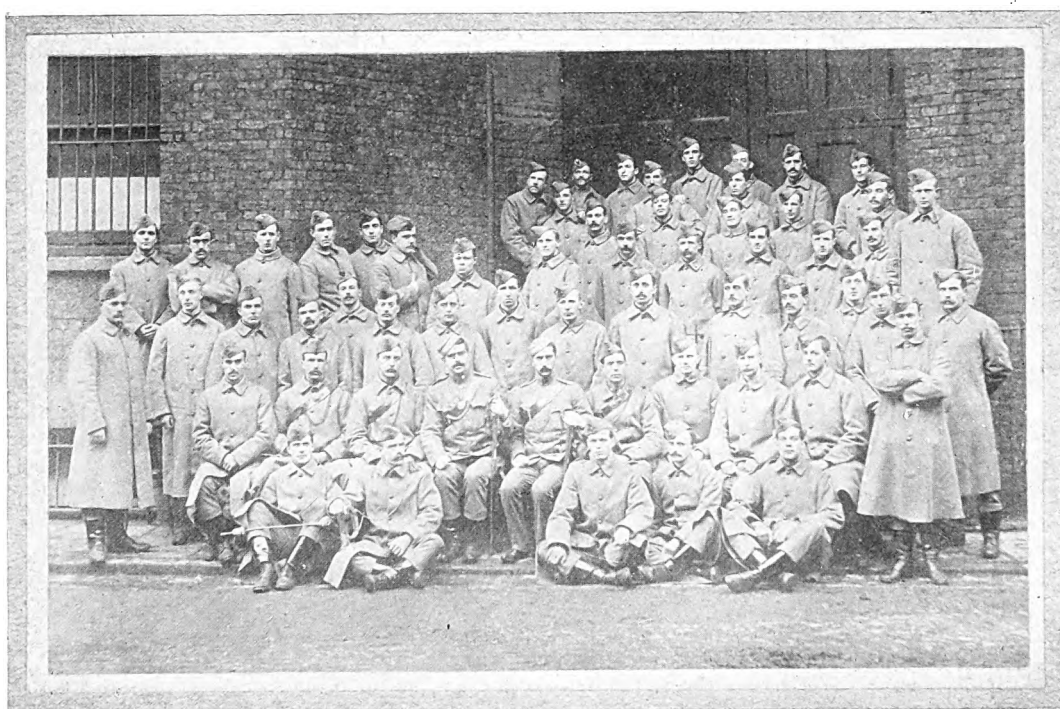
STANDING IN FRONT (left to right)—Major W. L. Duffield, Capt. C. J. Blomfield, Capt. W. G. Weiss, Lieut. L. H. M. Dick, Surgeon-Capt. R. R. Sleman.
Capt. J. B. Mercer, Major Walter C. Horsley, Major A. J. Davidson, Col. R. W. Edis, Lieut. F. B. Lewis, Lieut. H. W. Crickmay, Lieut. R. H. W. Edis,
Major W. W. Bruce, Capt. C. A. Lamb (Adj't.), Lieut. C. S. de Segundo, Capt. H. Wilson, Lieut. S. Chatfield Clarke, Lieut. Cyril Dodd.



1898.



1899.



ARTISTS "C.I.V." DETACHMENT FOR SOUTH AFRICA, 1900.

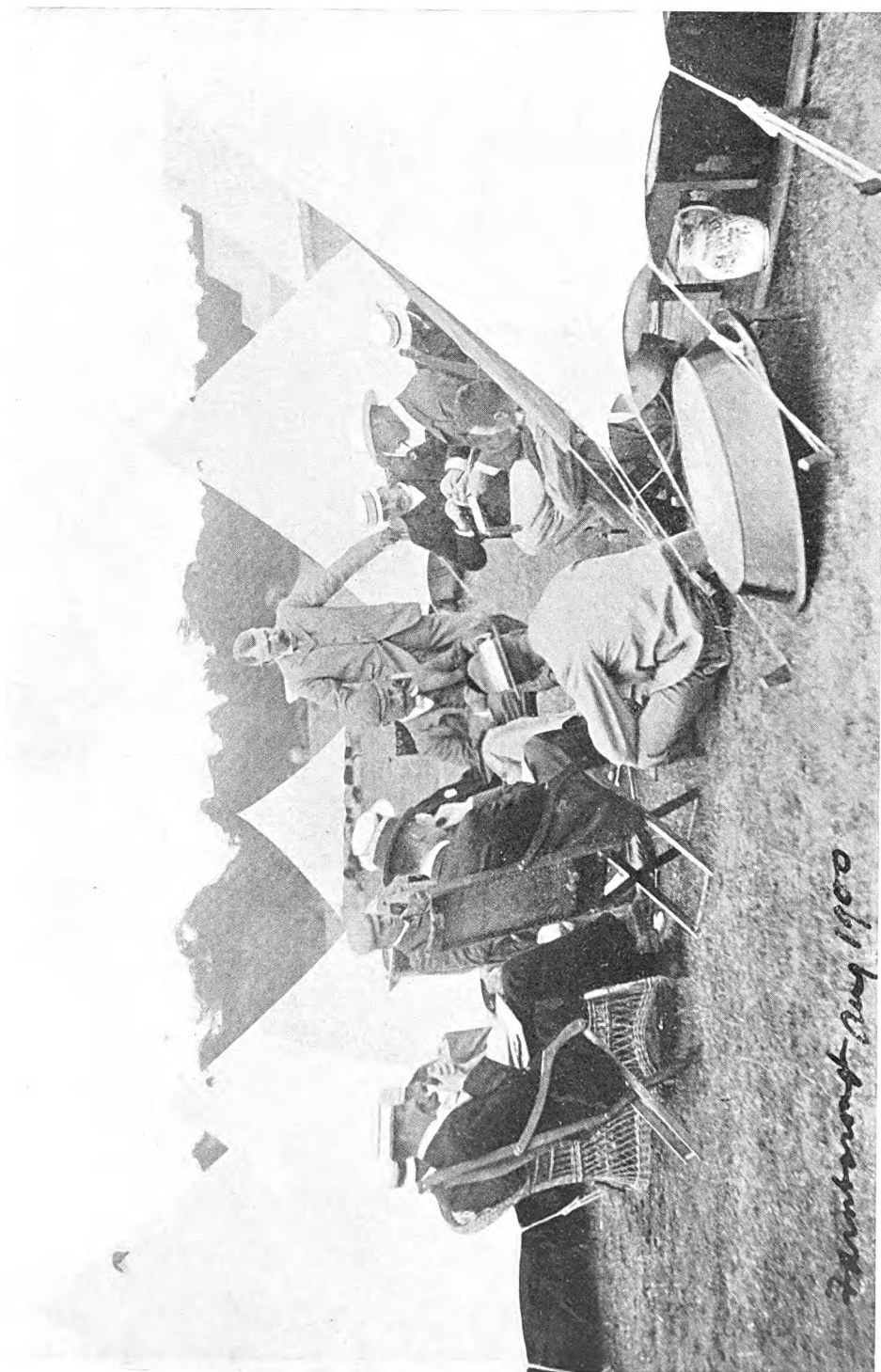


"C.I.V." WAR MEMORIAL (In Drill Hall).

MAJOR (See Chapter XI).



FARNBOROUGH CAMP, 1900. My charger "Perfection."



FARNBOROUGH CAMP, 1900—Sunday afternoon—Officers' voluntary "Map reading" class.



Farnborough Camp - 1900.

OFFICERS—FARNBOROUGH CAMP—1900.

STANDING AT BACK (left to right)—Capt. W. Brandon Thomas, Major W. L. Duffield, Surgeon-Capt. F. S. Hogg, Major J. B. Mercer, Lieut. J. S. F. Bacon, Lieut. H. P. Edwards, Capt. C. Dodd, Lieut. L. H. M. Dick, Lieut. A. H. Bindell, Lieut. F. B. Lewis, Capt. J. J. Gover, Lieut. W. G. West,

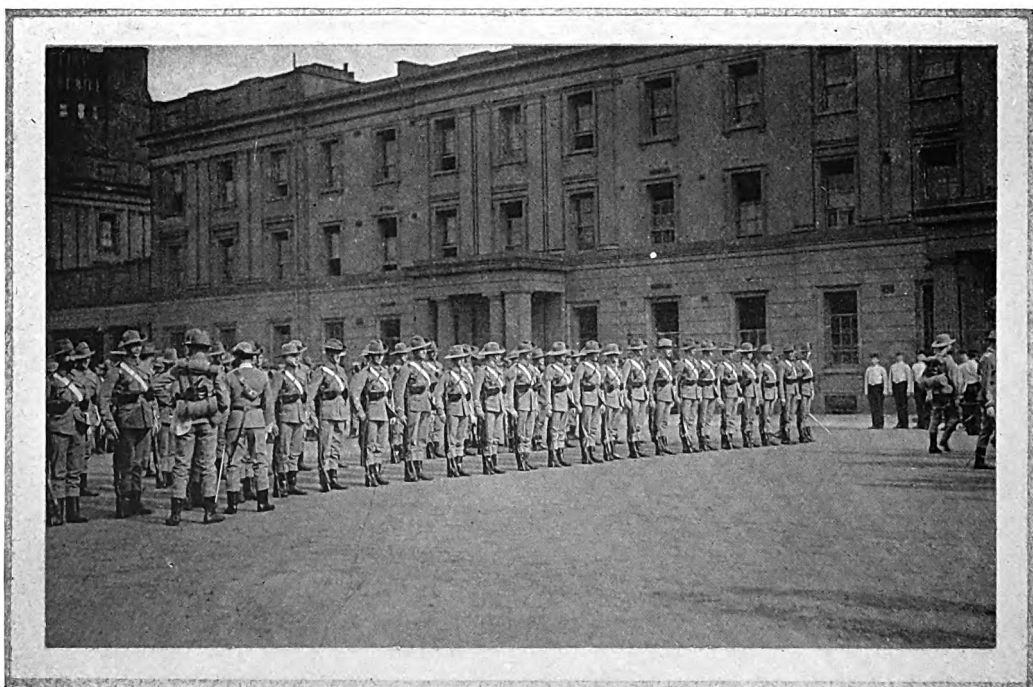
Lieut. C. F. T. Blythe, Lieut. F. Pott, Capt. H. J. Mercer, Capt. C. L. Pott.
SITTING—Capt. A. S. E. Annesley (Adj't.), Major Walter C. Horsley, Col. R. W. Edis, Major H. A. R. May, Capt. T. Stirling,
Capt. S. Chaffield Clarke, Major W. G. Weiss,

SITTING (in front)—Lt. C. G. D. Innes, Lt. C. E. Willis, Lt. C. E. W. Austin, Lt. J. D. Choisy, Lt. W. J. Armitage, Lt. H. W. Crickmay, Lt. A. V. Keene.



A FORECAST BY AN ARTIST IN 1900.

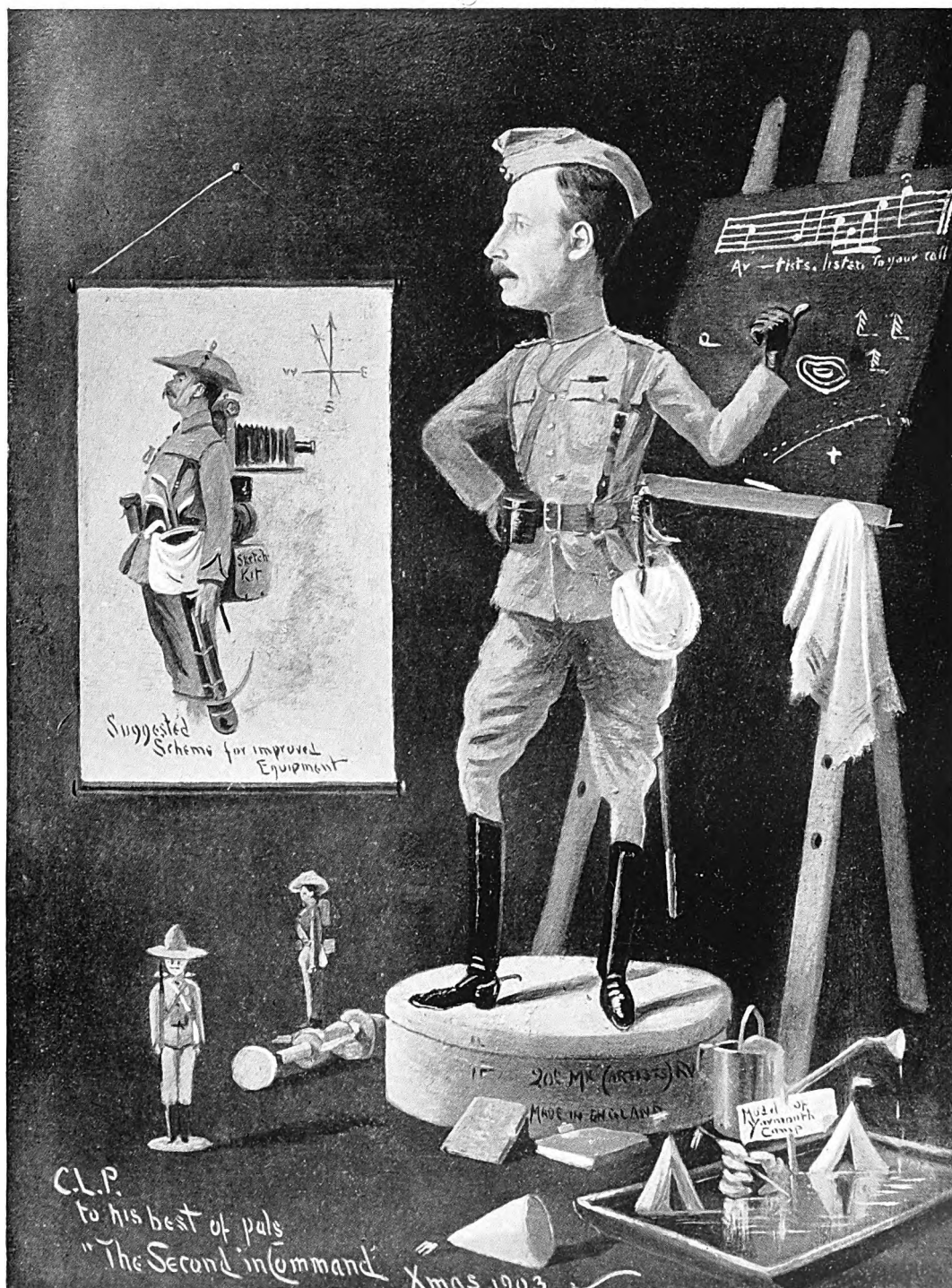
(By the late Capt. C. L. Pott)



1901.



Yarmouth Camp, 1902.



MAJOR H. A. R. MAY as "The Second in Command," 1903.

(From an oil painting by the late Capt. C. L. Pott).

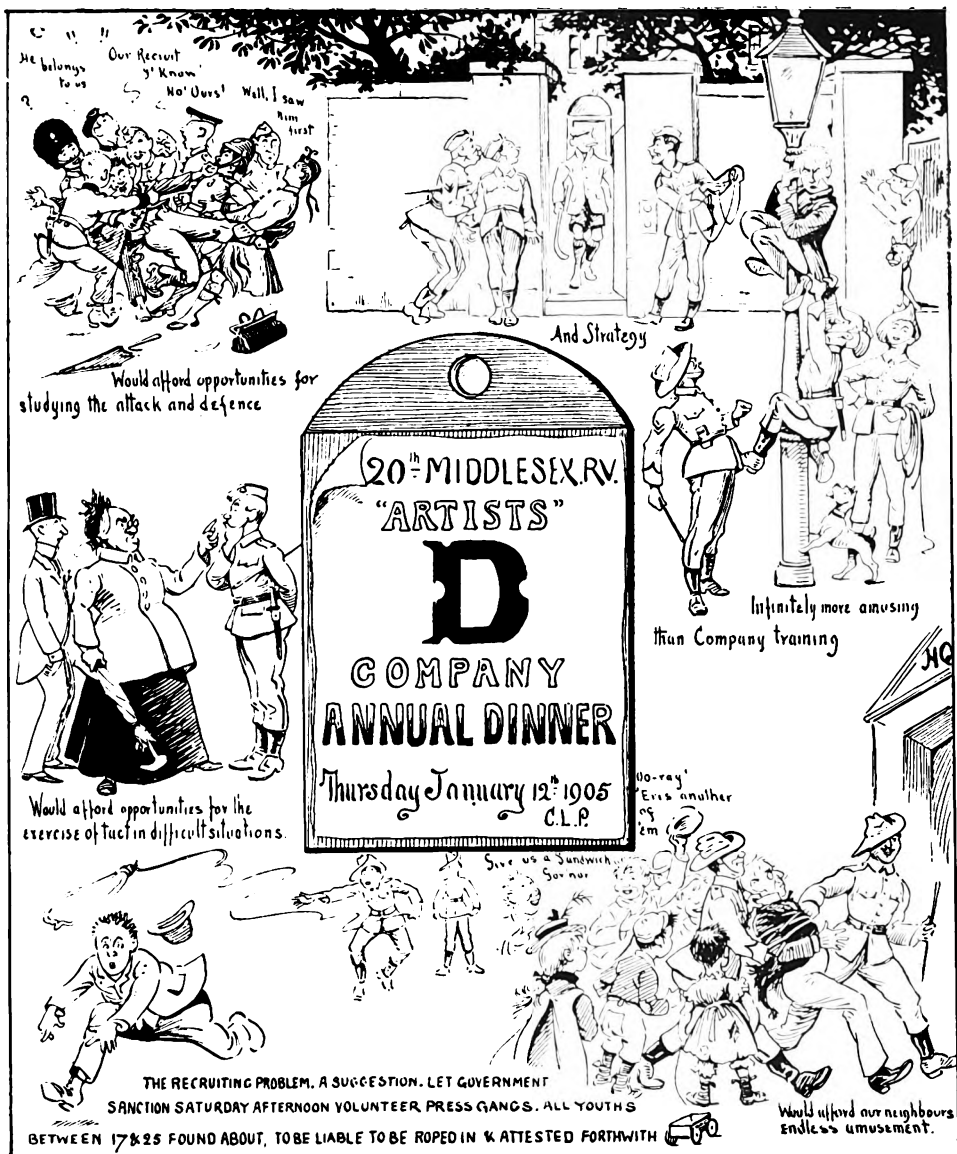
LIEUT.-COLONEL (see Chapter XII).



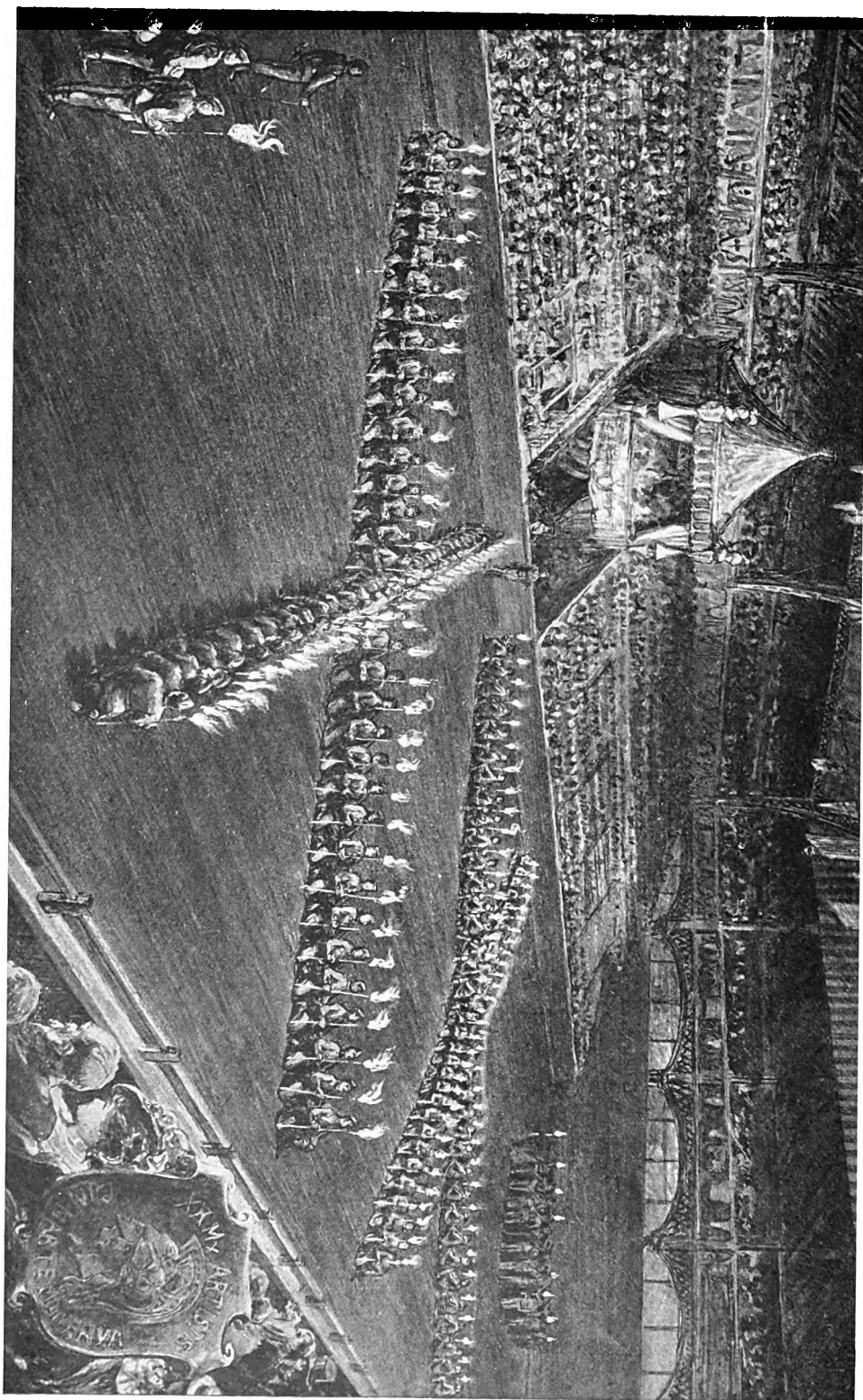
Seaford Camp, 1903.



"Foot Parade."

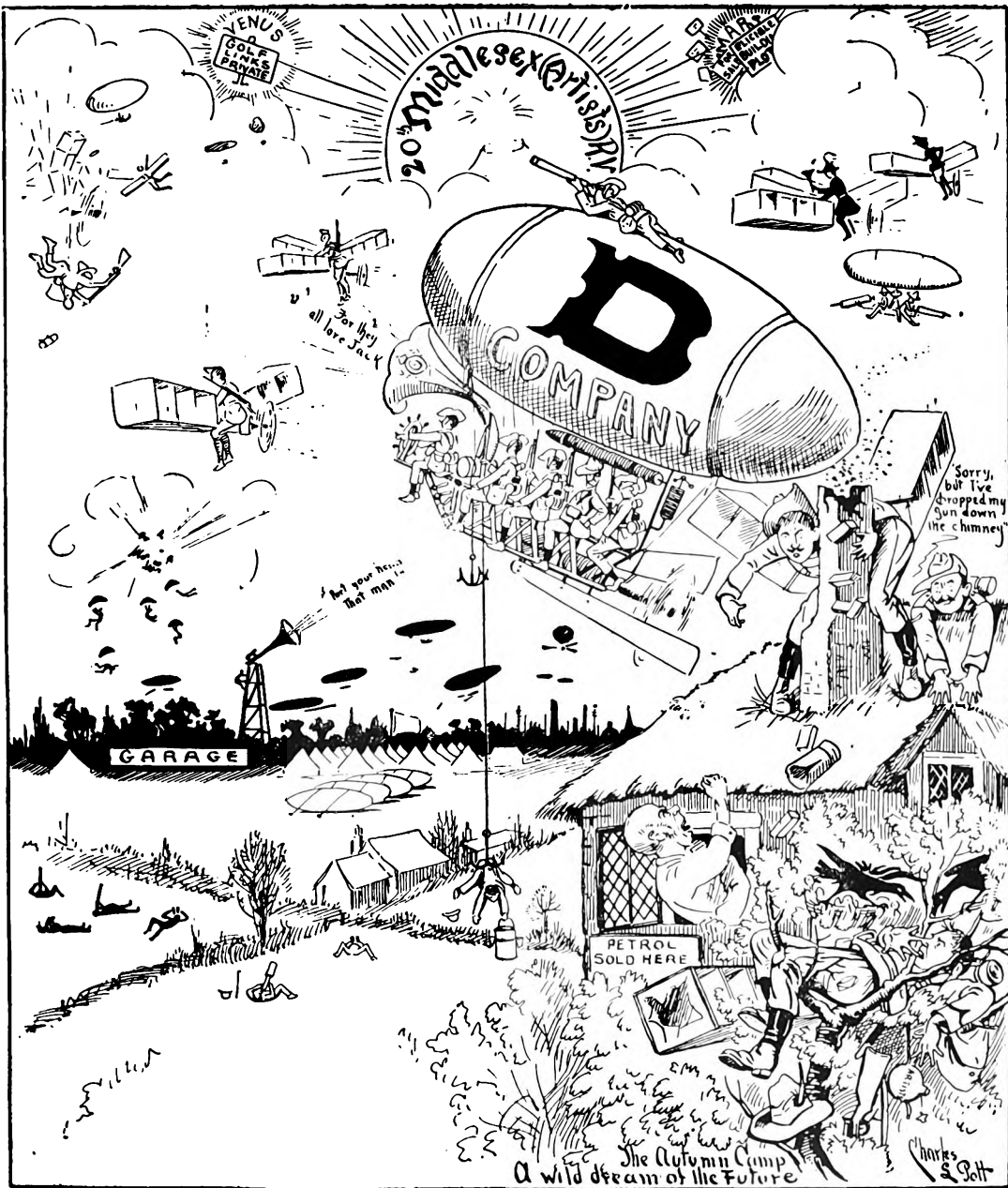


The Recruiting Question in 1905 (by the late Capt. C. L. Pott).

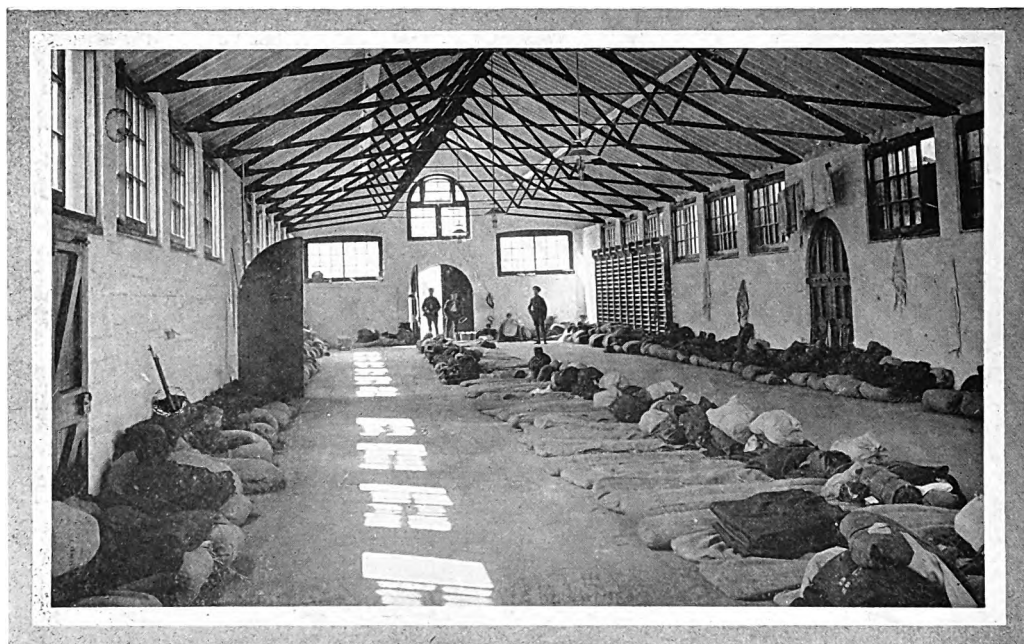


TORCHLIGHT DISPLAY BY THE ARTISTS RIFLES at the R.M.T., Olympia, 1906.

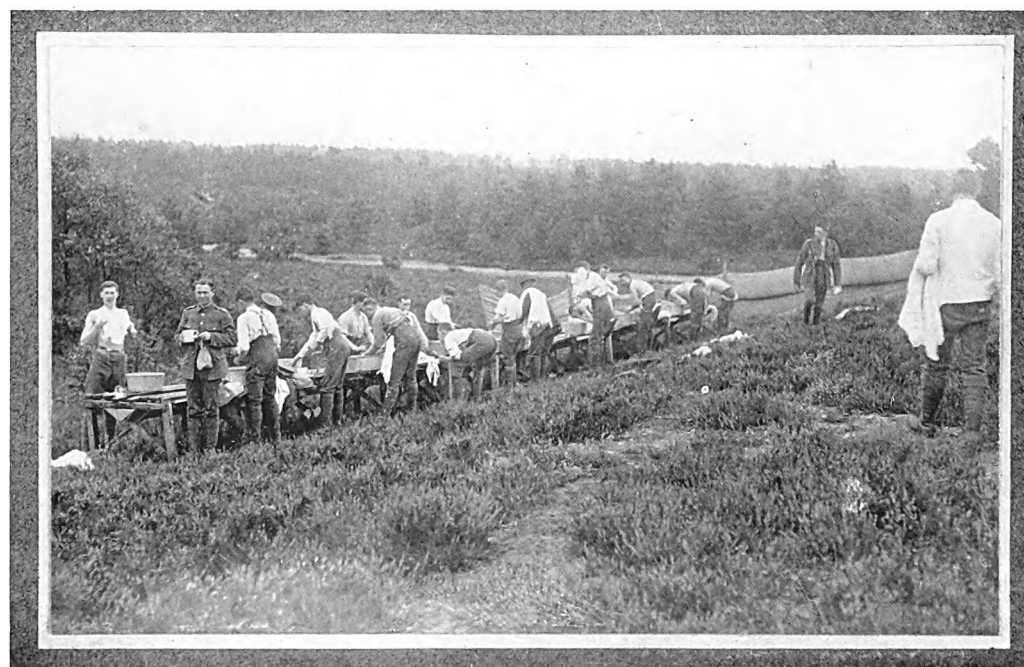
(From a sketch by the C.O., Lieut.-Col. Walter C. Horsley, V.D.)



A brainwave of an Artist in 1907. (By the late Capt. C. L. Pott).



Camberley, 1910



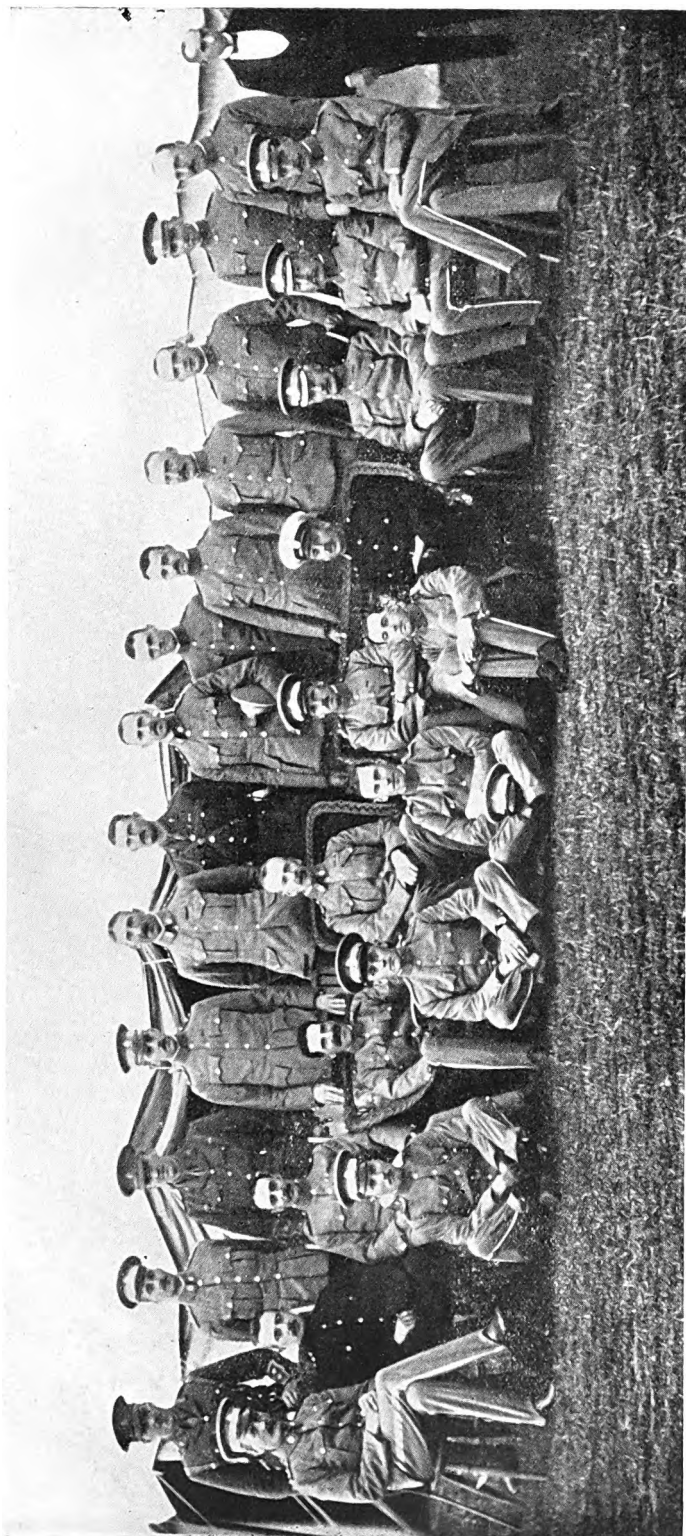
Frith Hill, 1912.



French maraudeurs - 1912.

(Teaching the French troops—in pre-war days—how to dance
the English waltz !)

[Photo by Major W. G. Weiss



OFFICERS—ABERGAVENNY CAMP—1913.

STANDING (left to right)—Lt. F. K. Simmons, Lt. A. F. Royds, Lt. R. M. Burmann, Lt. A. E. Bare, Capt. E. E. Austen, Lt. B. Croft, Lt. A. E. F. Selfe, Lt. H. K. E. Ostle, Lt. S. W. Neighbour, Capt. W. G. West, Lt. A. Thompson, Lt. A. J. Neame, Capt. C. F. H. Greenwood, and George Evans (waiter).

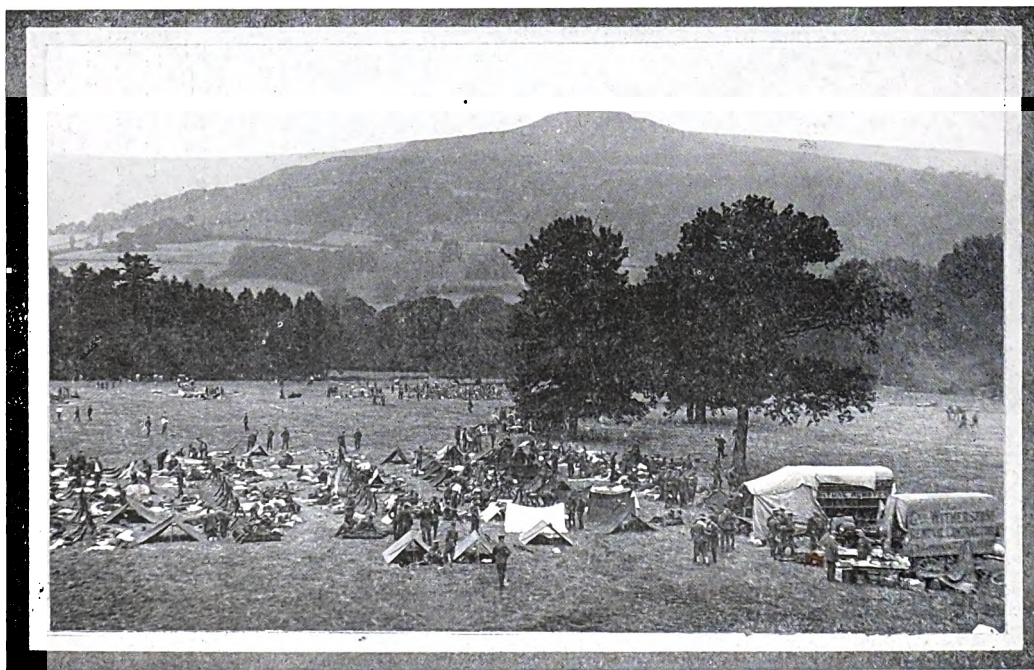
SITTING—Capt. C. G. D. Innes, Capt. D. W. C. Jones (R.A.M.C.), Capt. H. J. Scharlieb, C.M.G., Major Chatfield Clarke, V.D., Lt.-Col. H. A.R. May, V.D., Capt. A. P. Blackwood (Border Regt., Adjt.), (A Visitor, R.A.M.C.), Major H. E. Edmann, T.D., Major S. S. Higham, V.D., Capt. H. P. Edwards.

IN FRONT—Lt. D. F. Money, Lt. A. A. Tyer, Lt. H. L. Gilks, Lt. A. W. Hall.

Pictures of Camp Life.



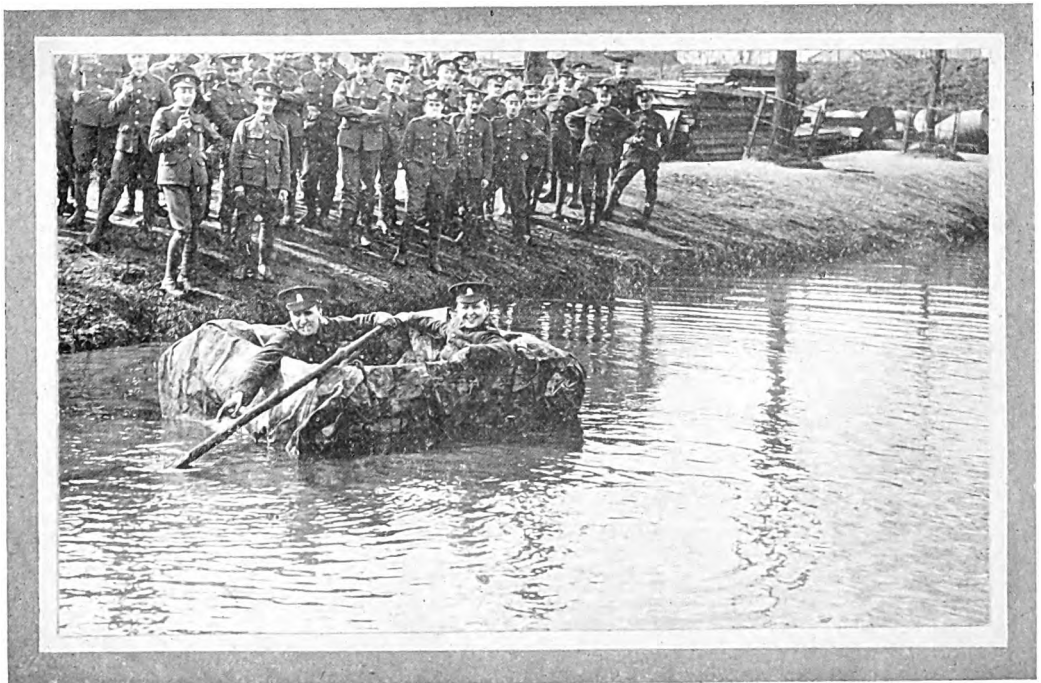
Abergavenny Camp.



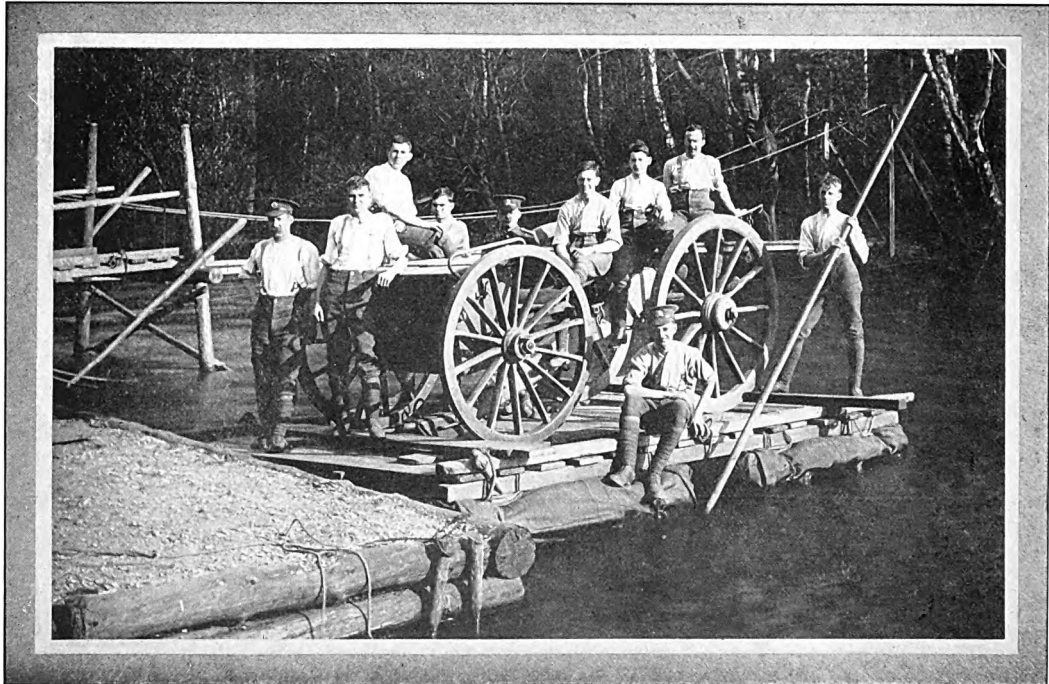
Bivouac in Glan Usk Park.



Barrel Bridging.



Tarpaulin Boat.



Hay and Tarpaulin Raft.



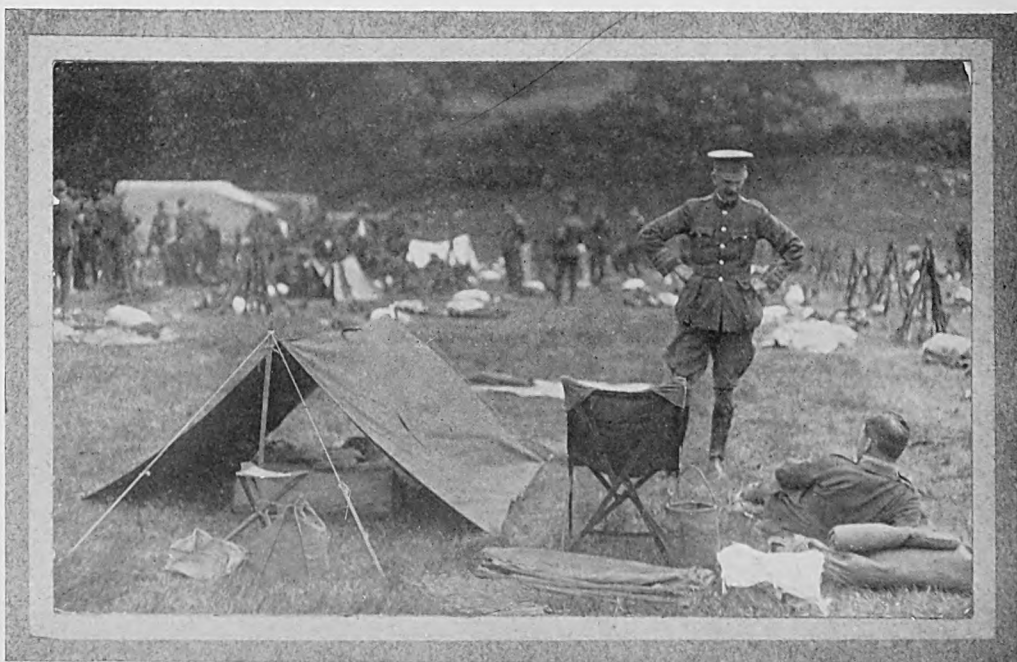
"Catamaran" Bridge.



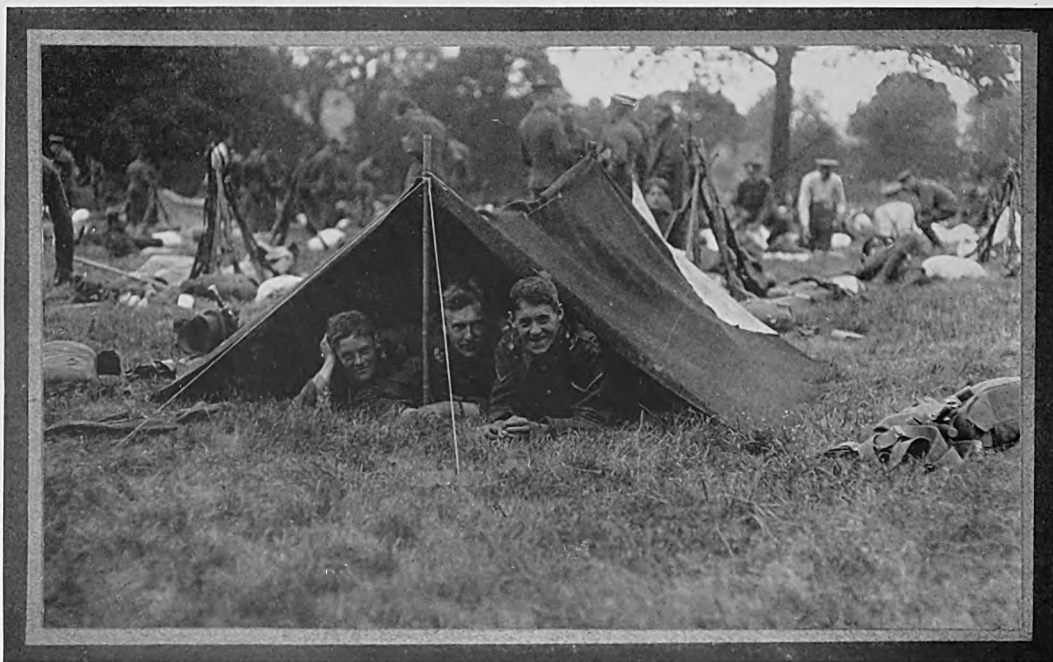
“ON THE MARCH.”



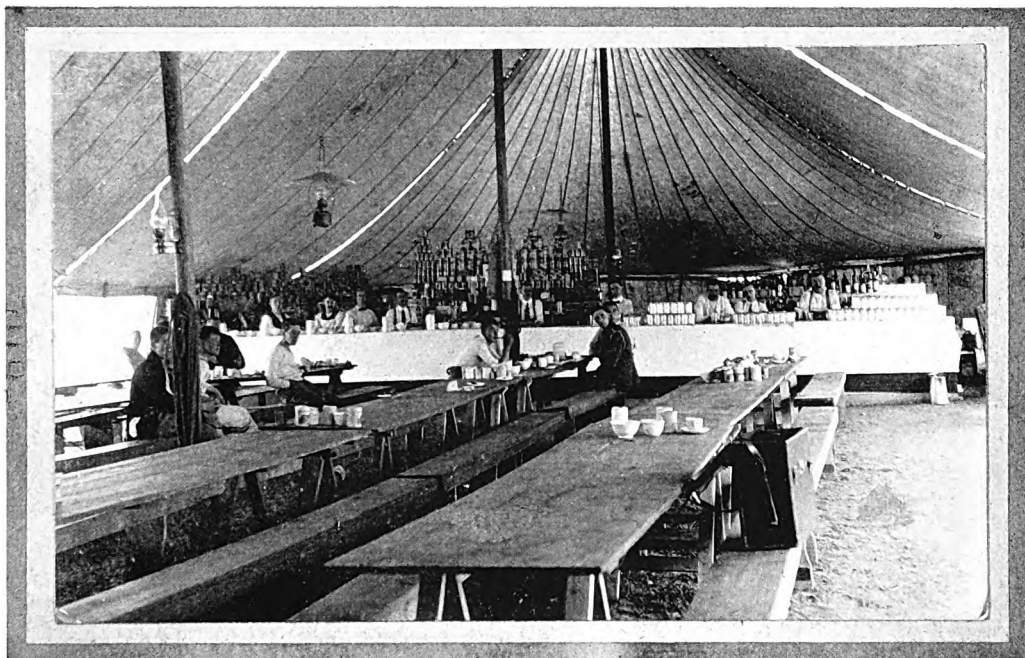
“AT REST.”



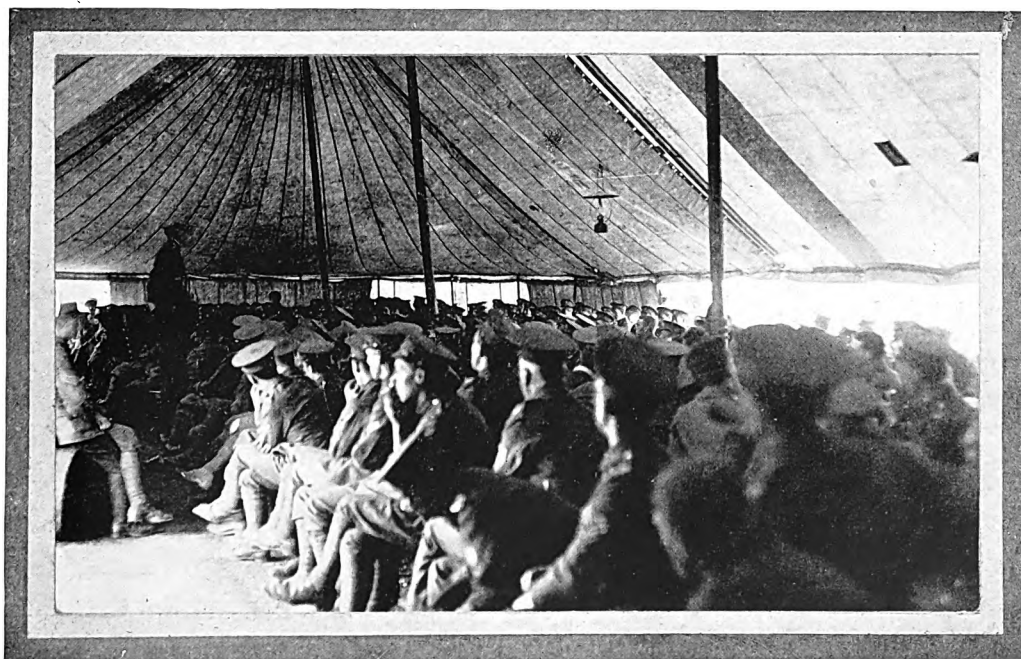
Bivouac—The C.O.'s Bed.



Bivouac—The Boys Bed.



Canteen.



Lecture.



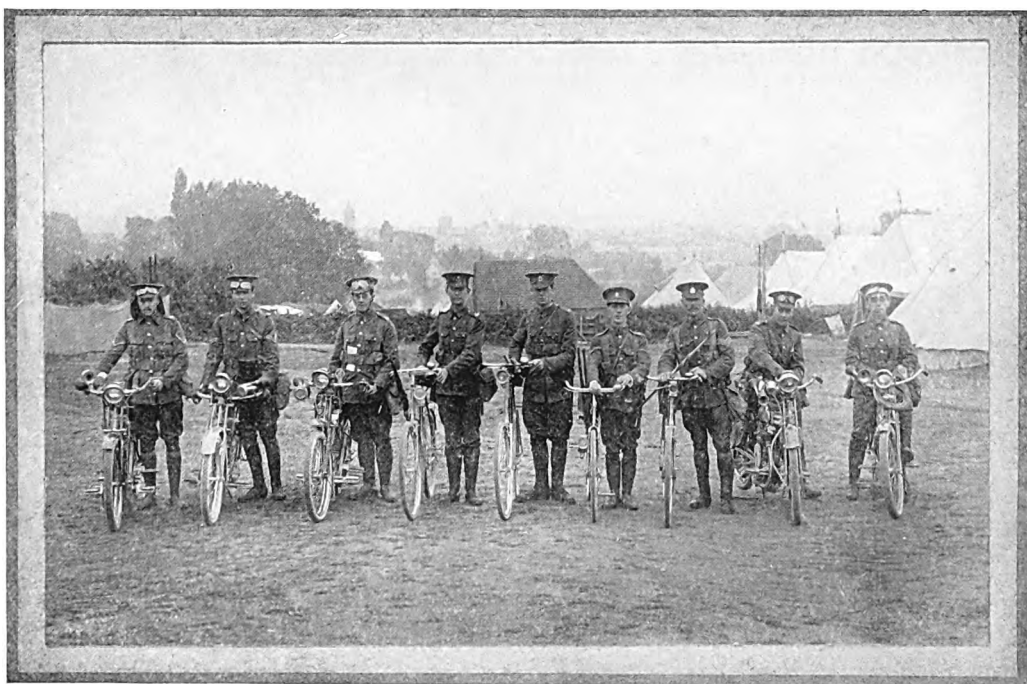
Entrenching.



Cooks.



Machine Guns.



Cyclists.



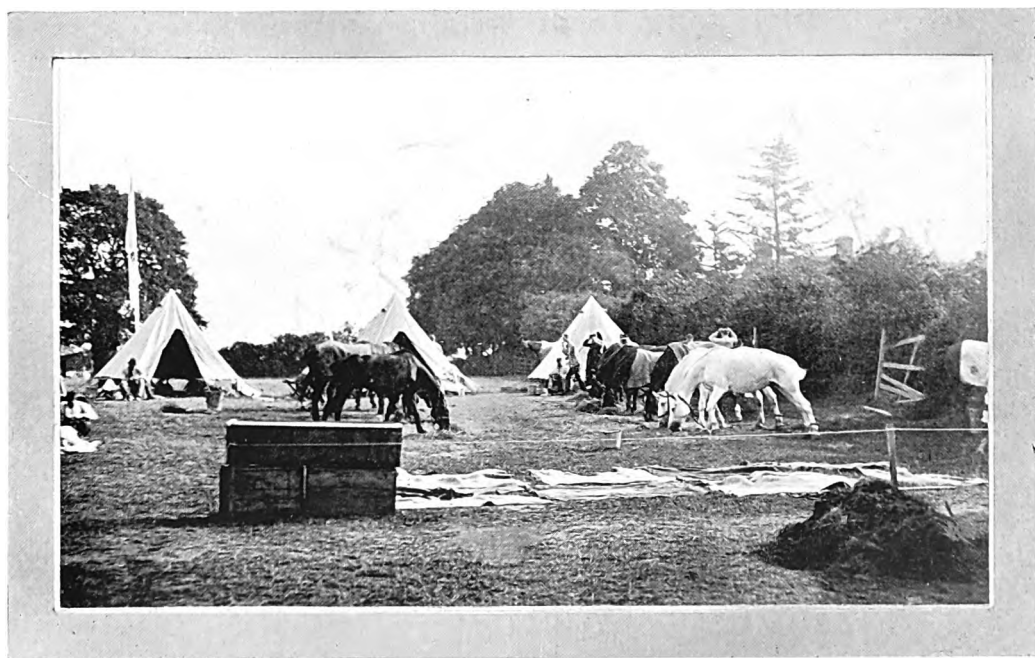
Signallers.



Scouts.



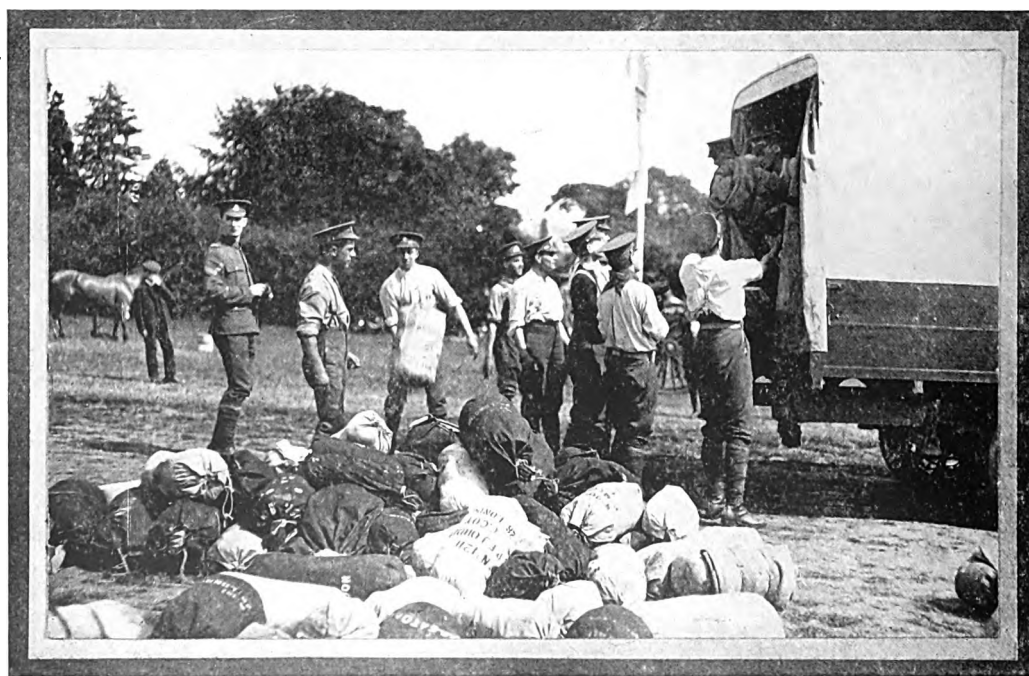
Transport.



Horse Lines.



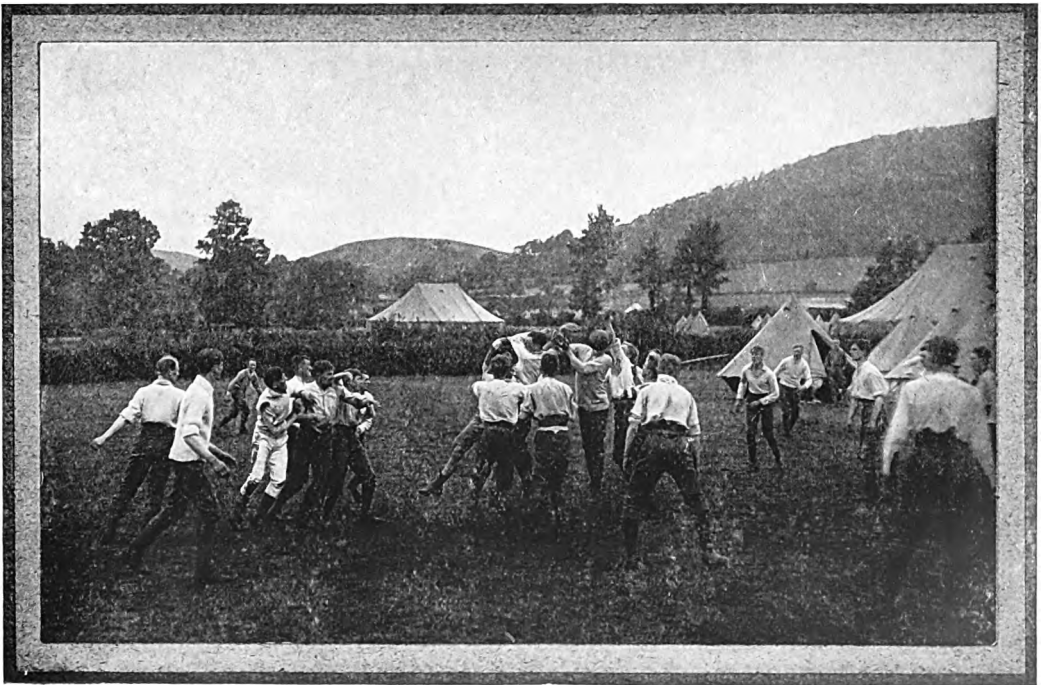
Loading.



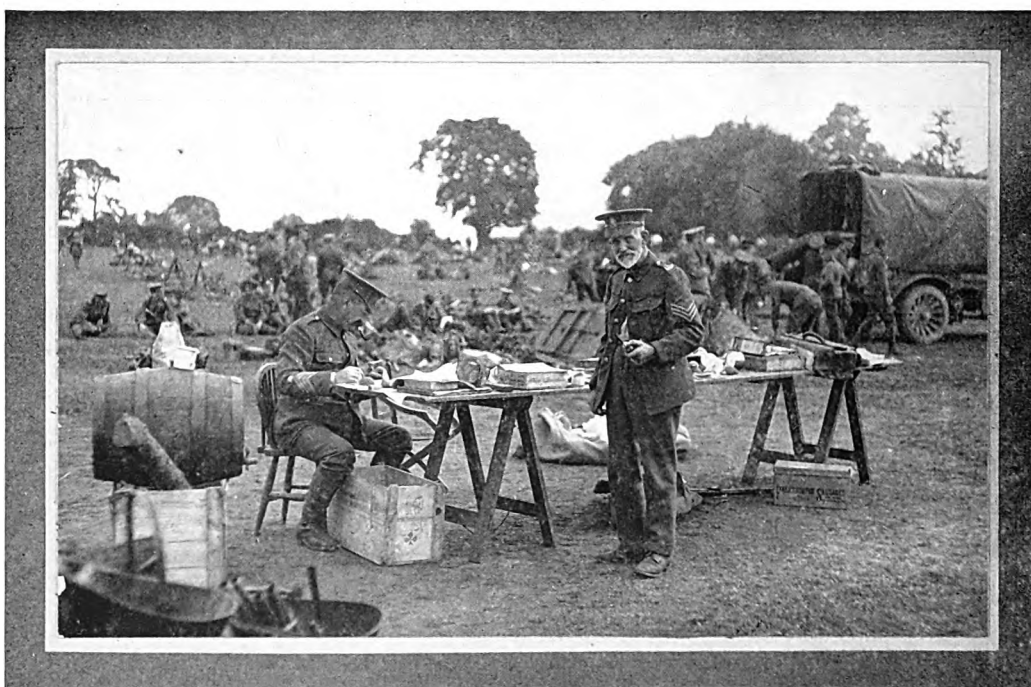
Unloading.



Camp Cricket.



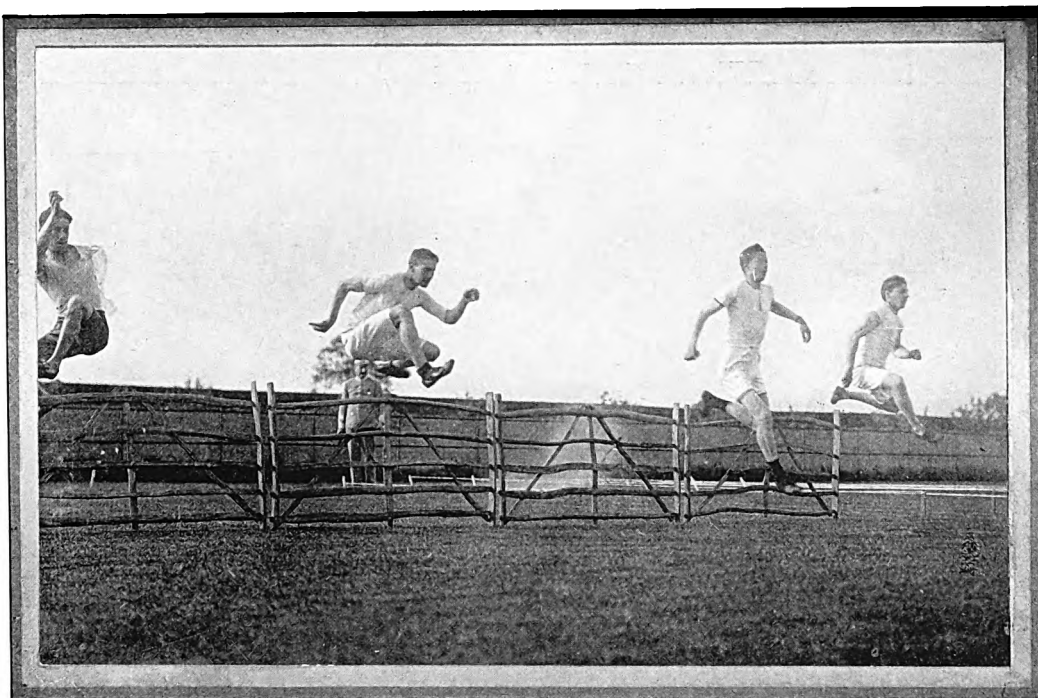
Camp Football.



Q.M.S. " Jack " Smith—and " John."



A Compulsory Shave.



Sports.

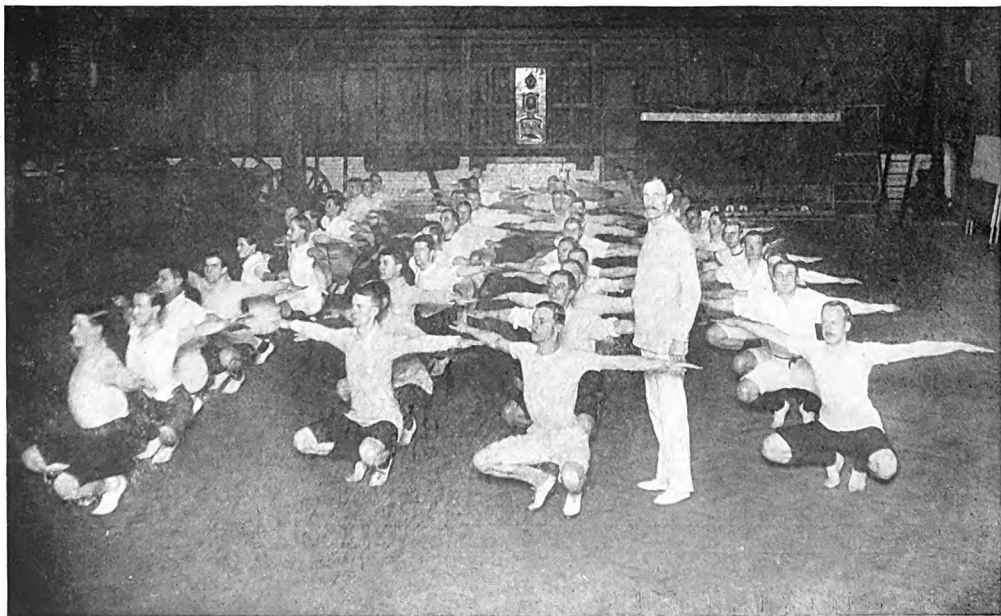


Boating.

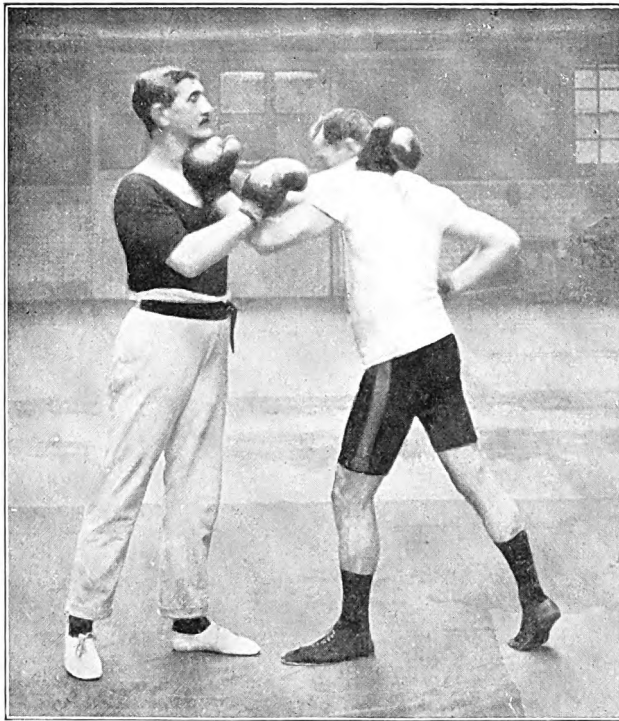
The School of Arms.



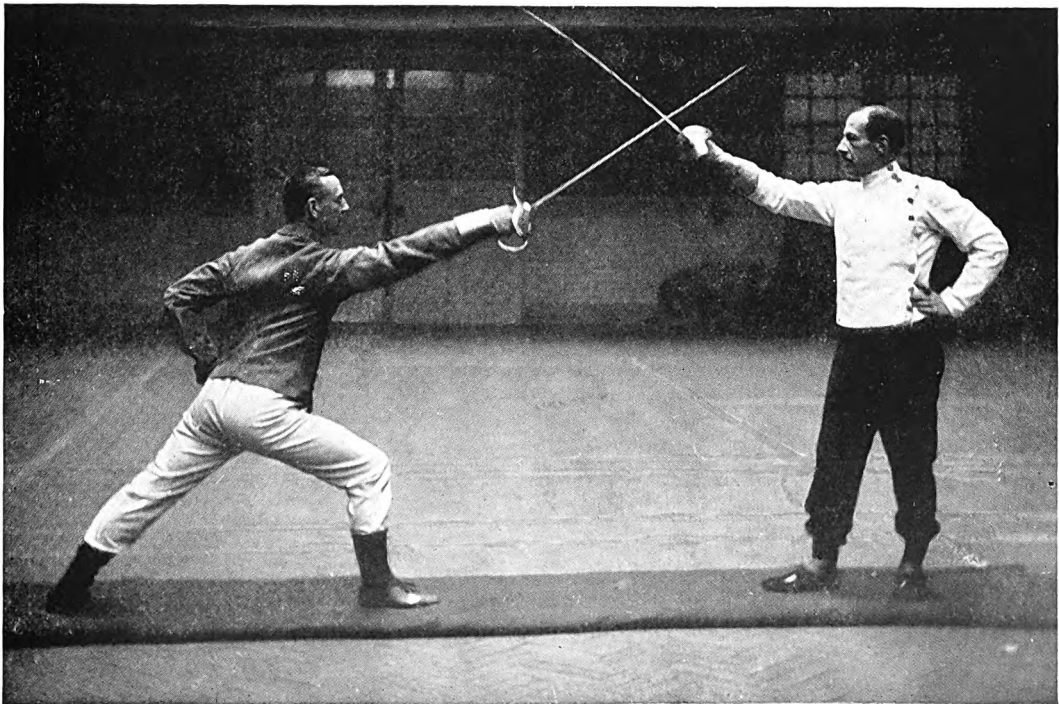
Bayonet Team (and Reserves) for Royal Naval and Military Tournament, 1913.



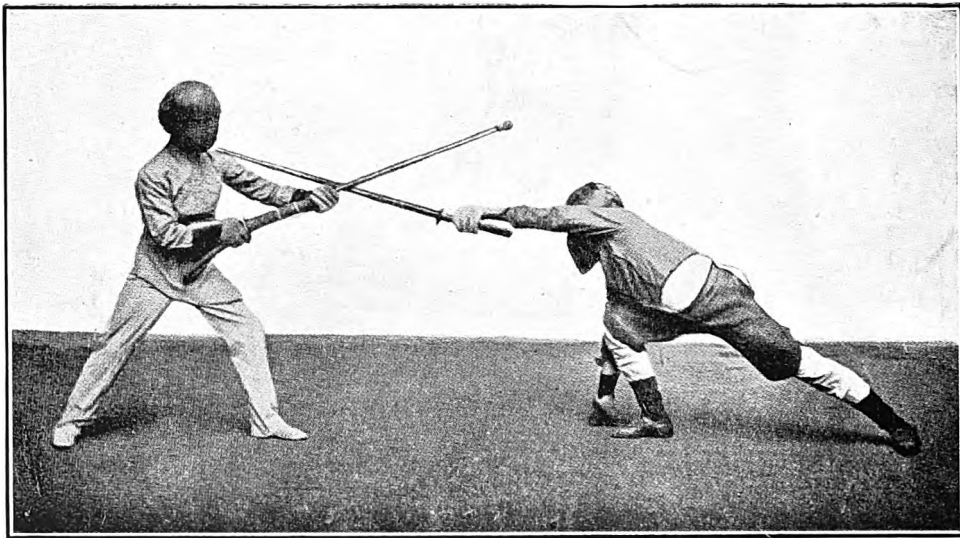
Physical Training.



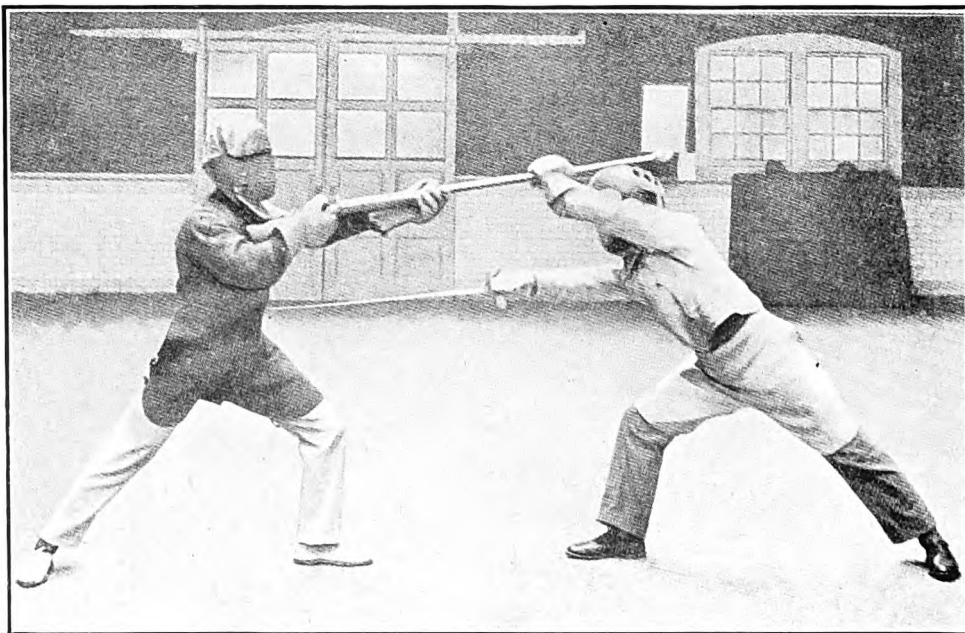
Boxing.



Sabre v. Sabre.



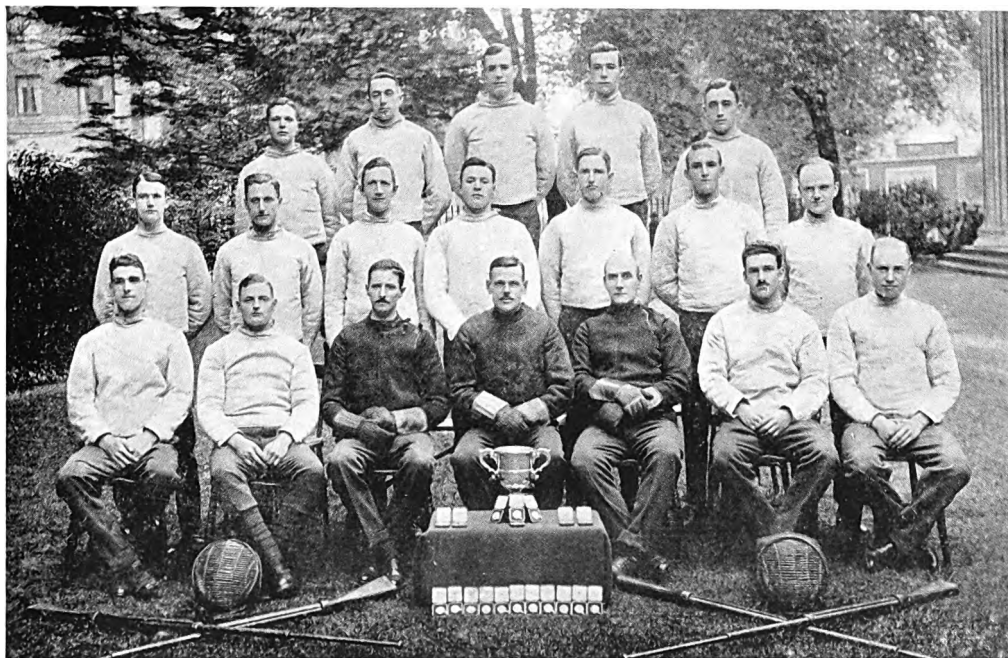
Bayonet v. Bayonet.



Bayonet v. Sabre.

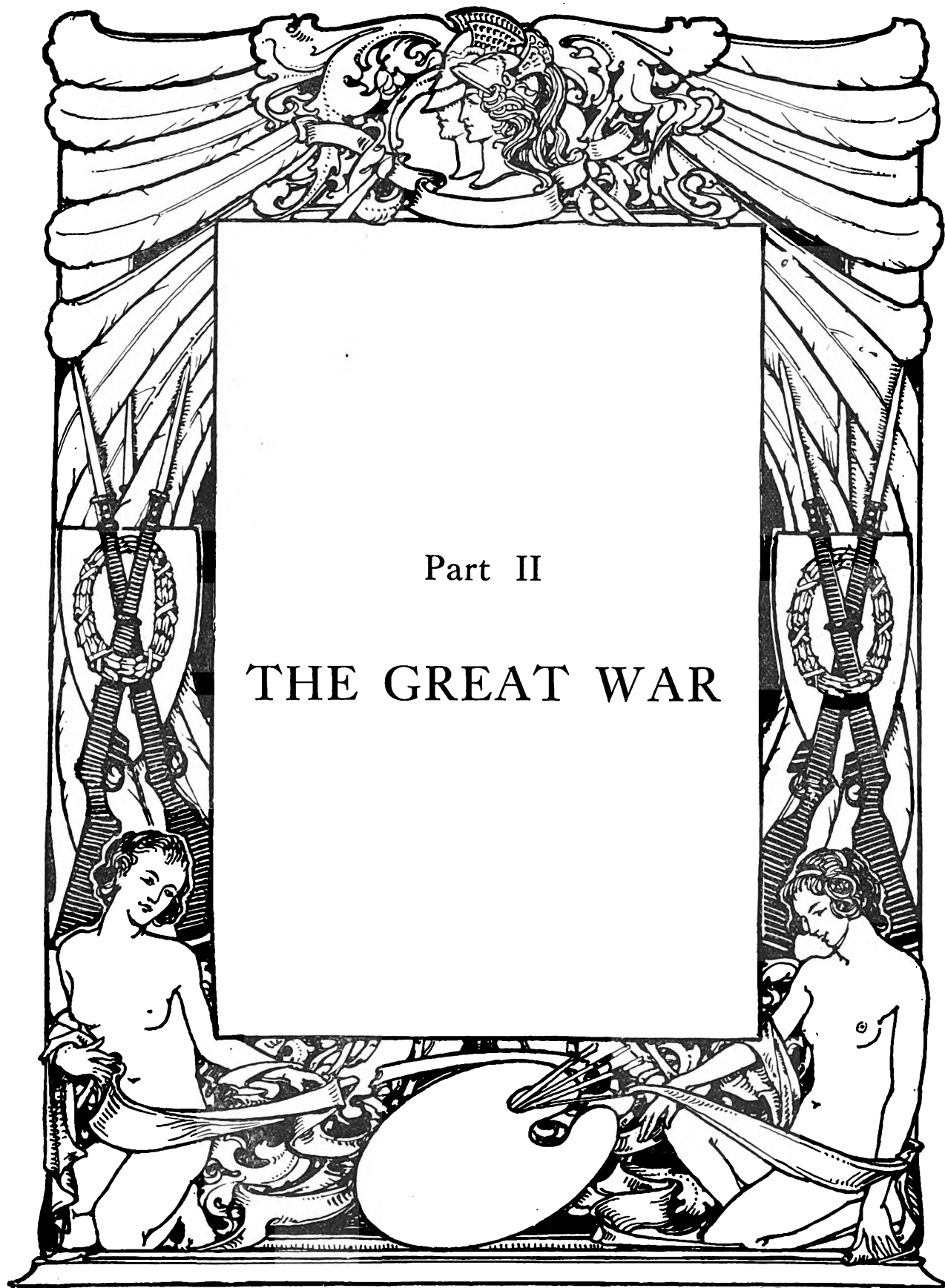


Capt. A. W. BYRNE, T.D. (Artists Rifles).
(The Champion Bayonet fighter of the British Army at the R.M.T. in 1925.)



THE "ARTISTS" BAYONET TEAM OF 1925.
The champion Bayonet fighters in the British Army in 1925.

L/c. H. W. Newman Cpl. H. D. Sugden (Reserve) L/c. F. A. Parker (Reserve) Pte. H. M. Hewett (Reserve) Pte. L. R. S. Ryton
Pte. J. M. Fuller L/c. L. K. Sweet Pte. H. C. Dawn Pte. F. H. Williams Pte. F. K. Wood L/c. G. C. Stanislas L/c. C. G. Montgomery
Pte. J. B. Hammond Cpl. R. G. Garton Cpl. W. G. Tilly Pte. A. J. Kitcat
Capt. R. A. Barnett, M.C. Capt. A. W. Byrne, T.D. (Leader) Major F. H. Hawksford, O.B.E.



CHAPTER XIII

“ MOBILIZATION ”

(1914)

ABOUT the year 1909 an energetic Staff Officer (Major C. R. Ballard, the G.S.O. 1 of our 47th London Division) organized a very interesting course of instruction in “ Military History ” for the senior Officers of the Division, which I was fortunate enough to be able to attend. The course resolved itself into a detailed consideration of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, which, as is well known, was over and decided in a few months time—and the lesson of that campaign that most impressed itself on me was the tremendous importance of a military force being always properly organized to meet a *sudden* emergency—i.e., of an army being always *ready* to take the field at a few hours’ notice—that *time* was often the dominant factor in military affairs, and that unreadiness and consequent delay in the early stages of a campaign might easily mean irretrievable disaster !

I tried to think out how far this lesson could be applied to our own Regiment of the Artists. The Territorial Force, like the old Volunteers, had been organized for service for the defence of Great Britain, i.e., to be of real use to the Motherland in the event of an invasion by a hostile force—and I could imagine other occasions on which their services might be suddenly called for. Such events, if they ever happened, would probably happen *suddenly*, when time—even hours—might be of the most supreme importance. Who could guarantee even a day’s notice ? Supposing the invasion or other national emergency took place to-morrow (or to-day !). Were we as a Regiment capable of moving *now*—at *once*—to the place of attack ? If not, *how long would it take us to get ready ?* What further preparations were now required to enable us at a moment’s notice to collect and equip our men, our horses, vehicles, stores, arms and ammunition, and then proceed as a *unit*, ready to encounter an enemy ? Further, it occurred to me that if an invasion or an emergency should ever come at all, it might easily come in a year or so’s time, when I myself (being then the Second-in-Command) might be commanding the Regiment, and, therefore, personally responsible for its state of preparedness for war, and for the lives of the splendid young men who had volunteered to fight for their Country in such an emergency—relying, no doubt, on the wisdom and knowledge of their Officers, the senior ones in particular ! The question was : *How long would it take me to make all necessary preparations ?* Wouldn’t it be better to begin at once ? The more I thought of the matter the more it worried me !

I tried first of all to think it out as one would a big legal problem, but points and difficulties sprang up by the dozen in every direction. I then tried with the help of paper, pencil and notes to resolve it into a series of smaller problems, and it at once became simpler and more manageable, but even bigger than ever ! As regards the men and Officers, how were they to be suddenly collected at headquarters at a few hours’ notice ? How could we ensure that they would be supplied with all the many little details of equipment, etc., sufficient to enable them to start at once

on a campaign? What further articles would they require? How could these articles now be obtained and stored? Was a medical examination necessary in each case? If so, how long would the medical examination of 800 men take? and what arrangements could now be made by which we could then ensure an immediate medical examination of each man on his arrival? Where could the men and Officers be accommodated on their arrival for eating, sleeping, etc., both by day and by night? What steps would be necessary to cope with the mass of recruits and old members of the Corps who, judging from our experience during the South African War, would at once seek to re-join us so as to enable us to select them and enrol them and start them at once on their training? Should not their programme of work be now thought out and settled (subject to any necessary modification), and where—near our headquarters—could they and also the Battalion be trained? Considerable space would be required. Then as regards horses—about sixty of these would be required on mobilization, including Officers' chargers and transport horses. Where could they be at once obtained? Also where, near our headquarters, could these horses and the many necessary transport vehicles be quickly collected and accommodated? As regards arms, ammunition, clothing, accoutrements, etc., these seemed likely to cause less anxiety, and all that would be required could probably be drawn at once from the Tower of London, or some such large military store; but could we now verify this? The necessary food and cash could also, no doubt, be supplied officially; but what about the other stores, a large mass of which would no doubt be required, and for many of them we should probably have to rely on the supply by contractors or civilian firms. Were contracts for supplying them now in existence? What arrangements could now be made as to our collection of our share of these when required? Further, how could all our stores when obtained be easily and quickly distributed between the men and the various transport vehicles that would accompany us so that each should obtain the exactly correct amount without confusion? It seemed to me also that very exact, detailed and well-thought-out instructions should be prepared and given to each individual Officer and man as to precisely what he should have ready, and of what he personally should do on mobilization, including each Field Officer, Medical Officer, Company Officer and member of the Staff, so that each should realize and start upon his special duties from the very moment that orders to mobilize were received till the Regiment was completely mobilized; also that all telegrams, notices, orders, Company rolls, mobilization cards, lists of stores, waggon loads, identity discs and documents required should be thought out, prepared, written or stamped *now*. Further, would it not be possible to "rehearse" during peace time a "practice mobilization"—say once a year—in order to get everyone acquainted with the special work then required of him—to find out any weak spots, and to keep everything and everybody up to date, so that after a little experience the Battalion would be so well acquainted with what was required that if the day should ever come and a mobilization in real earnest was ever required, we should be able to "mobilize" *immediately*, without excitement, confusion or fuss—each man knowing exactly what was expected of him, and doing his best to carry out his own "little bit" as rapidly and as correctly as was possible. These were the problems that I sought in turn to tackle, and it was at least a year before I had solved them all to my satisfaction, but by the end of a year, viz.: by October, 1910, I had designed a scheme which I submitted to Col. Horsley (who was then our C.O.), who entered into the subject with much enthusiasm, and very kindly adopted my scheme for the Regiment in its entirety. The outlines of the scheme were briefly as follows:—

As regards the Officers and men. I gathered from the regulations that each would require an up-to-date medical examination before being passed as "fit for service," which, in the case of 800 men and only two Medical Officers, would take too long without outside help ; so I obtained a promise on the part of ten civilian practitioners (which would ensure our getting at least one per Company and one or two over for recruits and old members rejoining) immediately on receipt of a mobilization telegram at any hour, day or night, to attend at our headquarters to examine the rank and file, and leave our two Regimental M.Os. free for other work. I also made an agreement with a firm of West End hairdressers to send up at once, on receipt of a mobilization telegram, a gang of haircutters, including three really good chiropodists, to help in the overhaul of the hair and feet of any one requiring their services. We also had mobilization telegrams written out and addressed (and kept up to date ready to despatch at a moment's notice) to all such doctors, haircutters and chiropodists, and also to all Officers in the Regiment and to certain selected N.C.Os. whose services would be early required. Also printed mobilization notices (always ready addressed and kept up to date), ready to post at once if ever required to each individual man, calling him at once to headquarters. Detailed "mobilization instructions" (printed on a big card, suitable for hanging up-over their beds) were also issued to every man in the Regiment setting out exactly what articles he should at all times have *ready* (and collected and kept in his own private mobilization box at his home) to bring to headquarters immediately on receipt of his mobilization notice—these included suggestions as to the clothing and contents of haversack and kit-bag—a very carefully-thought-out list. Many of the articles recommended were also on sale at the canteen, and an extra store of these was kept at our headquarters to enable laggards to make their list complete in an emergency ! Suggestions were also made as to desirable steps to be taken immediately on receipt of mobilization orders, such as cutting the toe nails, the food and drink to be brought in haversack and waterbottle, notice to employers, notice to bank, filling up of a general "Power of Attorney" to look after private affairs during absence (a printed form of a specially prepared general "Power of Attorney," with full instructions as to execution, etc., was supplied to each man to keep in his mobilization box). Detailed instructions were also given as to the exact steps to be taken on arrival at headquarters, such as the obtaining by each of his identity disc, his field dressing (and sewing into tunic), his pay book, emergency rations, etc.

As to the accommodation of the Officers, I entered into a written agreement with a small local hotel, close to our headquarters (possessing accommodation for, I think, 37 guests), by which "in the event of mobilization," their rooms should at *once* be placed at the disposal of our Officers and certain N.C.Os. at agreed rates. *As to the accommodation of the men*, I obtained through the proper authorities written permission that "in the event of mobilization" we might, at once, have the exclusive use of two L.C.C. schools, close at hand, which were to be vacated immediately by the children and the teachers (viz. : the schools in Lancing Street, W.C., and Manchester Street, W.C.)—one to use as barracks, and the other as sleeping accommodation for our 800 men. Each of these schools was (to assist in our preparation) carefully surveyed by one of our Officers (a well-known architect), and plans of each were made by him, and rooms allotted for each Company, and for medical examination, hair cutting, chiropody, recreation, dormitories, etc., to meet our requirements.

As to the recruits, I obtained an agreement by which a fair-sized basement flat adjoining our headquarters would, "in the event of mobilization," be at once placed at our disposal at a small agreed rental, in which to collect our recruits, interview them, and enrol them. I eventually obtained written permission from the com-

mittees of three big squares in our neighbourhood, "in the event of mobilization," to use such squares as training grounds in which to drill our recruits—in addition to the recreation ground at University College, which has, by the kindness of the College authorities, for many years past been our usual drill ground. I also prepared a careful programme of progressive training for the recruit squads, and a suggested list of qualified N.C.Os. to act as instructors, so that "in the event of mobilization" the recruit training could start at *once*, and be quietly and systematically carried on from day to day on the selected training grounds without any delay whatever *from the moment of the recruits' enrolment*.

As to the horses, each Officer entitled to a charger was made responsible for providing his own on mobilization, and the Military Authorities undertook to supply, from contractors or civilian firms, those necessary for transport. With regard to their accommodation, after a good deal of difficulty in various directions, I obtained the very kind promise of the Midland Railway Co., "in the event of mobilization," to allow us at once to stable all our sixty horses (or thereabouts) in their stables in the arches at St. Pancras Station—close to our headquarters—and beyond this the Company most kindly went on to suggest that in such an event it might be convenient to us if they left a few of their horsekeepers on the premises (who would know their way about, as to supply of water, disposal of manure, etc.), and that they would instruct them, in such an event, to render to our transport section all the help and assistance in their power. In short, I may say that in the whole of my negotiations with persons outside the Corps I received nothing but kindness and help, but I could not help feeling that almost all the promises for help I received were coupled with a certain amount of amusement, and generally with considerable incredulity as to whether a mobilization was possible, much less probable, and it was only towards the end of some of my negotiations that I began to receive one or two anxious enquiries: Was such a thing likely? Did I know anything? and my assurance that I knew no more than my enquirer was sometimes, I fear, received with a little suspicion!

As regards the stores, I obtained complete lists of everything that would be required on mobilization, and ascertained from the Secretary of the T.F. Association (himself an old "Artist"), from whom each would have to be obtained. Some from the "Tower," some from a tradesman or contractor (with their names and addresses for us to verify), and some we were responsible for the purchase of ourselves, and as to the latter, where practicable, we purchased these at once, and had them stored away at our headquarters. I also satisfied myself as to what transport would be necessary to collect these stores, in each case, and the size of the party, in each case to be told off to collect them. I also had lists of all stores prepared, showing their source and the size of the party required to draw them, with parallel columns showing to whom and how, when obtained, they were to be distributed—to the Companies, to individual men, or to the waggon loads (and which load); also lists of each waggon load, to be pinned up in the drill hall over the place where each was to be gradually accumulated and "ticked off" as the stores came in. I also ascertained by experiment the amount of space that would be occupied by each waggon load when complete, and then had a plan made of the drill hall (very kindly made by our Architect Officer), from which it could in a few minutes be quickly chalked out into suitable spaces when required, and duly labelled, and waggon lists posted. Speaking generally, the Quartermaster was made responsible for the provision and collection of the stores and the distribution between the men and the Companies and the waggon loads, but the Transport Officer for the packing of the waggons and the safety of the stores after they had reached his hands.

Besides the above, careful lists of special duties were prepared for many of the Officers and N.C.Os. each as to his own particular work in the general scheme. The Senior Major (besides understudying the C.O.) was given the job of supervising the mobilization of the Officers as a class. The Junior Major had the job of selecting, enrolling and training the recruits, with a mobilization box kept up to date containing scheme of training, lists of qualified instructors, note of training grounds—with all forms and documents likely to be required. Every Officer had his understudy. Carefully-thought-out instructions were also prepared for the systematic training of the Battalion, if opportunity permitted, at Regent's Park or at Hampstead ; also special instructions for the Adjutant, each of the Medical Officers, the Quartermaster, the Transport Officer, the Signalling Officer, the Officer i/c depot, and each Company Officer—every one of whom had his own mobilization box with all articles, lists, forms, stationery, etc., as required, always kept up to date and *ready*—and similar instructions were also kept for various of the N.C.Os., such as recruit instructors, and those in charge of cooks, cyclists, pioneers, etc., and for the various parties detailed to draw stores.

* * * * *

We arranged to have “ practice mobilizations ” in the spring of the years 1913 and 1914, when I was in command of the Battalion, and these practices were distinctly useful. For such “ practice mobilizations ” we obtained the loan of the schools we had selected (for a Saturday afternoon after the scholars had left), but, of course, we did not ask the civilian medical practitioners or the haircutters or the chiropodists to attend, nor did we collect the horses or the stores, though every Officer and man in the Battalion was expected to attend and to, as nearly as possible, go through his own part of a mobilization. It was arranged that the Officers and N.C.Os. should attend one hour before the men, and on their arrival the mobilization orders were gone through in detail and fully explained and discussed for their benefit before the men arrived. Boxes were carefully checked, labels posted, and drill hall chalked out, and any weak spots dealt with. Then each Officer and N.C.O. carried out his own special work, and inspected and instructed his own men on their arrival. Suggestions for improvement of our mobilization orders were invited, and several useful suggestions for bettering our scheme were received. I am afraid that many, if not most, of our young men treated the subject as a glorified joke ! and I am publishing a caricature called “ The Fully Mobilized Man,” full of sly humour, which was designed by one of them and published as an illustration to put on the programme of our smoking concerts in 1913 ! (See page 210).

* * * * *

In the autumn of 1914 the bolt fell in earnest ! We went to camp at Perham Down, on Sunday, August 2nd, and arrived in camp at 1.30 p.m. that day ; but the same night, soon after 10 p.m., we received orders to return at once to London. We accordingly left camp at 7 a.m. on Monday, August 3rd, and arrived back at our headquarters in London at 10 a.m. The men were then dismissed and allowed to go home until 6.30 p.m. (when each was ordered to attend again at headquarters) but at 6.30 p.m. (no further orders having been received in the meanwhile) each man was again allowed to proceed home, but to hold himself in readiness to obey at once any orders that might be sent on to him. The next day, viz. : Tuesday, August 4th, 1914, at 8.45 p.m., definite orders “ To Mobilize ” were received by the Battalion, and the mobilization telegrams were at once despatched, and all other orders were posted by 10 p.m. Early on Wednesday, August 5th (“ the first day of mobilization ”), the Manchester Street Schools and the Lancing Street Schools (the two selected schools) were taken over (having been quickly but thoroughly

scrubbed and cleaned during the night by the help of a big gang of hastily-collected good old London charwomen !). Guards and sentries were posted out of the first arrivals. The quarters and rooms were duly labelled, and the mobilization carried out in earnest ! The hotel for Officers was (after a certain amount of argument—particularly on the part of the visitors residing there !) taken over, all visitors left, and the Artists' Officers were duly installed (both the " legal contract " and military exigency proving useful arguments !). The three squares were taken over as training grounds, fifty recruits were enrolled (mostly old members rejoining), the stables at St. Pancras were most willingly and quickly made ready for us by the Midland Railway Company. The railway horses were sent away, but several very helpful horsekeepers were kindly left for a few days to assist us. All ranks were medically examined before the evening. Every single one of our civilian medical practitioners duly attended as promised, also all of the hairdressers and the chiropodists. All proved most useful. Fatigue parties, as required and as arranged, were despatched to draw stores. By the evening of the 5th (the first day of mobilization), out of the whole Battalion only one man failed to report for duty, and the next day we received a telegram from him that he was abroad, but was hastening back to rejoin us ! Every man in the Battalion, on joining, at once volunteered for service abroad or wherever required. As to the recruits, our headquarters was simply besieged by them, and by old members of the Regiment (some well on in years !) seeking to rejoin. Many thousands altogether must have been clamouring to enlist ! The flat we provided for the Junior Major and his N.C.O. assistants proved much too small for our requirements. It was about the only part of our mobilization scheme that turned out inadequate when put to the test. In the end, to cope with the crowds of men clamouring to enlist, some of our trustworthy N.C.Os. dressed themselves in civilian clothes, and mixed with the crowd as recruits themselves, and after talking with and sizing up any who appeared specially eligible, gave to such eligible ones (privately) a card, so that the next day the Junior Major could first devote his attention to old members seeking to re-enlist, next to the possessors of cards (who, by virtue of such cards, were first granted admission to the flat for the purpose of an interview), and afterwards so far as was possible and as time permitted to the remainder of the crowd. The scene outside the headquarters was a truly remarkable one. Men came to join us from every part of the British Isles. It is no exaggeration to say that we had the pick of the Country from which to select.

* * * * *

Speaking generally, the result of our experience was that the mobilization scheme as designed worked well in practice. Anyhow, the Battalion was practically mobilized within 24 hours of the receipt of the orders to mobilize, and in our case it was well that this was so, for we then found that we, in conjunction with a Battalion of the Guards, had been specially detailed by the G.O.C. of the London District (Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O.), to carry out certain " London duties." We had to find numerous parties at once. My impression is that we owe our selection for this work to the fact that we were then about the only Territorial Battalion actually ready for it. Even on the night of August 5th (our first day of mobilization) something like 400 of our men were so employed, and this number was daily increased. Any men not specially employed were given hard practical training.

Many people even now seem to be under the mistaken impression that we were given special early information as to the probability of a mobilization taking place, and my assurance to the effect that we knew no more about it than anyone else is not always believed ! It has since been remarked to me : " You must have known

something, or you wouldn't have taken all that trouble "; and on my disclaiming any special knowledge, they have added : " I quite understand that you are not at liberty to tell us." Even in France a Senior Regular Officer remarked to me : " Your information was quite correct, but you might have given us the tip ! " It seems difficult for some people to believe that it was possible for a Territorial Regiment to endeavour to carry out in their training the lessons of a previous campaign (in this case the chief lesson of the Franco-Prussian campaign of 1870), simply because they wanted to be *ready* and prepared whenever called upon to carry out without confusion the duties and work they had undertaken to carry out in the event of a national emergency arising.

CHAPTER XIV

" LONDON DUTIES "

(1914)

IMMEDIATELY war was declared, a mass of work became urgently necessary in London—special localities had to be protected ; stores of enemies' arms to be seized ; enemy spies and other known enemies living in London to be arrested, imprisoned and guarded ; stores or arms and other military equipment to be unearthed and distributed, etc. Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., who then commanded the London District, at once (as previously stated) " detailed " two Battalions for this kind of work, viz. : one of the Battalions of the Scots Guards and one Territorial Battalion, i.e., ourselves. The Artists were required to find numerous parties and to carry out various duties in different parts of London during the evening and night of August 5th, 1914, our first day of mobilization, and immediately after that date we had much work to do both by day and night in small parties all over London—in fact, I doubt if any Regiment, amongst those in England, was made more use of at that time.

The " duties " given to us were novel and varied. Many of them were, at that time, anyhow, of a confidential nature, and most of them were quite different from anything we had ever learnt as part of our military training in time of peace ! We had to carry them out, however, to the best of our ability by the light of nature and of common sense, for there were few, if any, books to help us. Now I myself had been trained all my life as a solicitor, and, at the date of mobilization, had been in practice as such for well over thirty years ! It is very difficult suddenly to change the habits of a lifetime. So, as a matter of habit, I dealt with these novel problems (or such of them as consisted of more than a glorified fatigue party) on very much the same lines that any old City solicitor would deal with the novel and varied problems—some easy, some difficult—that daily confront him—that is to say, I gave each job a " number " and a " backsheet " ; and started making short written notes of each case as it came in, considering each in its turn. I tried to get it quite clear in my mind what was the real *object* to be achieved, also the obvious and possible *difficulties* to be surmounted, and, if I could, of a good way to avoid them !—thinking out and making notes of the alternative ways of achieving the object, and of reasons for or against each particular course, and considering what advice I should give if I were acting on " the other side," i.e., in this case for the alien spy seeking to do the damage or to escape back to his fatherland, etc., and finally coming to a considered conclusion as to the best course to adopt. I next considered the size of the party required to carry out each job, and also any special qualities required by its Commander, i.e., brains, " guts," patience, " canniness," etc. Finally, I always considered the matter from the General's point of view, i.e., how I should like my subordinate to act if I were in command of the London District. This often answered one question, viz. : whether I should seek further instructions or authority or act on my own initiative, and afterwards ask for " approval and confirmation " Some

of my problems (like our lawyer's problems) were obvious, and could be settled instantaneously. Some were easy, and took but a short time to consider ; but there were others (like our lawyers' problems) that were by no means easy, and required a substantial amount of consideration before one could arrive at what seemed to be a sound conclusion.

When it came to the selection of the best men to carry out each job, I used, as a rule, to seek the assistance of our Staff-Sergt. Peter Emslie (an old Scots Guardsman), who seemed to know, almost instinctively, the capabilities of every man in the Regiment. He was never at a loss to suggest a suitable N.C.O. I then sent for the N.C.O. selected to discuss the task, and go through my notes with him, and give him an opportunity (sometimes after time for consideration) to make any suggestions, and to suggest any particular men (generally his friends !) he might like to have detailed as his party. I also usually defined for him what result I should consider a "bull's-eye"—and what a "miss," and what might pass for an "inner" or an "outer," and finally enjoined him to make a "bull's-eye" if it were anyhow possible *for the sake of the reputation of the Artists Rifles*. Many parties were sent out thus, in fact, they were being sent out at intervals all day and all night. I believe on the very first evening, i.e., on August 5th, there were twenty-two such parties altogether ! Periodically my Sergeant-Major would report their return, and I think I may say that in a very large proportion of cases their report to me (often in the middle of the night) would consist of—a knock at my door—"Come in"—An N.C.O. would enter, salute, and report : "Party No. So-and-so returned"—"Bull's-eye, Sir !"—and I marked my list accordingly.

I was much pleased at the enthusiasm displayed and trouble taken by all ranks to secure "bull's-eyes." The only thing that sometimes bothered me a little was the information that was sometimes given to me by my Adjutant who was, as all will agree, a most excellent and efficient soldier, steeped to the marrow in the best traditions of the service, and possessing a profound knowledge of military regulations. He, after my party had gone beyond recall, would not infrequently draw my attention to some printed regulation or "A.C.I.," which I, in my ignorance, had entirely overlooked, and which seemed to indicate that in many cases I should have taken some preliminary step or obtained some further instructions or authority. I then tried the plan of getting the Adjutant to look up his regulations before I arranged for each job, but I found myself so hampered and delayed in my various tasks—often by regulations which I am convinced were never framed to meet the particular problems that then confronted us, though they might come within the general wording—that I sought for and obtained a brief and dramatic interview with Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd himself, and discussed the matter with him. He, after listening attentively and sympathetically to our difficulties, most kindly informed me that the Artists Rifles were carrying out the duties assigned to them to his complete satisfaction, and that we were to continue to perform them as hitherto, "by the light of common sense," that we were not to refer any questions to him unless we were *really* in doubt as to what his wishes would be, and what course we should pursue ; and that if anyone complained we were to tell them that we were carrying out the jobs given to us, "as directed by Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd," and that he felt quite sure, if we made this clear, that no one in the London district would raise any further objection ! I felt, as I told him, that I could not possibly ask for anything more than this. I felt, and still feel, grateful to him for his trust in us. My Adjutant appeared much surprised at the result !

The only one of our numerous "duties" to which, perhaps, I may now be allowed to refer specifically was one that we took over from the Scots Guards, viz. :

the guarding of the German prisoners at "Olympia," where there was a large camp for enemies collected in London—to be afterwards sent on, in batches, to similar camps at Aldershot and elsewhere. At Olympia the prisoners lived and slept in the arena, which had a strong barbed-wire guard all round it. In the arena also were two special sub-enclosures, one (known by our rank and file as the "knot" enclosure or "House of Lords" !) for alien enemy of high rank. Each of these was allowed as a privilege to have as a "batman," one of the prisoners from the general enclosure, and also a small bed to sleep in (instead of a straw mattress on the tan), with a portmanteau in which to keep his belongings. The other sub-enclosure was known as "the dangerous enclosure," and was used for prisoners who came to us with a reputation for possible violence, and who (though they may not have known it) were always specially watched day and night by an armed (but unseen) guard.

Although public feeling against the enemy was running rather high at that time, I tried to consider this particular job from the point of view of how a really first-class, chivalrous nation should treat, not its criminals, but its *prisoners of war*? i.e., how I should like and expect to be treated by a really first-class power if I had been living in their country at the time war broke out between us, and I found myself, unfortunately, a prisoner of war there (all the numerous regulations on the subject quoted by my Adjutant seemed to me to be directed against criminal prisoners in a prison camp). In the result, with very great assistance from the Scotland Yard authorities (who, I may perhaps say, helped us all through this difficult time in every conceivable way in their power), and from one of my Company Commanders, who was very well acquainted with Germany and Germans and their customs, we drew up a few simple but necessary rules and regulations, which were to be *strictly observed* by all prisoners. These were called "Prisoners' obligations," and were thoroughly explained by a lucid Sergeant to each batch of prisoners as they arrived. I also drew up another list of what each prisoner was entitled to (which was also explained to him by the Sergeant, and which I called "Prisoners' rights"), i.e., what food, bedding, etc., he should have given to him; what letters he could write, subject to censoring (and what information he must refrain from giving); what articles he could buy (a Corporal, with two orderlies, was always ready to carry out these purchases); what books he could read (German and English newspapers prohibited!), etc.; also his right, once each day, to make reasonable and proper complaints (i.e., at the evening meal, when an orderly Officer would go round to inspect the food, as in a barrack-room). I caused copies of an epitome of "The prisoners' obligations" and "The prisoners' rights" to be written out and posted up at certain places where all could see; and I can only recollect one case in which we had any difficulty with our prisoners, which makes me think that they all realized and appreciated that we were trying to treat them fairly and properly. The case I refer to arose in the "knot" enclosure, where we appear at one time to have collected several prisoners of a somewhat supercilious type—I was told they were Prussian Officers of high rank!). When I visited Olympia—which I tried to do once by day and once by night—I noticed that some of the "knot" prisoners stood in a row and all together spat on the ground as I passed them, and it was only when I spoke to my Major about it (thinking at first, it was merely a bad, insanitary habit!) that it was brought home to me that it was being done as an insult, and was being specially offered to me because I happened to be the Senior Officer of the Regiment that was guarding them! I confess I felt vindictive, and I determined to stop it. After convincing myself of the gratuitous nature of the insult, and that it was *intended* as such, I directed my Major, without any argument or discussion, to give the culprits *three minutes* to get out of the "knot" enclosure into the general enclosure, only explaining to

them that they had failed to justify our assumption that they were aristocrats and gentlemen. He counted aloud each half-minute for them as it passed, having in reserve a specially organized squad of our young men of the "bayonet fighting" class waiting, in fatigue dress, to "throw out" into the general enclosure all the culprits who remained in the "knut" enclosure after the three minutes had expired! Three minutes by a watch, punctuated by half-minute warnings, is rather longer than it sounds, and the threat at first produced little result beyond a few violent expostulations! My Major, however, was quite impassive and silent, and at the end of two minutes there were indications of a move, and a scramble followed. At the end of three minutes, however, if I recollect right, only two remained, and these left, in a hurry, on the appearance of the eager "chuckers out." The next day, after a night on the tan and without a batman, the aristocrats were seen taking their share of fatigues with their comrades in the general enclosure—to the huge delight, I verily believe, of many of their more lowly-born compatriots.

Although I had at the time I write of only the vaguest notion of what work was likely to be required of the Battalion before the war ended, I could not help feeling that our "London duties" were only temporary, and as I much desired to keep my men "fit" and "hard," in preparation for whatever might thereafter be required of them, I sent each day all men not engaged in other special duties for a "route march" to Hampstead, for a good hard day's work there (in accordance with a specially prepared programme). It thus came about that every morning about 10 o'clock a contingent of "Artists," on their way to Hampstead, would march up Fitzjohn's Avenue under one of my Majors, and this, being a broad commodious thoroughfare, they got into the habit of having their first "halt" there. The effect of this was that the inhabitants there came to know us and look for us, and when we halted there (so I was told, I was never in charge of the Hampstead contingent myself!), masses of young ladies (and a few older ones—God bless them!) used to appear with cake, sandwiches, wine, coffee, tea, cyder, etc., and got to know the names of some of the men, and to attach themselves to the various Companies, and the halt became more like a summer garden party than a war-time halt—for at that time all soldiers, even amateurs like ourselves, were very popular in this country! Hearing of this, I thought that it might be better *not* to halt at exactly the same place each day—it looked like *asking* for hospitality—so one day, at my suggestion, the Major in command continued his march without halting there, to the intense mortification of the hospitable inhabitants who had the meal prepared as usual. I received so many really kindly-meant protests that my heart melted. I waived my objection, and the daily entertainment was continued so long as we remained in London!

On mobilization, our quarters, as already mentioned, were at the Lancing Street Schools during the day, and at the Manchester Street Schools during the night. These schools, however, though close to our headquarters, and handy in an emergency, were not well suited for permanent barracks, and we were all glad when, after about three weeks, we were transferred for quarters to the historic cricket ground of "Lords," where our headquarters occupied the hotel, leaving the luncheon arbours for the rank and file. By the time we went to Lords we had grown to be responsible, I believe, for most of the "London duties." Consequently, after remaining at Lord's for about three weeks, we were suddenly transferred to the Tower of London to replace one of the Battalions of Guards that had been quartered at the Military Barracks there, but had been suddenly sent out to France. I believe I am right in saying that we were the first Regiment of amateur soldiers to inhabit those historic quarters and take over the "duties" there. I always feel a sentimental glow of

pride that it should ever have been *my* lot to ride through the City into the old Tower, behind our drums (bashing and banging in their very best style !), with my wife, and partners and other friends mingled with the crowd assembled at the entrance to see us march in, at the head of my beloved Regiment to take command of "The troops in the Tower," and to have the "Tower" entrusted to our safe keeping in time of war. I believe that all ranks felt equally proud that we should have been selected for the job ; but our pleasure did not end here. Had we been the finest "regular" Regiment in the world, nothing could have exceeded the warmth of the welcome given to us both by the Governor of the Tower (Major-Gen. H. Pipon, C.B.), and by the very fine staff of Yeomen Warders quartered there. We did our best to at once learn and carry out all the old customs and traditions of the place. All ranks appreciated the situation as much as I did, and I have no reason to think that any of the old ceremonies or the work suffered by our occupation. Even now it gives me a thrill every time I see the Tower gates and draw-bridge, and I think of the time when, in the middle of the biggest war the world has known, its safety was entrusted to the Artists Rifles, under my command. The only incident that I can now recall that I ever had reason to regret is an order I inadvertently gave for the exercising of the Officers' chargers and transport horses in the Tower ditch. I wanted to keep them hard and fit, and exercising grounds in the City are scarce and difficult to find ! There for more than one hour I conducted a "riding school" for our Officers and transport men, and we all had quite a lively time—riding round and round the ditch ! This was a thing apparently unheard of. It had not been done (so I was told afterwards) for upwards of 200 years ! Why didn't they stop us ? Well, the Governor was, unfortunately, away ; and no one else, apparently, had any right or even, it would appear, any inclination to, in any way control the action of the "O.C. Troops." So I was left to wallow in my iniquity—but afterwards my contrition and my plea of ignorance, I am glad to say, secured for me a complete pardon. The only person who seems to have suffered was our Regimental Surgeon (Dr. C. S. de Segundo), who, thinking the idea a good one, and in blissful ignorance of how the situation had developed, started for a ride on his own account, round and round the ditch, early on the following morning !

We had only been at the "Tower" a few weeks when we heard rumours of a feud existing between our Divisional Commander (who was then exercising his Division in the neighbourhood of Watford, prior to taking them abroad on active service, and had them all safely under his command—except the Artists Rifles !), and Major-Gen. Sir Francis Lloyd, who, as above mentioned, was commanding the London district. He, so rumour reported, wanted to keep us on "London duties," as he considered that we had now a special knowledge of them ! In the result the Divisional Commander seems to have got the best of it, for we were suddenly ordered to proceed at once to Bricket Wood, in Herts., to join the Division. We had only been with them a few days, however, when we received further orders to proceed abroad immediately. This we did, leaving the remainder of the Division (except the London Scottish, who had preceded us to France) behind—but that is another story !

CHAPTER XV

"THE ARTISTS' FIRST CROSSING"

(1914)

AS related in the last chapter, after about ten weeks on "London duties," we were suddenly ordered to rejoin our Division (the 47th), who were in billets near Watford. We joined them on October 17th, and were billeted at Bricket Wood and other villages in the neighbourhood. After a week's training with them, however, namely, on Saturday, October 24th, while we were seated at lunch, there came an urgent summons on the telephone for the Commanding Officer. I answered in haste, and the following almost historic message was received: "Are you the Commanding Officer?"—"I am."—"Well, get ready at *once* to take your Regiment to Barnes."—"Barnes? What on earth are we going to *Barnes* for?"—"Not Barnes, FRANCE—F-R-A-N-C-E (spelling it) F R A N C E. This is urgent, "and written orders are now being sent on to you." (*Cut off!*) And written orders (to embark at Southampton in two days' time, namely, on Monday, October 26th) were received almost immediately afterwards. This was, after all, the news we were all waiting for, but yet it seemed sudden and unexpected when it came, especially (as it transpired afterwards) as we were leaving the rest of the Division behind us.

We hastily despatched telegrams of immediate "recall" to a number of men who had about an hour previously started on their first week-end leave! And two very strenuous days of preparation followed, during which the Battalion got but little rest. Anyhow, I know that the C.O., with his Adjutant and Quartermaster, were, if I may say so, working almost day and night, and I doubt if anyone had a busier time, except, perhaps, the Transport Officer (that is, according to his own account!), but we had the whole-hearted assistance of every Officer and man in the Regiment, with the result that, with a bit of a scramble, everything was ready by the time appointed, and we duly arrived at mid-day on October 26th at Watford Station (with very heavily laden packs), ready to entrain for Southampton. At the station we were met by a host of good friends, mostly members of other Regiments in the good old "Grey Brigade," who had come to see us off, including our beloved Brigadier, from whom we had quite a touching parting. It was our final parting, alas! so far as this world goes, for soon afterwards he himself went to France and was shot by a sniper, and so died a soldier's death—perhaps the death he would have preferred, for, above all else, he was a keen soldier. Anyhow, none of us who met him for the last time at Watford Station will forget his kind words, or his genuine regret at losing us from his Brigade. Certainly I myself shall never forget his last handshake when the guard's whistle blew, the green flag waved, and we finally steamed out of the station, and the last I saw of our Brigadier, and of the Grey Brigade was an enthusiastic cheering crowd, with my wife running wildly down the platform after us waving a handkerchief!

In due course we arrived at Southampton, and at once marched to the docks, and at 7.15 p.m. (on October 26th) embarked on the good ship *Australind*, which

was due to sail sometime between 7.30 p.m. and midnight to Boulogne. The ship was packed with men and horses belonging not only to our Regiment but also to detachments of other Regiments. Other transports were also crossing, all with a naval escort as protection. I then discovered that I was the Senior Military Officer crossing, which necessitated an interview with the Transport Officer at Southampton and fresh responsibilities en route. There is no doubt that on such occasions as these, Officers, the senior ones particularly, have a far more comfortable time than the rank and file, so far as physical comfort goes. On the other hand, I cannot help thinking that this is more than counterbalanced by the extra responsibility which must always be felt by an Officer when the comfort and sometimes the safety of his men, and always the reputation of his Regiment, will in some degree stand or fall by his ability to quickly grasp a novel situation.

On returning to the ship I found it crammed with horses "between decks," and with little more than standing room for the men on the main deck, and with apparently every available corner occupied. I confess I desired more than anything else some isolated spot where I could quietly think out one or two novel problems, and then have a rest, but such a paradise seemed unattainable, and I was making up my mind for an uncomfortable passage when the Captain of the ship (Capt. S. Angel) approached me, and, after a few friendly greetings, took me aside and told me I looked tired, and invited me to use his own private cabin as if it were my own, promising me every comfort and every facility for receiving or sending messages. A good Samaritan indeed! and most appropriately named. I could scarcely realize my luck, and, feeling more than grateful, I joyfully accepted his most kind offer, quickly took possession, and duly installed our Signalling Officer (dear old "Toughy" Fairtlough) with some of his men in an adjoining cabin. He quickly got into touch with all necessary persons, and I felt that all was comfortably "fixed up" and ready for a start—but the orders to start did not come, and hour after hour passed, till we were well on into the night. Then rumours reached us of the mining of a ship in the Channel; sailing orders were countermanded; and there was more weary waiting, and so the night passed. When the morning of October 27th arrived, Capt. Angel again approached me, and informed me that we should soon be leaving the dockside, but that we should only anchor in the Channel till further orders were received, and that he could assure me, for some nautical reason he gave, that it was practically certain that we should not now make a start until the evening, and he suggested that I should have a good sleep *in his bunk* (the holy of holies on any ship, I imagine!). He assured me he could not possibly use it himself until we arrived at our destination (as he was on duty and in charge of the ship till then), and he promised that I should have immediate notice of any orders or messages that might arrive. On my consenting (a little doubtfully at first), he further urged me to take off my clothes, use his pyjamas, and "turn in" properly, quoting sea maxims and sailors' wisdom in support of his advice. In the end, I yielded altogether, and donned his pyjamas (good thick ones—not quite long enough in the leg, and rather too big round the waist!) and "turned in" into his most comfortable bunk (in which, if I recollect right, hung a photo of his wife and little girl), and drew the curtain, and had a sound sleep, my only regret being that I could do nothing to make it more comfortable for the men on the main deck and for the horses "between decks," all of whom must have had a very trying time.

When I awoke, refreshed and rested, it was evening or thereabouts, and the first thing I saw was the head of the dear old Captain looking through the drawn curtain, and with a big bowl of hot cocoa in his hands which he himself had brought for me to drink. He told me that we were anchored opposite Netley Hospital; that orders

had only just been received, and a start to France was about to be made, but that there was no hurry, and that I might dress at my leisure, and so at last we started at about 6 p.m. on the evening of October 27th, and after an uneventful crossing, arrived in due course at Boulogne at 8.30 a.m., or thereabouts, on the morning of October 28th.

I have met Capt. Angel again, more than once, since the War, and I understand that he served throughout (from 1914 to 1918) on Transport Service as Captain of the *Australind*, and had a vast number of crossings, including a few difficult and perilous ones, but that he never lost a single one of his passengers, either man or horse. He wouldn't tell me, however, how many more Officers and men he helped, or put in his bunk, or lent his pyjamas to ; but I gathered I wasn't the first, nor by any means the last, of those who have reason to remember crossing in the *Australind* with feelings of affection and gratitude.

On arriving at Boulogne on the morning of the 28th, we disembarked, and replenished our rations. After some hours of waiting, at about 4 p.m., we marched to the railway station, through crowded streets, singing the "Marseillaise" on the way, and entrained for St. Omer. The train did not start till about 7 p.m., and we then had a long and wearisome journey, eventually arriving at St. Omer in the early morning of October 29th. We went to the French Infantry Barracks in the town, and after a brief and somewhat uncomfortable rest, we spent a busy morning in a royal clean up and careful inspection, and generally in overhauling our weak spots, and pulling ourselves together, and making ourselves trim and fit in preparation for whatever might be before us.

While this was proceeding, a Staff Officer of high rank arrived to tell me that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord French himself, was on his way to visit us, but that he (Lord French) particularly wished to take us exactly as he found us, and did not wish us to have any special parade of men or make any alteration whatever in whatever work we might happen to be doing. I hurried out at once, and at the entrance to the barracks I met Lord French for the first time in my life (but by no means the last !), and was at once impressed (as I always was) by his kindness and cordiality and by the fact that, in spite of his great responsibilities and pressing engagements, he should have found time to come and visit a Territorial Regiment and welcome us on our first arrival in France.

Lord French started at once with some very searching enquiries about the work we had been doing in London since mobilization (of which he had evidently heard), and also even more particularly about our work and training at home in pre-war days, and about the class of man we enlisted. He encouraged me to talk about the Regiment and its Officers, N.C.Os. and specialists. I told him all I could about it, and what I thought of it, and of the men of whom it was composed—it was a subject I was much interested in and enthusiastic about ! He appeared to be greatly struck by the fact that all Officers, from Subaltern to Colonel, had all (in accordance with our tradition) been originally enlisted as privates, and that the whole Regiment were of the same social class, each one having to gain each step of his promotion by hard work and enthusiasm. He made close enquiries as to the effect of such a system on "discipline," and in the end expressed a desire to walk round with me and talk to the men himself. We went round accordingly, and many young men (a large proportion now dead, alas !) will remember his cheery but searching questions, particularly as to where they were educated, what their occupation was in civil life, why they joined, and whether they liked the work. The cooks, in particular, will, I am sure, remember his cheerful interview with them, and his amazement at their civil occupation and status as compared with the dirty but useful work they were

then doing ; also his enquiries as to how they acquired a knowledge of cook's work, and what induced them to acquire it. In the end I quite think that our Commander-in-Chief began to grasp the " Artists' spirit," and, indeed, to get enthusiastic himself. Anyhow, before he left he expressed high satisfaction with all he had seen and heard, congratulating me very sincerely, as well he might, on the splendid lot of men I had the honour of commanding, and in the end shook hands most cordially and wished us every good wish. The next time I met him was at Bailleul on an almost historic occasion—but that is another story !

In the afternoon at 2 o'clock we marched, trim and neat, to Helfaut, a village in the neighbourhood, and arrived there much looking forward to a real good night's rest, after our trying journey—but that, also, is still another story which demands a new chapter !

CHAPTER XVI

“ SOUP AT HELFAUT ”

(1914)

I HAVE already mentioned, in Chapter XII, that when I was a Senior Officer I had the opportunity with two other well-known past members of the Corps (viz. : Col. Horsley and Major Weiss) of attending various foreign manœuvres. In the Autumn of the year 1912 we together attended the French manœuvres. We had a most interesting and instructive tour, finding quarters in the same towns and villages as the troops who were engaged in the manœuvres, and seeing a good deal of their work from the point of view of a private soldier. I gathered, amongst other things, that these manœuvres were held in different districts of France in turn, and that the population, knowing beforehand when their turn was coming (only about once every fourteen years), made a point of giving their soldiers (who were mostly billeted upon them) a hearty welcome, and of treating them, during their temporary stay, with much hospitality ; also that it was the custom, in some districts, at all events, for the inhabitants to supply the troops who were billeted in their house with soup in the evening, and coffee in the morning (in the making of both of which Frenchwomen are justly famous !), receiving from the Government some small grant towards the extra expense—anyhow, so far as the inhabitants are concerned, they certainly seemed pleased to see the soldiers.

As related in the last chapter, during the afternoon of October 29th, 1914, we marched from the infantry barracks at St. Omer to the village of Helfaut, where we arrived late in the day, tired, dirty and hungry, for our meals had necessarily been a bit disorganised.

We were mostly billeted in various parts of the village. I, being in command (very anxious to do what I could to assist in the physical comfort of all ranks during our stay), was quartered on the Maire of the village, who received me with much ceremony at his official residence, and it occurred to me that soup at night and coffee in the morning would be a godsend ! So I endeavoured to ascertain from my host, the Maire, whether such a thing was possible. I reminded him of the custom of his countrymen to their own soldiers when on manœuvres. I praised the French soup and coffee ! I pointed out that the English soldiers had come to his country to fight for France as well as for England, and then suggested that the villagers should treat us with the same hospitality as their own soldiers. I urged that my men were tired, that we had had a trying time, that we should greatly appreciate their kindness ; also that we would gladly make any payment he thought reasonable—he could name his price, etc., but I could not help feeling that I was not getting on very well ! My ability to speak French is, unfortunately, of the feeblest description, the little I know was chiefly picked up from conversations with an old French guide during holidays in Switzerland (what I learnt during my seven years at school is not of much use in conversation !), though, given sufficient time, I can generally make myself understood in the end ! My host, however, seemed suspicious and rather

obtuse, and though helped by my Adjutant, a French scholar, I went to bed late at night with a sense of failure, but with a determination to resume the subject early the next morning, when we should have more time to discuss it !

In the morning, however, I found I had succeeded beyond my wildest hopes ! The Adjutant burst into my room when I was dressing, and informed me that my conversation " with the old sportsman " (as he called him) the night before had borne fruit ; that official notices were placarded all over the village signed by the Maire to the effect that : " The Colonel of the English troops had demanded that all inhabitants upon whom troops were billeted should supply each of the soldiers billeted upon him with (so much) soup at 8 hours each evening, and with (so much) coffee at 8 hours each morning—such soup and coffee to be of good quality, etc. ; also that the Colonel of the English troops had agreed to make reasonable payment for the soup and coffee, and also that the Colonel of the English troops had finally decided to pay them so much per head per day (some small sum, the equivalent, apparently, of about 1d. a day a head !), to include both soup and coffee ! " The Adjutant further informed me that he had come upon a crowd of our men gathered round a stone cross in the village upon which a copy of the notice had been posted, and that one of them was translating it for the benefit of the crowd, saying : " Come here, you fellows, and listen to what our old man has been demanding and deciding," and that a voice in the crowd had answered back, after the translation was finished : " Good old man ; I didn't think it was in him ! "

We remained at Helfaut for a few days, and when we were finally parading, just before moving off (and I was about to " march off " the Battalion), one of our Officers drew my attention to a middle-aged, rather stout, pleasant-looking French peasant woman of the better class, with a sunburnt, good-natured face, who seemed to be taking much interest in our parade : " You see that old woman, Colonel. " Well, eighty men of ' D ' Company have been billeted for three nights in a barn " of hers, and that old girl, at her own expense, put a dose of cognac in each of their " cups of coffee each morning ! " Eighty doses—three times—240 doses of cognac, from her to my men, as a gift ! I felt much touched, and that I must thank her, even at the risk of delaying the parade, so I walked round to where she was standing and tried with befitting dignity to thank her, as the Colonel of a Regiment should do, for kindness to his men. As usual, I had a difficulty in making myself understood ! She looked at me at first with astonishment, then with slight amusement (at my bad French, I suppose), afterwards, as she began to comprehend the drift of my remarks, she greeted me in a jocular, familiar way, with a rapid flow of conversation which knocked my dignity to the winds. I couldn't follow all she said, but the drift of her remarks, so far as I could gather them, was something like this : She was glad to do it ; she had her husband fighting for France ; also her son ; we had come to fight for France—God would bless us, she would bless us ; she knew what French soldiers liked, I knew what they liked, she expected English soldiers liked the same ! Soup and coffee, yes ; and cognac also, ah yes ; and wine and beer, yes (and mothers and wives and children, I ventured to put in), ah yes ; and *sweethearts also*, my Colonel ! And with a leer and a giggle she dug her elbow into my ribs in a most undignified way ! I felt I had better be going. I hope my young men didn't see her, they would misunderstand what I was saying. So I hurriedly waved my hand in response to her rather boisterous adieu, and " marched off " the Battalion. Dear old soul. I wonder how many more soldiers she fed and helped before November, 1918, came round ; and whether her husband and her boy " came through " safely. I most sincerely hope so, and I feel sure that all of us who met her in 1914 wish the same

CHAPTER XVII

"ALL SAINTS' DAY, 1914"

AT Helfaut we had a few days of so-called rest ; I say "so-called" because we were by no means idle during this period, the time being spent in "blocking up weak spots" in our training and generally preparing ourselves for the strenuous work before us.

It was after dark, on the evening of Saturday, October 31st, the Battalion was standing easy, rather crowded, in a sunken, muddy lane, when in the darkness I discerned a soldierly figure on horseback (whom I took to be a Staff Officer) slowly approaching, and heard a voice enquiring for "The Commanding Officer." I shouted out : "The Commanding Officer is here" ; and the horseman made his way up to me and enquired : "Can I be of any use to you, sir ?" Surprised at the question, I replied : "Who are you, and what kind of use ?" The speaker then informed me that he was a clergyman—that his name was Gibb—that he was a "fourth-class Army Chaplain"—that he had come out to France hoping to find a job as Chaplain to some British troops—that someone on the Staff at Headquarters at St. Omer had informed him that "a new lot" had recently arrived from England without a Chaplain, and were billeted at Helfaut, and had suggested that we (being the new arrivals) might be glad of his services—"Could he be of any use to us ?" I explained to him that the Artists had in their ranks representatives of Roman Catholics, Church of England, Non-conformists and men of many and varying religious views, and that the tradition of the Corps, for this reason, had always in this matter been against having an official Chaplain. I admitted that we sometimes had Church Parades, but when we had them they were usually taken by the C.O., and were of the simplest character, on what was, I believe, common ground of all Christian denominations, that is, a few short prayers, a short lesson and one or two well-known hymns. I did not tell him that should we want a Chaplain we already had several ordained clergymen of the Church of England serving in our ranks as privates ! The horseman, however, was very persistent, and certainly impressed me favourably, not only as a good soldier, but as a sincere and earnest man, keen on his job and very anxious to help, and in the end I consented to his staying with us, unofficially, as Chaplain till something better turned up for him to do, and he was quite content with this arrangement.

Later in the evening, after our evening meal, when I was engaged in the solution of the many novel problems that are constantly arising in a novel situation, our energetic unofficial Chaplain tackled me again on the subject of his work, and pressed for some more definite job, but at the moment I could think of nothing except that he should talk matters over with the Quartermaster, the Surgeon and the Company Commanders, and see how he could best assist us, and that I would be willing to consider any suggestions that occurred to him. The Padre then reminded me that the next day was Sunday, and was also "All Saints' Day"—"Couldn't he be of some use to us on such a day ?" Now I was educated at a school which is affiliated to the old "Woodard" Foundation, where I received an unusually complete ecclesias-

tical education ; and at our school the two chief anniversaries each year were Easter Day and All Saints' Day. The latter day was not only a whole holiday, but the day on which the " Past *v.* Present " Football Match was played, and when a lot of the old boys visited us, and the crowning point of the day was the morning Choral Communion Service, at which the choir (in which I served for seven years) generally introduced some new musical service—the result of some weeks of careful preparation ! Our unofficial Chaplain's mention of all Saints' Day, therefore, brought back a flood of memories, and on the impulse of the moment I suggested : " Can we have a Communion Service in the morning ? I can put a note in to-night's " orders, and I am sure that some of the Officers and men who can get away for it " would like to attend." Our new-found Padre was delighted, and informed me that there would be no difficulty at all, that he had a pocket Communion set in his saddle-bag, and that he would at once make all arrangements and report later. Very soon afterwards—just before we had issued our evening orders—he informed me that all arrangements had been made for a service at seven o'clock in the village school-room, which seemed to be the only suitable place available, and the Adjutant had just time to put a short note in the evening orders to this effect.

The next morning, on my going to the village school for our service as arranged, I was surprised at the number of men I found there. I could scarcely make my way to the entrance, and when I got there I could scarcely get into the school-room. I did not realize at first what the crowd was about, but our new-found and unofficial Padre met me in the doorway, bursting with joy and enthusiasm, and I then realized that it was his congregation come in response to the invitation given in the orders. The Padre pointed out that it would be quite impossible to get all the men there in one service, and that a second service (and possibly even a third) would be necessary. Time and work, however, would not permit of this, so, inspired by a brain wave, I suggested : " Let's have it on the common—there's unlimited room for everyone there." This was quickly decided upon, and the Padre then raised the further point that it would be very difficult for him to administer to so large a congregation without some help, and he asked me if I would help him by administering the Chalice, explaining that there was ecclesiastical authority for this in an emergency. The mere suggestion of such a thing—that I should have the privilege of administering the Chalice to my beloved Regiment on active service—was overwhelming to me (and I have often thought of it since), but I had then to confess that we had five ordained clergymen serving in our ranks (making six Padres in all available), whose help was thereupon sought, and readily promised, and who duly " fell out " for duty. The men present were then formed up on the common, in rows, on three sides of a hollow square, with the little school table (as an altar), and our six Padres on the fourth side—all facing inwards. The pocket Communion-set was supplemented by two glass tumblers, two tea saucers and some wine, all obtained from the local estaminet, and our service started.

Soon after the start I received an " urgent " message from headquarters which compelled me to leave at once, with my Adjutant, to attend to it. Amongst other things it contained our orders to proceed to the Ypres Salient to take our place in the line, and when I returned to the common the service was well advanced, and I was profoundly impressed with the scene. The rows of rather rough-looking men (for our buttons and kit had been purposely left unpolished) in their thick winter clothing, kneeling on the muddy ground of the common, in the early cold bleakness of a grey November day, receiving their Communion from equally rough-looking persons dressed in private's uniform, with none of the ceremony and ornament usually associated with such a service, and yet with a reverence and earnestness

that I had never seen surpassed, and seldom seen equalled in any church. It recalled to me an old picture that I have seen, but can't quite identify in my mind, of some soldiers receiving Communion on the battlefield before a battle (Norman soldiers, I believe, before the Battle of Hastings) ; but in the picture, if I recollect right, there were Bishops and other ecclesiastics in gorgeous robes administering the sacrament, not rough-looking Padres dressed as privates ! Anyhow, the whole proceeding at such a time was most impressive. I have never since passed an " All Saints' Day " without thinking of it. Although the Battalion was then only about 750 strong, we counted 514 communicants at our service, which, allowing for men on special duty, meant that almost every available man in the Battalion was present. I sometimes wonder what has become of them all, and what percentage of them survived the war unscathed !

In due course we started in our motor 'buses on our journey to the front, but we never arrived there ; for on the last stage of our trip, when in the neighbourhood of Bailleul, our procession was dramatically stopped by a Staff Officer—but that is another well-known story !

We left our unofficial Chaplain (the Rev. John Harold Onslow Gibb) behind us (though we picked up another Chaplain, a well-known cricketer, at Bailleul !), but I found out afterwards that he (the unofficial Chaplain) had been an Officer in the Cavalry, who had afterwards become ordained and had transferred to the Army Chaplains' Department, and had got leave to come to France as soon as he could after war was declared, and I have since been informed that not long after we left him, when combatant Officers became scarce, he again transferred back to the Cavalry as a combatant Officer, and did good work there, but was unfortunately blinded by a shell, and thereupon took up again his work as a Clergyman, and was then (though totally blind) the Vicar of Sherborne, in Warwickshire. It was here that one of my Majors (one who was present at our service) met him. Hearing that my Major was in the Artists during the war he, the Rev. J. H. O. Gibb, referred at once to our service on Helfaut Common, on All Saints' Day, 1914, as the most impressive service he had ever taken part in or attended in his life—which coincides exactly with my own views.

CHAPTER XVIII

" THE FIRST FIFTY "

(1914)

AS mentioned in the last chapter, we left Helfaut (to take our place in the line as part of the 7th Division) in a fleet motor omnibuses, I being in front in a motor-car with my Adjutant and Quartermaster. Nothing unusual occurred until we were nearing the end of our journey, when, in a secluded part of the muddy road, we came across a Senior Officer of the H.Q. Staff (Col. C. F. Romer, C.B., who was our Adjutant in 1902), standing in the middle of the road, with outstretched arms, calling upon us to stop ! After he had satisfied himself that we were the " Artists Rifles," he informed us that urgent orders had just been received from Lord French's headquarters at St. Omer, that we were on no account to proceed beyond Bailleul (which was just ahead of us), and that he had been sent out to intercept us—further, that Lord French himself was very soon coming to visit us, but beyond this he could give us no information.

I ordered a halt, and as it was approaching mid-day, I gave instructions to the Battalion to have their mid-day meal by the roadside. I then went on to Bailleul in my car with my Adjutant and Quartermaster to try and find out where we could sleep that night. At Bailleul nothing whatever was known of our coming, and I could get no instructions as to billeting from the Town Commandant—only that he would report our arrival, make enquiries and inform us directly any orders were received concerning us. This I considered too uncertain ; the weather was cold, the days were drawing in, and the time to arrange billets was anyhow very short. My Quartermaster, however, was able to ascertain from a very helpful Staff-Sergeant in the Town Commandant's office that the neighbourhood of the railway station was the least crowded part of the town, that many of the houses there were empty, and that no one, except a few R.A.M.C. troops, were officially billeted there. On investigating near the station, I found a big brewery (capable of accommodating the whole of my transport and specialists) practically empty, also two big grape-houses, empty also (except for masses of splendid but neglected grapes), each capable of accomodating a Company (Companies being then only 100 strong), also a long street, " Rue de la Gare," leading to the station, with a row of houses on each side. Some of the houses were occupied by the R.A.M.C. and some by the inhabitants, but a large number were empty, locked up, and abandoned, the inhabitants having fled from the town on the approach of the Germans.

At about 2.30 p.m., no definite orders as to our billeting having arrived, I felt the situation admitted of no further delay, so, acting on my own responsibility, I sent for all my Officers and the Pioneer Section. I allotted the brewery to the transport and the specialists, and a Company to each of the grape-houses ; I chose a central house in Rue de la Gare for my headquarters, and divided up the remainder of the street between the other six Companies (three on each side of my headquarters—each Company taking both sides of the same piece of street). I bade the Officers get their men billeted without delay ; make them as comfortable as was possible ;

report to the Pioneer Sergeant all houses that really required to be broken open ; report all difficulties to the Adjutant ; also report when all were " settled in," and (honestly) if they had any spare accommodation for other men—of course, first leaving reasonable room for any inhabitants or R.A.M.C. men—and in a comparatively short space of time, after a few adjustments, everything was settled. I then reported officially what I had done, and in about a week's time ! (if I recollect rightly) my action was " approved and confirmed." We remained in these billets about six months, and although we had some stirring and uncomfortable times there, most of us, I think, have tender memories of the time we spent there during our early days in France !

About a week afterwards, viz. : early on Thursday, November 12th, 1914, I received an urgent message from the British headquarters that Lord French had arrived at Bailleul, and wished to see me immediately on an important matter. I went round to see him, and was at once admitted to his presence. He seemed, if I may say so, worried and agitated, and, if I recollect rightly, he turned all the Officers who were with him out of the room excepting one Staff Officer. He then explained that he was in a difficulty ; that the losses in the British Army in Officers, the junior ranks especially, had been colossal ; that the 7th Division was due to return to the trenches on the following Sunday ; that, except in respect of Officers, they were up to strength and ready ; but that he did not see how they could possibly return unless they were supplied with more Officers ; that N.C.Os., however good, were not sufficient. He showed me, in confidence, a " return " of the Officers left in the Division, which was truly appalling, and he further explained that he had no reserve of Officers, as he had of men, to draw upon. Lord French then informed me that he had received gratifying reports of our work in London on " London duties," and he reminded me that he himself had informally interviewed many of our men when he visited us at St. Omer on our arrival in France, and that he was satisfied that our men were of the " Officer class." The point was : *Could we supply him out of our Regiment with Junior Officers ?*

I need scarcely say that I at once assured our Commander-in-Chief with all the sincerity in my power, that the great desire of the " Artists " was to be of real service to their Country and to him in the great emergency that had arisen. That whatever job he gave us to do—from supplying Officers to cleaning up a camp—we should endeavour to carry it out to the very best of our ability. That if we were to have the great honour of supplying young Officers to the grand old " regular " Regiments then in France, I would undertake to pick out the very best men we had in the Regiment, and, I assured him, every Officer and N.C.O. in the Regiment would assist me to select the best. I reminded him that our men had had no extensive military training, only what a good Territorial Regiment can give to its men in times of peace, added to a few weeks of practical experience since mobilization, but I informed him that I would personally guarantee that every man I sent him would be of the proper class, and would " Play the game " ; also that I would guarantee his character as a man, his " grit," his common sense ; that he would always behave himself as an Officer and a gentleman, and that except for his want of military training, he would never let down the Regiment he might be posted to, or give them any occasion to be ashamed of him. Lord French seemed much touched at our ready acquiescence with his request, and was most kind in his remarks on our Regiment and on our men. It was thereupon arranged that I should at once select fifty young men—roughly, one for each Company in the 7th Division—who were to join their respective Regiments as Officers at once, i.e., the same day. Lord French agreed with me that it would be better not to denude our Battalion by sending away any of our Officers,

or, except in special circumstances, our N.C.Os. I then enquired if I was to have the power to at once make Officers of the young men selected, and to put a star on their shoulders *before they left us*, as I thought this would make all the difference to their reception by their new units (i.e., that they should join as *Officers*, and not as young men who hoped someday to be made Officers). Lord French demurred a little to this at first, and said that only the King or the War Office (I forget which) could make an Officer, but that he would recommend them, and that they would soon be officially appointed. On my pressing the matter, however, and pointing out the great difference it would make to the young men's reception, he acquiesced and authorised me in the most generous terms to give an Officer's badge at once to all I selected, and informed me that he would guarantee that my action would afterwards be confirmed by the War Office, and with much cordiality and kindness on the part of Lord French, this almost historic interview, as I then regarded it and still regard it, terminated.

I must confess I could not help feeling a little nervous about what I had undertaken, but I felt also that it was the only possible course open to me, and I had unbounded confidence in the ability and loyalty of the young men of the Corps upon whom the success or failure of the scheme really depended. My first immediate task was to see the Captains of Companies and my Sergeant Major (dear old Peter Emslie !), explain the position, and ask them to submit the names of privates, or, in special circumstances, N.C.Os. whom they considered the very best material we had for Officers, and to let me have the names immediately after lunch. I also started my Quartermaster on doing what he could to collect from any source available some Officers' equipment, and particularly some Officers' stars (easily attachable to shoulder-straps) and some copies of "The Field Service Pocket Book" (which he also managed to obtain) for which, as a useful book for amateur Officers when on service, I have always had much admiration. In due course names were submitted, and 52 men finally selected, and I arranged a meeting for the selected ones later in the afternoon, but felt puzzled at first as to how I could best utilize the extremely short time available in teaching them maxims or tips that would be useful to them.

I thereupon sought out a regular Staff Officer of great experience, and asked him what he considered the best "tips" to give to a young Officer just going to the trenches for the first time, but all I could elicit from him was that "For the first three months of an Officer's training, he should be drilling hard on the barrack square—this is the best foundation of all!" I thereupon sought out another Staff Officer (a former instructor at Camberley, I believe), whose view was that an Officer could not be trained under two years—he had had experience, and knew! I explained that the Officers in question were required the same evening. What "tips" would he try to instil in one hour's instruction? He informed me the matter was an impossibility, and refused even to discuss it on this basis! I felt I was getting no encouragement (except from Lord French), but was nevertheless determined to do all I could to make the scheme a success, and, driven back on my own resources, I recollected that the basis of instruction in the class for Corporals and Lance-Corporals, which I myself started in 1884 when I was a Lance-Sergeant, was: "How to be a good *leader* in everything." (For Corporal I found out was derived from "*Caput*," a head, and meant "a leader.") I further recalled that when I became a Colour-Sergeant in 1887, and was allowed to include all the Sergeants as well as the Corporals in my class, and definitely start "The N.C.O. School of Instruction" in the Corps, that I added: "How to *Serve*" (the Country, the Officers above you, and more particularly the men under you) as a further part of the basis of the School (the meaning of the word "Sergeant" being, I found, "One who serves," derived

from "*servio*," "I serve"). I also recollected (in connection with my "Rapid Solution Course for Subalterns," started in 1900, when I was a Major) that the word "Lieutenant" meant, strictly, a person who took the place of a superior in his absence, and that, broadly, a subaltern's duty was to know the work of his superior Officer, and to be ready and keen at any moment to assume command and responsibility. So in the afternoon, when my 52 selected young men (whose names are set out on page XXII of our Roll of Honour) attended for their first and final hour's training (to include the duties of Corporal, Sergeant and Subaltern !) before taking their commission, I determined to emphasise my three points: (1) "*leading*," (2) "*serving*," and (3) their privilege of being allowed to take the place and complete the task of a "regular" Officer who had given his life for his Country, also to leave time for a few words on maintaining under all circumstances the honour and reputation of the Artists Rifles—in addition to that of the Regiment they were joining, and also for a few words on "The Field Service Pocket Book" and on "Drill." I endeavoured, therefore, first to impress upon my class their duty of "*leading*"—in everything—but especially in fighting, that this was the big ultimate object of all military training, and that I wanted them to try and be the best and keenest fighters the fine old Regiments they were about to join had ever produced. Also that they must endeavour worthily to take the place of the gallant regular Officers now dead whom they were replacing, and that, whatever happened, they must (if only for the reputation of our Regiment) on no account do anything to diminish the reputation of the Regiment they were joining; on the contrary, they must always do their very best to maintain it, and even, if in any tiny way it should be possible, to try and increase it, as their dead predecessors would have tried to do! I next endeavoured to impress upon my 52 young men their duty of *serving*. First, their superior Officers with all the keenness, ability and devotion in their power; and, secondly, the men placed under them; by looking after them and their interests as they had never been looked after before; by simply living for them, and if necessary by dying for them. I made them take down and commit to memory a number of points that they should specially look after, and of things that their men were entitled to: food, pay, leave, comfort, justice, recreation, etc., all in due season; but urged them to combine their love for their men with great strictness on "obedience" and other really essential points. I gave them my views on what an Officer should insist on, and on what his men were entitled to, and should receive, if it were possible. Also all the hints I could (mostly reminiscences of Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book" !) on "Care of men." I next gave to each a copy of "The Field Service Pocket Book," pointing out that their chief defect as Officers would probably be their want of previous military training, and how this could partly be met by the mass of subjects dealt with in this book. I hastily ran over the contents, and instructed them to study the book carefully from cover to cover, as soon as, and as thoroughly as possible, to learn their way about it, and so be able to look up any point with rapidity, and then always to keep it in their pocket ready for instant reference, and informed them that if they did this, I believed that after a little experience they would soon be able to hold their own on ordinary practical military subjects with their fellow Officers. Lastly, with regard to drill, I particularly emphasised that they must never be slack or allow any slackness on parade, but insist always on men standing absolutely still, on their "forming fours" smartly, and on their always marching in fours correctly, even when "marching easy" (i.e., each man exactly in his place, all well on the left of the road, and never any straggling). I told them that I believed this would comprise most of the drill they would require when on active service, and as (with very few exceptions) my listeners

had never given a word of command in their lives, I advised them in order to cultivate a good, clear, far-reaching word of command, to stand at attention themselves when giving it, to adopt a high pitch, to "sing" it rather than "shout" it, to cultivate a clear but deliberate "caution," then a distinct "pause," then a short and sharp "executive word," and finally, I strongly recommended them at the very earliest opportunity to have half-an-hour's practice in giving words of command (without men) under a good instructor, such as the R.S.M. of their new unit. My 52 hearers promised me they would do everything in their power to carry out my instructions and advice, and to earn a good reputation for the Artists Rifles. I affixed an Officer's star to each of their shoulder-straps, presented to each a "Field Service Pocket Book," we all shook hands, and then (after a meeting that lasted nearly two hours!) we parted (in the case of some, alas! for ever), they to join their respective Regiments and to establish the reputation of the Artists Rifles throughout the Division, I to collect about 100 more names of men suitable for Officers (who, I felt, would soon be required), and to think out a short practical course of training I could give them before their services were required.

The above all took place on Thursday, November 12th. On Sunday, November 15th, the 7th Division returned to the trenches. I, in company with several of our Officers, saw many of the Regiments march off from Bailleul. Each Company contained one of our young Officers, and in many cases, so great was the shortage, our young man was the only Officer in the Company, and was therefore in command of it! All were in their private's uniform, all wore a star on each shoulder-strap to denote their new rank, and most of them still wore the Artists' badge. A test, indeed—surely they were the most rapidly-trained and scantily-equipped young Officers ever produced by the British Army!

The next I heard of my young men was a most gratifying letter I received from their Divisional Commander (Sir Thomas Capper, K.C.B., etc.): "The young men you sent have done splendidly . . . they are keen fighters . . . their men almost worship them. . . . I am telling the Commander-in-Chief what I think of them." I was not, therefore, surprised to receive another summons to headquarters to see Lord French. He received me with the greatest cordiality. "The young men you sent have turned out splendidly. *Have you any more like them?*" I assured him that I had some hundreds with me in France, and that many thousands (representing the pick of the Country) were clamouring at our headquarters in England to be admitted as recruits. That a careful selection was being made, and that I could promise him a stream of young Officers, that should last, if necessary, till the end of the war. In reply to my enquiry as to whether there were any special points in which he wished me to train them, he replied: "You trained the last lot—teach the others the same; if they are as good, I shall be more than satisfied." This I promised would be the case, and it was arranged that I should have another 100 ready to send away as soon as possible; as a matter of fact, 62 of these were sent away five days afterwards, viz.: on Sunday, November 22nd, and others at frequent intervals as required.

The reputation of the "Artists' Officers" was soon established. General Officers along the front were soon clamouring for them, and during the war—as is now well known, and with the great help of our Battalion in England—over 10,000 young Officers were supplied from our ranks, some to practically every unit in the British Army. I have received from a Colonel or Senior Officer of almost every regular Regiment, at least one letter, speaking in the highest terms of the young Officers sent by us to his Regiment; and as to Lord French, I cannot resist the

temptation of concluding this chapter by quoting the words spoken by this great soldier when addressing a gathering of the Corps after the war. He spoke as follows :

" I shall never, never forget the first visit I paid to the Artists after they landed in France, or the wonderful impression they left on my mind of the possibilities which were in that Corps of furnishing a want which was so terrible to all of us at that time, the supply of Officers. What really influenced me in trying the experiment I had to try was the appreciation I had of the splendid material of which I saw you were composed, and of the marked aptitude of Col. May and those who helped him for organising and commanding such a Corps. Just at the period I am speaking of we had suffered fearful casualties, and the proportion of losses in Officers was higher than in any other rank, and it was going on every day. I was really positively at my wits' end, suffering almost agony, to know where I could get Officer reinforcements. You all know how any fighting force must deteriorate, and deteriorate badly, unless this supply of Officers is kept up properly and regularly.

" Well, in this trouble and difficulty the Artists came to my help, and I shall never forget, as long as I live, the courage, the determination, the skill, and the organising power which they displayed in trying to meet my wishes. By day and by night, almost under the enemy's guns, and very often under close rifle-fire in the trenches, they commenced, they carried on, and they developed this work to the very highest standard of efficiency, and they showed clearly what men of energy and skill could do in this direction when they knew how. They taught us, indeed, a very great lesson, among the many lessons which all we regular soldiers had to learn in the war. We never knew what the possibilities were before. We used to talk about it taking two years to train an artillery driver, and, above all things, we said we could not turn out Officers under a certain considerable length of time. Well, the Artists showed us we made a mistake there, because they turned out a most efficient body of Officers, and kept up everything they said they would. From that moment they became the model for and an example to that large number of training establishments all over France, which to the end of the war turned out Officers with the utmost speed and the utmost efficiency. What they suffered in doing it is recorded in this book which I now hold in my hand (' Artists Rifles Regimental Roll of Honour, ' 1914-1919 '), and I may recall at this moment, without frivolity, the fact that these boys, all of them, looked death straight in the face, laughing and smiling, and that the Artists earned at that time the sobriquet of ' The Suicide Club.' That, perhaps, is the highest honour that could be paid to them."

CHAPTER XIX

" THE FIRST SIXTEEN MACHINE-GUN INSTRUCTORS "

(1914)

NOT very long ago, when looking at our Roll of Honour in company with a distinguished and well-known old member of the Corps, we came across (on page 241) the picture of "M/G. Instruction at G.H.Q., France"—which I have reproduced on page 229 of this book. My companion's comment on it was: "I can't think why this picture was ever inserted in our Roll of Honour. "It's nothing to do with us. The men are not Artists, they all belong to other "Regiments!" "Are you sure that none of them are Artists," I enquired. "Look "again, you've missed the whole point. One of them is certainly an Artist, and, "as it happens, he is the most important one of the lot, for he is the one at the back "of the gun who is giving instructions to the others, all of whom, as you say, belong "to other Regiments." As a matter of fact, the picture illustrates an important and happy chapter of our work in France, viz.: The instruction given during the Great War by N.C.Os. of the Artists Rifles to almost every other unit of the British Army in the use of machine-guns. It was a task given to us in 1914, and was next only in importance to our task of finding a supply of young Officers for the B.E.F., and it is certainly a task of sufficient importance to justify my writing a chapter on the subject.

In the autumn of 1914 the chief job given to us in France (as mentioned before) was the rapid training and supply of young men to be Officers in the fine old "Expeditionary Force," but it was by no means our only job. We had many others given to us in addition—for example, one day, towards the end of November, when in my orderly room at Bailleul, I was informed that a Major C. W. Baker Carr (Rifle Brigade), one of the Senior Instructors at the Hythe School of Musketry, had come to France, and had called to see me on an urgent matter. I at once had him shown in to me, and he informed me, in confidence, that machine-guns were considered by high military authorities to have become of overwhelming importance for infantry Regiments, and were to be increased in number, and were being very largely manufactured, and that it was desired to increase the number in each Battalion, and, consequently, to train a large number of infantry N.C.Os., some in every Company, to be qualified in the handling of them, and that he, as an expert M.G. Instructor, had been hurriedly sent out from England (with two expert Staff-Sergeant Instructors to help him), and the task had been given to him of starting in France as soon as possible a school for the teaching of machine gunnery, with a capacity of training about 1,500 to 2,000 N.C.Os. a month, to "run" which he would require something like 100 expert M.G. Instructors. He also informed me that he had been for the British Headquarters at St. Omer to ascertain where his 100 instructors were to come from, but, apparently, they had none available. They had informed him, however, that our Regiment, The Artists Rifles, was supplying young men to be Officers for

the Expeditionary Force, and they had suggested to him that we might also be in a position to supply him with M.G. Instructors, and the object of his call was to ascertain if and how far we could help him in his difficulty.

I at once informed Major Baker Carr, and with much sincerity, that our desire was to help him to the utmost of our power, but that we had no surplus expert M.G. Instructors immediately available—not more than was sufficient for our own M.G. Section. In discussing the matter, however, I mentioned that the strong point of our Regiment was the splendid material of which it was composed, and that in time we could produce experts of almost every kind. I pointed out that originally we had no young Officers to send away to other Regiments, only after we had taken rapid steps to organize and to train our good material for their new job, and I suggested that even though we had then no trained M.G. Instructors immediately available, we had the finest possible material out of which to manufacture them! If I could supply the material, wouldn't it be possible for him to rapidly train a few instructors, and how long would this take? Major Baker Carr at once grasped the idea, informed me that it would take a fortnight for anyone to learn the gun properly, also that his two instructors could not teach more than eight men each at a time (four on each side of the gun), and after a long discussion it was finally arranged between us that I should select sixteen of my men (men who I considered would have the makings of capable instructors, keen, not too young, and of a mechanical turn of mind), and that eight of these should be handed over to each of his instructors in the hope that at the end of a fortnight, i.e., by the middle of December, each of the sixteen so sent as well as the two Staff-Sergeants (making eighteen altogether) would be available as instructors, and that, if by that time I could find more suitable material for him, with the help of his eighteen instructors to train, by the end of a further fortnight, i.e., before the end of the year 1914, he might hope to have at least 100 instructors trained and available to start his M.G. School at the beginning of the year 1915; that is on the basis of 100 instructors, who would have a capacity of training 800 pupils each fortnight or 1,600 each month, or something like 20,000 in a year!

This was the scheme finally decided upon between us, and I thereupon, with the help of my Captains and of Peter Emslie, proceeded to very carefully select my sixteen men to be trained as the first instructors—trying to get men who would do credit to their job and also to their Regiment, and the men I finally selected were as follows:—

Lance-Corporals.—J. Lee and F. G. E. Sheehan.

Privates.—F. N. Bath, E. G. G. Bax, D. F. Belchamber, R. B. Clark, H. J. H. Dicksee, A. H. Douglas, A. S. Foskett, F. S. Griffiths, F. G. Judd, W. Leighton, O. F. B. Marshall, H. J. Mills, E. H. Orton and H. H. Young.

These men were duly interviewed by me, the scheme was fully explained to them, and all most willingly promised every help in their power. They were then given the acting rank of Sergeant, and were sent on to Major Baker Carr at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Omer, on December 1st, 1914. Each, I verily believe, had an intense desire to earn credit for the Artists Rifles, and each must have put his whole soul into his work to have accomplished what he did. Their hours of work were officially from 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., with an interval for lunch, but I was informed privately that, in fact, they worked from 7 a.m. till sometimes nearly 1 a.m. Nothing could surpass their keenness. In their fourteen days' course they had to learn every detail of their work, so as to be able to teach not only the Maxim gun, but also the

Vickers gun (with which some Regiments had been armed), and had also to know not only how the gun worked, but how to deal with stoppages and to get an insight into M.G. tactics and allied subjects. From the first I received most gratifying reports of their work from Major Baker Carr, and a splendid report at the conclusion. He has also informed me since that some of the finest M.G. instructors he has ever known were produced from the original sixteen men sent by us in 1914, and the Artists Rifles owes much to these instructors for the fine reputation we made throughout the Army as M.G. instructors.

More good material was supplied by us by the middle of December, and by the end of that month about 100 instructors had been duly trained, and at the beginning of 1915 the School started in earnest to train N.C.Os. throughout the British Army in machine-guns. Everything turned out as had been hoped, and on January 12th, 1915, I received the following letter from Major Baker Carr, which I am proud to be able to place on record :—

MACHINE GUN SCHOOL, G.H.Q.,

January 11th, 1915.

To O.C., "ARTISTS RIFLES,"

DEAR COLONEL,

I wish to put on record my appreciation of the men of your Regiment who are now assisting me at my School.

When I look back on our start here it seems impossible that the School should have reached such a standard of proficiency in such a short time, and it is mostly due to the fact that I was able to secure the services of the men that you sent me. You should be proud to be in command of such a Battalion.

With best wishes,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) C. W. BAKER-CARR,
Major,

Commanding M.G. School, St. Omer.

About March, 1915, the accommodation at St. Omer having proved insufficient, the School was transferred from the Cavalry Barracks to a convent (or a monastery, I am not sure which) at a place called Wisques, situated about four miles west of St. Omer, and the instruction of something like 800 N.C.Os. taken from every Infantry Regiment in the British Army, was undertaken each fortnight. I had the good fortune to visit the School at Wisques on various occasions, and in the day-time dotted about in a wood adjoining the convent were something like 100 little groups, each of eight N.C.Os. learning the Maxim gun, each group being instructed on the Hythe system by a Sergeant-Instructor, and each Sergeant-Instructor was wearing the good old badge of Mars and Minerva, of which we have (and with reason) become so proud. The photograph in our Roll of Honour and reproduced in this book (see page 229) is of a squad in this wood, but normally the pupils sat on two benches, one on each side of the gun, four pupils on each bench, and the photograph as a correct record is somewhat spoilt by only showing five pupils, and all of these being on the same side.

The Lewis Gun (then an unknown weapon) was introduced to the School early in 1915. It was from the first a big and a quick success. The suitable country round the convent lent itself to tactical schemes and to a large amount of experimental work, both of which branches became a feature of the instruction at the School, and a large number of General Officers, including Lord Kitchener, paid periodical visits to the School. The fortnightly smoking concerts (given, I believe,

at the conclusion of each course) attracted a large amount of talent from many Regiments, and became famous throughout the Army. At one of these concerts (shortly before the battle of Loos) the Guards Division supplied the talent, and it included the Welsh Guards' choir, the pipers of the Scots Guards, and many well-known artists from various places, the Prince of Wales, many well-known General Officers, and most of the General Staff from St. Omer being present.

A few months later it was decided to start a Machine-gun School at Grantham, in England, in addition to the one in France, and a number of old members of the "Artists" (instructors in the School in France) were sent back to England, and duly founded it, and it grew to a big concern, and did splendid work there during the remainder of the war.

In July of 1916, about forty "Artists," all Machine-gun Instructors, started a new Lewis-gun School at Le Touquet, and did a lot of good work there. This School was to be designed to receive 2,000 pupils a week, and 250 instructors were therefore required, but all the new instructors taken from the line were, I believe, first placed under the "Artist" Sergeant-Instructors before being allowed to instruct. The School was afterwards cut down to about 100 instructors to form a "H.Q. School" (the remaining instructors being utilized to form Divisional or Corps Schools to be run on the same lines), and in 1918, I believe, the H.Q. School was converted into a Lewis-gun Battalion, and did good work in the line.

The Commander-in-Chief, Lord French, always one of the best friends that the Artists Rifles ever possessed, was well aware of the part played by the Corps in the formation of the original Machine-gun School in France, and the help subsequently given. It was, therefore, all the more gratifying to me to receive in November, 1915, from Major Baker Carr a copy of the following message sent to him as Commandant of the School by the Commander-in-Chief to congratulate the School on the first anniversary of its formation. And with this gratifying testimonial to the work of our men who in an emergency accepted so willingly the duty of qualifying for and carrying out their work as instructors in machine-guns who worked so splendidly, and who won so much credit for the Artists Rifles in almost every unit of the British Army this chapter must end.

The Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief understands that the Machine Gun School celebrates the anniversary of its formation on the 19th inst. (November). He wishes to take this opportunity of sending to the Commandant and Staff of the School a message of his appreciation of the work they have performed and are performing for the benefit of the Army in France.

The great results they have achieved both in training of personnel and in experimental work could not have been achieved without great application and careful method on the part of the Instructional Staff, and the Commander-in-Chief knows that in expressing the above opinions he is only saying what every unit in the Army would say which has profited by the work of the Machine Gun School.

November 18th, 1915.

CHAPTER XX

" DUTIES IN FRANCE " (1914 TO 1915)

OUR work at Bailleul in 1914 and 1915 was varied, interesting, strenuous and continuous—lasting day and night. Bailleul was the nearest point to the fighting line at which troops could entrain or from which they could detrain. Fresh battalions, both English and French, were arriving at the railway station (just opposite to the "Artists'" headquarters) daily—almost hourly—and fragments of Regiments, wounded men, men on leave, hospital trains, and various other portions of the British Army were constantly being despatched from the railway station back to the base. The British Army Headquarters' Staff, including Lord French, were frequent visitors. Regiments just back from the trenches for a short spell of "rest" were often quartered at Bailleul, or in the neighbourhood, and from there despatched back to England their wounded men and their men on leave. There they received their new drafts and new equipment, and there they reorganized, refitted and got ready in great haste to take their place once more in the line. It was at Bailleul that many of the young Officers supplied by the "Artists" first received their commissions (which in those early days was often only indicated by a star on their private's uniform!), and first joined their new unit. Everyone at Bailleul was full of work, and I cannot imagine a place or a neighbourhood (outside the actual trenches and the battlefields themselves) where more constant and varied pictures of war could be found.

The Artists Rifles were quartered at Bailleul for about six months, from November, 1914, to April, 1915. Our chief work at that time was the carrying out of the special job that had been given to us, viz.: The fashioning of our young men, as rapidly as possible, as Officers for other Regiments, and young Officers were accordingly being turned out from our Battalion with a rapidity which, I venture to think, has never been equalled before or since in the history of the British Army. The selection and training of young Officers was, however, only part of our work. We had many other duties to perform, all of which we utilized as part of our training. Sometimes there was a line of extra trenches to be dug, or of obstacles to be erected, or other miscellaneous practical work, including periodical tours to the trenches, where for a short period (generally for a week only) we took our place in the line for "instructional purposes"! The atmosphere of war was ever present, for it was not only our duties in the trenches that had to be performed under fire. Our work outside also had sometimes to be carried on under shell and long-range rifle fire—and Bailleul itself was within reach of some of the larger German guns.

I then held, and still hold, very strongly to the view that whenever it was possible only men who had had some experience of hard service in the ranks (including, if possible, a tour in the trenches as a private soldier or junior N.C.O.) should be selected to be trained as Officers. Such men seemed to realize so much better than men lacking this experience the importance of seemingly small points connected with the actual fighting or the actual looking after of their own men.

The "Artists'" normal method was for all drafts when they first came out to France to undergo a hard tour of service in the *ranks*, and selections of men to be trained as Officers was afterwards made from men who had had this experience. The first selection was in the hands of the Company Officers—aided by their N.C.Os. ; but I rather fancy that every one of us relied a good deal on the advice and suggestions of our splendid Sergeant-Major—dear old Peter Emslie—who entered into the matter with his whole heart and soul, who grasped at once exactly the kind of young man required, and who seemed to know the character and value (as a young Officer) of every single man in the Regiment. The men selected (nick-named "Embryo's ") were then put into "the Colonel's class," and were kept hard at their special training, and were taken off all other duties. I was always most anxious to superintend myself their *first* special training as young Officers, so as to impress upon them, at the very commencement of their new career, good sound principles with regard to the actual leading of men to fight, the care of their men under them in all circumstances, and the maintaining of the traditions and reputation of the Artists Rifles in everything they did. I had, perhaps, the most wonderful opportunity that had ever existed of giving men not only theoretical instruction, but actual illustrations from the events taking place all round, of the many kinds of actual military problems that were then being enacted. For instance, they could be shown actual examples of troops worn out by strenuous hard work, and of others, newly arrived from England, bursting with enthusiasm, and could be shown the best ways of helping each, and, indeed, of the best ways of dealing with the manifold military problems they were sure to have to encounter when they became Officers.

With regard to "care of men," I used to get information of what troops were coming back to Bailleul direct from the trenches, and organized my class of young "embryos," so that as many of them as possible after receiving theoretical instruction in "care of men" could volunteer to take his turn in giving practical help to any Regiment requiring it. The squad of volunteers (under the supervision of our Quartermaster, J. A. Smith ("Jacko") and his staff) found out where the Regiment returning was to be billeted, communicated with their C.O., made an offer to help (which was invariably accepted), saw that the billets were clean, that the straw was laid, that a meal was cooked ready for the men on their return ; also that there was a little party of "embryos" to welcome them when they arrived, worn out and weary, and generally in the middle of the night ! The many friends of our young men in England were so generous that we often had a (voluntarily contributed) surplus of cigarettes and chocolate, which a volunteer party of "embryos" distributed (on a system organized and supervised by the Quartermaster and his staff) "With the best wishes of the Artists Rifles," to Regiments arriving from the base (French as well as British) on their way to the trenches. Grapes (from two grape-houses in which our men were billeted) and other luxuries were also collected for the hospital trains returning to the base with their tragic loads of wounded. A party of "embryos" (volunteers) could also take their turn in helping to organize (under the supervision of our Q.M. and staff) baths, in our bath-house, for a newly-returned Regiment (a luxury greatly appreciated when such luxuries were rare) ; also, if required, help to arrange a smoking concert, or a game of football, which Regiments often rather hankered after just before their return to the trenches, after they had been brought up to strength by new drafts, and had received a sprinkling of new young Officers from the "Artists" ! The Q.M. and his staff could always put them in the way of obtaining a hall and a piano, and if necessary a pianist, and even singers if required ! also football material, etc., all of which help was much appreciated *at that time !*

To help in the teaching of the leading of men in a fight we had a section of trenches dug and models made of all new ideas we heard of in connection with periscopes, sniper-posts, dug-outs, duck-boards, drainage of trenches, dodges in revetting, etc., and whenever we heard of a new model or a new dodge that seemed sound (and each one of our young men who left us was under a pledge to inform us of any new one that he might hear of) we had it reproduced for the benefit of our future students, so that our young men always left us full to the brim of novel ideas. In this kind of training we were much helped by some of our men who were civil engineers or architects in private life, and also by our Pioneer-Sergeant (Sergt. L. R. Huggins), a man full of notions. I believe that some of the earliest periscopes used in the line were manufactured by him with the help of a quantity of small mirrors purchased by him at Bailleul for this purpose. A squad of seven electrical engineers were sent off by us suddenly to meet a great emergency, and later on a squad of twenty chartered accountants from our ranks were also despatched by us to the base at a few hours' notice (one of them was my batman !)—all did splendid professional work for the British Army when such work was very urgently required. Later on, Chinese interpreters were required in connection with Chinese labour, and three of such interpreters were at once produced out of the Regiment. In fact, the authorities seemed to think that if any special work was ever urgently required, the Artists Rifles would always be able to supply the necessary experts, and I think I may say that we seldom disappointed them !

So far as I could I tried to assimilate our training to the conditions to be found in actual war. For instance, I would not allow the R.E. to provide the "embryos" with brushwood and material to make their models—all the material they were allowed to start with were the bill-hooks, axes and other tools to be found in the Regimental tool carts. After being given a few useful "tips" they were sent in pairs to select and cut their own material and then had to make their models from the material they had acquired.

When we had taught them all we could, we passed them on to a helpful little finishing school in military subjects (such as tactics, quartermastering, etc.) which was splendidly run by a few regular Officers (headed by Major Currie, and afterwards by Major Cowie), whose services had been placed at our disposal, and who put the finishing touches on our young Officers' training before they were sent to join their new Regiments.

I think I should mention a novel method of landscape sketching and target indication that was carefully thought out and taught by Lieut. W. G. Newton, a young architect and one of our Officers. It was designed so that a rapid but clear sketch could be made and kept of all the gun positions, sniper posts, sentry posts, etc., discovered in the enemy's line opposite, so that these could be at once identified by a stranger. The sketch made was handed over to the Officer relieving (the relief being generally at night and in the dark), and enabled him (the relieving Officer—more especially if he were an ex "Artist," and so acquainted with the system) to identify instantly the positions the next morning as soon as it was light enough to see. The system shortly was the taking as a starting point some easily identified prominent landmark (the compass direction of which was given), and the leading of the eye, by a *few* well-defined landmarks (only) up to the more obscure point required to be noted—one illustration out of very many (and the solution of an actual problem) is given on page 237. I verily believe that many men owe their lives to the use of this system, instead of finding out by bitter experience the spots in the enemy's line that required watching.

Though the reality of the situation all round was undoubtedly of great assistance to us in the training of our men, it had its drawbacks. Risks had to be taken in carrying out our work, and from time to time we had casualties among our men "while under instruction." Such losses were very small indeed as compared with the losses among our young men after they had left us and had become Officers in other units. Still, our losses "while under instruction" were sufficient, I believe, to disturb Lord French (who was always opposed to *unnecessary* risks involving loss of life), and this was the cause, I believe, of our being sent to St. Omer, a town situated about thirty miles further back from the line, where the British Army Headquarters were established at that time. Anyhow, we were suddenly sent to St. Omer in April of 1915, with orders to act as the "Headquarters Battalion," the training of our young men to be Officers and our occasional tours to the trenches "for instructional purposes" to be still continued.

We duly arrived at St. Omer, and were quartered in the old French Infantry barracks there. We at once started on our new duties, which involved a good deal of responsibility and hard work—but all of which we were able to utilize as part of our training. We missed, of course, many of the opportunities for practical teaching that existed at Bailleul. On the other hand, we discovered new problems to solve which helped us in our work, and I am glad to say that we were still able to retain the services of our "finishing school" and of the little group of regular Officers who there helped us.

Among our duties as "G.H.Q. troops," besides having to post sentries and guards over certain important buildings in St. Omer, we were responsible for the "picketing" of the town, and for ensuring that no one obtained access to it or left it unless authorized by an official "pass" to do so. I could see that the task of excluding unauthorized persons, without giving occasional unintentional offence to some of the authorized ones might be difficult! I discussed the matter with our Adjutant and Sergt.-Major Emslie (whose business it was to instruct the guards and sentries), and we determined, for the reputation of the Regiment, to make a "bull's-eye" of this job. We proceeded on the following lines: After a careful survey of the ground round the town, we found (if I recollect right) that it was along sixteen roads only and past sixteen points only that access could be gained. Each of these points was placed in the middle of a straight piece of each of the roads, with wire-netting on each side of the road for 100 yards before arriving at the point ("control post" we called it) to 100 yards after passing it. Each control post was joined up by barbed-wire entanglements to the next control post on each side, so that anyone seeking entrance to the town had necessarily to come along one of the roads and past one of these control posts, at each of which a sentry was placed. At these control posts escape was impossible except directly up or down the road, which was controlled by the sentry, and the sentry was, in almost every case, himself under systematic and constant observation from some house or building (well on the town side of the control post), from which an armed guard or other assistance, could instantly be furnished to line the road. Every guard had direct access by telephone to all the others, and to a place where a reserve of men were waiting, and could be obtained if required. All this prevented any possibility of a control post being "rushed." We also arranged with the French authorities that a French sentry (as well as our British) should be placed at all these control posts to deal with French inhabitants and persons with French passes. A new form of British pass was also issued and circulated, all the old ones being called in and cancelled. Each of our men, before being allowed to act as a sentry of one of these control posts had a special (and intensive) course of training which enabled him to instantly recognize all

"good" passes, and also to instantly "spot" a forged or cancelled one, and each had to "pass" some fairly severe "tests" before being certified as "fit for control post duty." They also had to learn (as a London policeman would) their way to all parts of the town, and also exactly where each branch of H.Q., and any special Officers and Regiments quartered in the town could be found (for the information of persons—often very distinguished ones—who were entitled to it). They were also instructed (as are London policemen) to be always courteous, willing and helpful, to all persons producing passes, but *adamant* to all who could not do so, and never to be irritated by anybody under any circumstances whatever! I believe they carried out their instructions as well as the Metropolitan Police do, which is the highest praise I can think of! The effect of these instructions just at first was amazing. Round each control post groups of noisy persons, all talking at once, would collect. Persons who wanted to pass in or out of the town, but who had forgotten their passes—including sometimes highly distinguished persons who considered their face a sufficient passport, or who sometimes, I am sure, came out to test how the sentry carried out his work! And in the middle of each group was to be found a courteous, helpful, calm but adamant young sentry, who, in the end, I believe, won the admiration of all, and I think I may say that the Commander-in-Chief and his Staff were very pleased at the way in which these duties were performed by the Artists Rifles, and I cannot recollect any complaint being made of unauthorised persons having obtained admission to the town after they came on this duty.

It was in 1915, while we were carrying out the duties of "Headquarters Battalion" at St. Omer, that H.M. the King visited his Army in France, and we had the great honour of furnishing the guard for his protection and for the protection of his quarters. We all thought it very kind of the King and of the authorities to entrust such a responsible duty as this to a Territorial Regiment in preference to bringing back the Guards, and I need scarcely say that we were most anxious that it should be well carried out, and I think I may add that the authorities and the King himself—so we were informed—were quite satisfied with the way in which it was performed.

In June of 1915, while I was in England on short leave, an incident occurred that will long dwell in my memory, viz.: a visit to Windsor Castle to be invested by the King with a Military "C.B." In the month of May I was very greatly gratified at being awarded this decoration, and on my next "leave" (which happened the following month), I, obeying the directions I had received, at once reported my presence in England with a view to being invested at the earliest opportunity. After waiting in London for three days for orders as to time and place, I received definite instructions that the King was leaving London for Windsor, and that there would be no more investitures till his return, which would be after my leave had expired, but that I was to be sure to report again when next at home on leave. I thereupon made hasty arrangements to leave town.

Late that same night, however, a messenger called at my house with a summons addressed to me personally to proceed to Windsor, to be invested, the following morning, and with an invitation to luncheon afterwards. I proceeded accordingly, and so spent one of the happiest days of my life. Eight of us altogether had been summoned, but I was the senior Officer of the eight—the others being mostly youngsters to be invested with the M.C.

It was a beautiful summer day, Windsor Castle and grounds were looking as near perfection as anything I have ever seen. Royal carriages (with magnificent horses) met us at the railway station and conveyed us to the Castle. There we received detailed instructions from an Equerry in Waiting as to exactly how we were

to proceed. I was the first to be invested, and thus to have an interview with H.M. King George. His manner was charming. He put me at my ease at once ! and referred to the field days at Hatfield Park (Lord Salisbury's seat) that used to take place many years ago between the Eton College O.T.C. and the Artists Rifles, which I well remembered, and in which the King himself had apparently taken part, when he was at Eton, as he recalled some of the incidents of the sham-fights and tricks of the Eton boys !—mostly humorous ones ! After lunch we drove back to the railway station in Royal carriages, through the beautiful park, and found a special saloon on the train awaiting us. We had a merry journey up to town, and thus ended one of the happiest memories of my life.

CHAPTER XXI

BACK IN ENGLAND

(1916)

THE only experience I have had of active service was in France in 1914 and 1915, and during the whole of this time I held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, and was in command of an Infantry Battalion. I am, therefore, probably, not qualified to weigh the special difficulties of other ranks ; but my experience, such as it is, leads me to think that, though a Second-Lieutenant may be (as I believe statistics show it is) the most dangerous rank to hold, and carries the highest percentage of deaths and wounds, the C.O. has by far the most strenuous job and the most wearing and trying one. Being usually the Senior Officer on the spot, he is the one who in every emergency must find a solution to each novel problem as it arises—and on service most problems are *novel* ones, and almost all require a *quick* solution ! The C.O. must at once correctly appreciate the real point involved, weigh up the pros and cons, make up his mind, issue his orders (sometimes important ones, affecting men's lives), report to his General (sometimes miles away), and ask for "approval and confirmation."

To counterbalance this I cannot help thinking that Providence sends special help in emergencies to the person on whom such responsibility for important decisions rests, and that when a sudden problem does arise, Providence supplies an inspiration which dictates the answer. My experience has been that at such a time a C.O. is seldom in doubt as to the right course to pursue (though others, on whom no responsibility rests, may not always agree !) ; further, that Generals, as a class, always try and help a C.O. who is doing his best, and will always support him if they possibly can, and that most of them much prefer a C.O. who decides his problems for himself and then reports, rather than one who throws his difficulties at the head of his General, and asks for "instructions" on every point that arises which should have been settled at once and on the spot.

In the early days of the War, while in London, I found myself engaged on the work and problems entrusted to the Artists most of the day and a large part of the night. In France I was teaching (or preparing for it) most of the day, and at night I had much work to do that required quiet concentration and consideration. In both places I found my lawyer's training of great assistance to me. The habit all lawyers acquire of quietly considering different problems in the order of their importance, taking them one by one, looking at them from different points of view—from the "other side's" point of view as well as their own !—making short notes as to the real object to be achieved, the pros and cons, the "rocks" to steer clear of, and finally arriving at the solution (any lawyer will understand exactly what I mean !), was a very valuable one. But it all meant a lot of work for long periods at a stretch, and with but few hours of rest, and then often only at odd times. For personal convenience had always to give way to the more important work in hand. It is astonishing, however, what long hours of work *can* be endured, and how little rest

can be made sufficient in a real emergency. But it all takes its unconscious toll of health and strength, and there is a limit to everyone's physical capacity, and in the case of a C.O. this limit comes, in my experience, when the overworked individual finds himself unable to sleep during the opportunities for sleep that occur—that is the beginning of the end.

After about sixteen months' strenuous work I found myself in France in command of a Battalion on active service, but suffering from "insomnia." Nothing could have exceeded the kindness and concern of our Regimental Doctor, Surgeon-Major C. S. de Segundo, who (as was always the case when there was illness in the Regiment), did everything he possibly could to help me, and I shall never forget his never ending trouble and kindness. After a time he took me to an eminent specialist, who had come out to France, who advised me to cease all work and take a complete three months rest. This, however, would mean my going back to England, so I tried to compromise, and struggled on a little longer. Eventually, however, by the end of 1915, I found myself in the big Military Officers' Hospital at Wimereux, to which Surgeon-Major de Segundo himself very kindly took me, and after a short stay there I found myself on a hospital ship in charge of our other Regimental-Surgeon, Dr. Carmalt-Jones, who very kindly accompanied me back to England, and duly delivered me over to my wife at Victoria Station.

I have a vague and unhappy recollection of the next few weeks, tempered, however, by the recollections of the everlasting kindness and attention of my wife day and night all through this trying time, which will never be forgotten by me. I am glad to say, however, that I gradually got better, and after a month or so of rest, i.e., by about April or May, 1916, I began to feel that I was getting fit for work again, and applied for leave to rejoin my beloved Battalion in France. My medical board, however, would not allow this, and pronounced me "Unfit for active service for at least two years"! I am glad to say that they added, on being pressed: "Fit for light duty in England."

This medical verdict made me very depressed, especially as no one seemed to want my services for "light duty in England"! However, after a period of waiting, I heard, unofficially, that a big draft of "Artists" (approaching 300 strong) was on its way from our 3rd Battalion at Gidea Park to the 1st Battalion in France, but was "hung up" in London, waiting for final orders to embark. I found them at headquarters, rather bored with the delay, but otherwise in good spirits. I interviewed the Depot Officer, Major C. J. Blomfield, to find out if I could be of any use in helping to "entertain" them while they were waiting, explaining that I also was "bored by waiting." He, as usual, was "all out" to help me, and he referred me to Capt. Reginald Coleman, who was the Officer in charge of the draft, who also received me most cordially, and suggested that I should have some unofficial interviews with the draft each morning in the lecture theatre at University College (which had been kindly put at our disposal by the College authorities), so that I could tell them all about our 1st Battalion, which they were about to join, and what they were doing, and give them any hints I could that might help them in their new work in France. It seemed strange at first to find that most of the draft (though all of them "Artists") were complete strangers to me till I realized that they had nearly all of them joined the Corps since the 1st Battalion had started for France. We soon got to know each other. I told them all about our work in time of peace, our mobilization, our London duties, our journey to France, and the work we had been doing out there. We then took up different branches of the work they would have to do, and I was able, incidentally, to pass on a few hints which I thought would help them when they got out to France. In fact, with the help of Capt. Coleman (who

acted as my unofficial Adjutant !), I gave them quite a little supernumerary course of instruction, which I tried to make as interesting as possible. The end came very suddenly—an order to embark the *next day*. I was sorry to learn that the last of our meetings in the lecture-room had taken place ; but I am glad to say that I was able to get down to Southampton with my wife before they actually left, and we met them (many of them for the last time, alas !) at a street corner, marching to the docks to embark for France. The meeting and final parting was of a most enthusiastic description and I shall always retain the happiest memories both of our meetings in the theatre and of our final farewell at the street corner !

After this draft had left, I was again idle, and could not help once more feeling depressed—for my experience with the draft had convinced me that I was well enough to do light work at home, but beyond a few lectures to some school O.T.Cs. near London, I could find nothing to do. At last, in a state of desperation, in September, 1916, I did what I suppose I shouldn't have done, I wrote a personal letter direct to Lord French, who had also returned to England, and was then at the "Horse Guards," in command of the Army at Home. I told him of my position, of my disability, and that I was anxious to do light work at home, for which I was quite fit, and I asked him if he could find me any. After I had posted my letter I felt nervous of what I had done, which I began to fear was a breach of discipline and might bring discredit on the Regiment ! I needn't have been alarmed, however, for by return of post I received a short but kind personal note from Lord French written in his own handwriting, from the "Horse Guards," as follows :—"My dear Colonel,—Come and see me here *AT ONCE*." Needless to say, I was at his office within a few hours, and he at once saw me. Nothing could possibly have been kinder than the way he received me—literally with open arms ! He expressed more than once the help we had been to him in France, and declared over and over again that there was nothing in his power he wouldn't do for the Artists Rifles and for their Colonel ! He then had a long talk with me as to what kind of work I was seeking, and as to how much I felt I could do. I told him frankly my disabilities and my hopes. If he had been my own father he couldn't have been kinder. He told me I might feel quite sure that he would find me *some* congenial military work within my physical powers, and then added abruptly : "What you *ought* to be doing is training young men to be Officers." I told him I wished I had the chance, that nothing would suit me better. He pondered a little, and then enquired meaningly : "Could you undertake such work in your present state of health if you *had* the chance ?" I assured him most emphatically that I could. He then added : "I won't detain you longer—keep yourself ready—you *shall have the chance*—Good-bye." And so I left him.

A few days afterwards I received an order from the War Office to proceed to Tidworth (on Salisbury Plain) without delay, and "take over" the command of "The Officers' School of Instruction," which had been established there (at Candahar Barracks). I was delighted, and went the same day to Tidworth, arriving at the barracks about 4 o'clock. Apparently, I arrived before I was expected, or they were ready for me, and on telephoning for instructions, I was informed that the Commander-in-Chief of the Southern Command (Gen. Sir H. C. Sclater, K.C.B., etc.) at Salisbury wished to have an interview with me before I took over the command, and I was directed to proceed to Salisbury to see him. I managed to get down to Salisbury that day, but too late to see the Commander-in-Chief, who had left, and, owing to his engagements away from Salisbury, it was two days before I could obtain an interview. At my interview he questioned me very closely as to my health and my military experience, and I could not help feeling that he would have preferred a

"Regular" Officer with better qualifications (both military and medical) as the Commandant of his Officers' School, on which he was evidently very keen. He was very candid, but not altogether unkind, and, after giving me his instructions and informing me of his wishes on various points, he dismissed me to take up my work.

Immediately after assuming command I tried hard to find out all about the school and its pupils, and its instructors, and the system upon which it was conducted. It was apparently an amalgamation in one building of a number of divisional schools, each under a Field-Officer-Instructor, with his own little staff of subordinate instructors and his own programme of work. I had a meeting of all the Officer Instructors (mostly regular Officers), but soon found myself involved in a long discussion with each of the Field Officers as to how I thought his programme of work could be improved. My own idea was to change the organization altogether, and start again on different lines, but this wanted thinking out. This I could not do on the spot, so after consideration, I telephoned direct to the Commander-in-Chief at Salisbury, explained the situation, and got his sanction to my giving all the pupils fourteen days' leave and all the Officer Instructors ten days' leave, which would give me time to design an entirely new syllabus and time-table, and also give me three or four days with the Officer Instructors alone, to explain my views and my scheme of training and have everything ready by the time the pupils returned. The pupils and the Officer Instructors were delighted, and had quite an enthusiastic "breaking-up" for their sudden, short and unexpected holiday! The Quartermaster (a most helpful and efficient Officer, formerly a Sergeant-Major in the Scots Greys!), at my special request, stayed on. The Doctor (who was also a Clergyman, having been a medical missionary in the East) remained as well, as he was living with his wife and family in a house in the neighbourhood. Besides we three Officers there were a large number of lady "W.A.A.Cs." helping on the staff of the school (as cooks, waitresses, etc.), and also a large number of "batmen" and "details" (to look after the pupils and to carry out certain guards and other duties), also a few Sergeant-Instructors who supervised the batmen and details—none of these got any leave, as I could see plenty of work for them all to do during the interregnum, and there were, consequently, some hundreds of us still left at the school, notwithstanding the absence of the pupils and the Officer Instructors.

I first of all arranged with the Quartermaster—with the assistance of his staff, the "W.A.A.Cs.," the "batmen" and the "details"—to have a good overhaul and clean up of the quarters. This was to meet the remark of the Commander-in-Chief at Salisbury that he wished it to be clearly understood that a war abroad was no excuse for men or for quarters in England being in a dirty or "sloppy" state! The Quartermaster was evidently a born organizer, who "took" to his new job instantly, and seemed to be able to obtain unlimited stores! He at once divided up his helpers into suitable-sized parties, and started each party on its special work. He had the grass cut, the paths gravelled and rolled, the barracks and quarters whitewashed and cleaned from top to bottom, also the rooms and tables scrubbed—in short, the whole of the barracks and their contents made clean and sparkling—"Fit to pass the inspection of the C.O. of the Scots Greys," he described it—this he evidently considered to be the very highest pinnacle of perfection!

I had a few meetings with the "W.A.A.Cs." and their Officers to let them know my wishes on various points: As to the cleanliness of their pots, pans, table linen, cutlery, aprons and hands (when waiting); as to how I wished the mess (which both Officer Instructors and the pupils joined) to be run; as to the decoration of the tables (flags, flowers, etc.); as to their deportment with the pupils—kind and helpful to the young men who had offered their lives for their Country, but not familiar, etc.! etc.

I also had meetings with the "batmen" and "details" (all old regular soldiers) to let them know my wishes on various points, such as discipline, behaviour, smartness and, above all, of *example* (to show what a regular soldier was capable of); also of ways in which I thought they could help the young pupils they were serving. I gave each a list of various things a good "regular" "batman" could teach a young amateur Officer, new to his job, especially on his first arrival—such as school routine, hours of parade, etc., punctuality, correct dress for different occasions, points to notice when inspecting barrack-rooms, or men in marching order, etc. This list was added to from time to time, chiefly on suggestions by the "batmen" themselves! And after getting rid of one or two unsatisfactory men, we gradually collected together a very fine lot of old soldiers—all very keen on helping, and the pupils derived much benefit from them. I also arranged to have a public daily inspection (on the parade ground) of all available "batmen" and "details" (which only lasted some five minutes). I had a first-class Sergeant-Major to drill them, and, being all old soldiers, I had the small amount of drill required (standing still, forming fours, marching off in fours, etc.) *very well done*, as an example to the amateurs of how regular soldiers *could* "turn out" and drill, and as a model for the pupils' parade, which was on exactly similar lines, and always followed immediately afterwards.

I also arranged with the Engineer Sergeant-Instructor to start a party on digging a section of "up-to-date" trenches, and for various "up-to-date" models to be made to show to the students. I also interviewed the authorities of the local Y.M.C.A., and got leave to use their big hut (with platform and blackboard complete) once each day for our school lectures—none of our barrack-rooms being large enough to accommodate the whole school of Officer pupils at once.

After all the parties had been started I turned my attention to the syllabus and programme of work. Not being able to reconcile the different programmes hitherto used, I worked out an entirely new syllabus and programme of my own (strenuous but practical), based on the one we used in France. I took a great deal of pains to make it as perfect as possible, so that every hour's work would be of real value to the pupils when they got to France. In the evenings the Doctor, the Quartermaster and I, being the only three occupants of the Officers' mess, dined together, and we had long and interesting talks afterwards, and I have very happy memories of these little dinner parties!

At the end of ten days all the Officer Instructors returned in high spirits. I was quite ready for them, and we had four days of hard work together. I went fully into my ambitions for the school, our work in France, the syllabus and programme of work I wished to be adopted. I saw each instructor separately to ascertain his best subject—generally the subject he was keenest on—which, as far as possible, I allotted to him to teach; and I tried to help him as far as I could in his own little syllabus of work. The Officer Instructors responded well. I felt that they were all doing their best to help me, and were all getting keen on their own special job. After the pupils returned we had one meeting of the whole school at the Y.M.C.A. Hut, and then started on our new programme of work, and I was greatly pleased with the help and keenness that was being everywhere displayed.

About a fortnight after we had started I received a telephone message from the Commander-in-Chief's headquarters at Salisbury—that the Commander-in-Chief wished to inspect our school. I enquired the date—"Oh, sometime to-day!" I enquired the time—"Oh, somewhere about eleven!" I pointed out that it was then but ten minutes to eleven, and received the reply: "That is the message I was told to give you!" Almost immediately afterwards the Commander-in-Chief

himself drove up, and was shown into my orderly-room. I explained that I had only just received his message, that nearly all my pupils were away at work on different parts of Salisbury Plain, but that I could take him to them, if he wished. He didn't wish to go to them, but went carefully through my time-table and my syllabus of work (which I explained to him), and afterwards he went to inspect two classes that happened to be in the barracks. In each case he told the instructors to continue their teaching, and he listened for some time to the instruction that was given. I was very fortunate, inasmuch as he happened to listen to two of my best instructors, neither of whom was in the least shy or perturbed by his presence (as sometimes is the case when distinguished visitors arrive!). One of them was an amateur soldier, one of the few Territorial Officers on my staff—but he was a public schoolmaster, keen on teaching, and had lately been the Commandant of his School O.T.C., and he continued the most excellent instruction he was giving—at least, I thought it was—on “Maps,” I recollect. The other instructor was a returned wounded regular Officer, lately a Brigade-Major in France. He continued placidly, but earnestly, most excellent instruction on “Trench warfare,” giving, I recollect, some sound and practical tips on “Points to bear in mind when leaving trenches on being relieved at night.” I must confess I rather expected a few complimentary remarks—but none came!

The Commander-in-Chief then inspected most thoroughly every corner of the school, including kitchens, quarters, and also various “batmen” and “details” whom we happened to come across—all I thought were clean, well turned out, and in a very satisfactory condition, and I again rather expected a few complimentary remarks—but again none came! Not till the very end—just before he got into his car to leave—when he shook hands with me! and explained that he was a very observant and particular man, that he was very pleased with everything he had seen; that I mustn't think because he wasn't always saying how good and beautiful everything was he didn't recognize and appreciate good work! And then he added that if I “stuck to it” and went on as I had started he had great hopes of the school being a success, and proving useful to young Officers sent there for instruction.

CHAPTER XXII

THE OFFICERS' SCHOOL, TIDWORTH

1916 TO 1918

I CAN conscientiously say I was keen on making my Officers' School a success. My chief hope (though I suppose it ought to have been my second!) was to justify Lord French's appointment of me as its Commandant; and my other big hope was to help these young Officers and Cadets who had so gallantly offered their services to their Country in their difficult and responsible job, after a very short training, of leading men on active service—especially as my own sojourn in France had made me realize *how* difficult and responsible a job this was. I wanted to teach each one of them a mass of little "up-to-date" things, not usually taught or found in text-books, that I believed would really help them in their task, that would make them better fighters, that would strengthen their characters for critical times, that would help them to make their men more efficient, happier and more comfortable, and, at the back of my mind, I must confess that I had a hope that when they got out to France they would recall their last military course in England with pleasure, and occasionally feel grateful to the "Officers' School" for what they had been taught!

To help me carry out my hopes I was very anxious to secure the full and loyal support of each of my Staff of Instructors, Officer and Sergeant, Regular and Territorial; and I may say at once that no Commandant ever received better support, once they had grasped my views, my wishes and my methods. And this in spite of the fact that their work and their working hours were gradually increased (without any increase in pay or allowances!) more and more, as time went on, and as the scope and the numbers of the school gradually increased, became doubled, and eventually nearly trebled!—as will be hereafter explained.

I was very anxious also that in our work we should carefully and systematically ascertain each young Officer's "weak spots," and try and remove them before he left us. Time was so limited, and there was so much to learn that I wanted every single hour's work to give in return a good hour's worth of really useful and practical instruction, and also to get in as many hours of systematic work as was possible—without damage to health. As a general rule, I arranged no definite classes after mess in the evening, *but*, with the kind consent of all my instructors, both Officers and Sergeants, I urged my pupils, just before mess each day, briefly to review the day's work, and not to go to bed till they had really *mastered* it, as it could not be repeated in the course; and, further, if they felt that they *hadn't* really mastered it, or any part of it, I urged them to so inform the instructor responsible, and that the latter would gladly and willingly go over it again with them after mess; and the immense amount of extra work that was carried out during the evening night after night by both pupils and instructors showed how anxious all concerned were to carry out my wishes. In fact, throughout the whole school there was from top to bottom a real atmosphere of work and enthusiasm that was most gratifying!

I endeavoured also to arrange that each instructor should teach a subject at which he was really expert and into which he could put his whole heart. To keep a personal touch with each of my young pupils myself, I endeavoured to give each day a lecture to the whole school on some general subject that I felt keen about ! The whole course consisted of eight weeks' training, but the inconvenience to students waiting admission of only being able to start a new course on specified dates, each two months apart, had been so great that I arranged that pupils could join each week, i.e., on any Monday. Every Monday I started a " preliminary " week for those starting their course, also a " final " week for those ending it, and in the twelve intermediate *half*-weeks each class had a solid half-week on a different special subject in turn. These subjects could be taken in any order, and were repeated each six weeks, in each class, round and round continuously (which arrangement was called the " Cinema " course !). The result was that all students joining on a particular Monday would first take the " preliminary " week, would next join any one of the twelve classes, and go through the " Cinema " course, and would lastly take the " final " week. There were, therefore, always fourteen classes running at once, i.e., one for those doing the " preliminary week," twelve for those doing the " cinema " course and one for those doing the " final " week. Afterwards this was increased to sixteen classes by the addition of two extra classes taking " special " courses, as will be afterwards explained. Efforts were constantly being made to improve each hour's work in each class, and the last meeting on the last day in the final week—when I met the pupils leaving for the last time, and gave them my farewell address and a copy of " The Field Service Pocket Book " (as a souvenir !) and shook hands with each—was of a most enthusiastic description. I believe that by this system each young man got the best value possible out of each hour of each day's work, and at the end of his course went off to France with confidence in himself and well equipped for his task.

I had (as previously mentioned) a short section of trenches prepared close to the barracks for instruction in " trench warfare." They were full of examples of " tips " learnt during the War, and contained all kinds of models (the use of which each student was taught and in many cases had to copy), and, as I still kept in touch with my old Battalion in France, I was able (either through them or through their pupils when on leave) to keep these well " up to date."

I was also able to occupy the Commandant's house at Candahar Barracks, and this enabled me, I am glad to say, to arrange for my wife to come to Tidworth and stay there with me until the Armistice, and so I secured the benefits of her nursing and attention, without which I could not have carried out my strenuous work at the school.

With regard to " special " courses previously referred to, I soon found out that among my instructors I had really experts in nearly every branch of military training and I was most anxious that my school should be useful, not only to the normal Infantry Officer, but also to any other Officers who might feel the want of a special course of instruction to meet their special requirements. The Commander-in-Chief at Salisbury, when I consulted him about the first extra course I proposed, viz. : for Australian Officers, more particularly referred to in the next chapter, promised his best and most sympathetic consideration to *any* special scheme I might put forward, and further promised to let me know if he should hear of any special instruction being required.

The next special course I suggested (after the Australian Course) was for budding *Quartermasters*, sometimes a weak spot in a hastily-trained Army. The next was for *Topography Instructors*, to enable each student himself to give instruction to

the other Officers of his unit on his return, and I included in this course Lieut. (by that time Lieut.-Col) W. G. Newton's System of Landscape Sketching for use in Trench Warfare, which we taught in France, and which I have before referred to.

In my young days, when an articled clerk, I had been taught (by a fine old Ex-Sergeant of the Metropolitan Police) a good deal about the work of our London policemen and how they were trained for it, and I was much interested in the system of training which can produce such splendid men as they are—friends of everyone in trouble—even, within limits, of the prisoner or law breaker! A conflict between some military police and soldiers suggested to me a course for *Military Police Sergeants*, and I worked out a syllabus of work that I thought we could teach them. The scheme being approved, we arranged (by request), with assistance from Scotland Yard, a regular series of such courses, right up to the Armistice. Among these pupils we included (by request) not only British, but also Military Police Sergeants from Australia, New Zealand, most parts of the British Empire, and even from the U.S.A.

The next suggestion for a special course came from the Commander-in-Chief himself, who suggested that I should start a special voluntary course for any *Volunteer Officers* who could attend it. It will be remembered that towards the latter part of the War, Volunteer Corps were started all over England, for home service only, and for men who were too old to enrol in the Territorials or New Army. After thinking the matter over, I suggested to the Commander-in-Chief that I should first arrange a special course for all the *Commanding Officers of the Volunteer Regiments*, to enable us to pass on to them all "up-to-date" tips and methods; next a special course for all *Adjutants of Volunteer Corps*; and next for all *Quartermasters of Volunteers*. After these three important men in each Volunteer Regiment had been brought up to date, my idea was that we should *then* arrange voluntary courses for any other Volunteer Officers who could attend them. All this was approved and duly carried out, and from first to last a large number of courses (mostly short ones) for Volunteers were arranged (one at Whitsuntide, consisting of 370 extra pupils! which taxed the physical endurance of our staff and also our accommodation to the very utmost!), and we did our best to make each as practical and up-to-date as possible.

My course for Volunteer Commanding Officers proved one of the most interesting I have ever held. If I had realized beforehand who my pupils were to be, I think modesty would have prevented my ever suggesting it! Practically all pupils were old retired Commanding Officers, mostly from Territorial Regiments, but five of them were retired Colonels of regular Regiments (one a retired Colonel of a Regiment of Guards, and another a very senior retired Officer of the Rifle Brigade). All of these fine old soldiers had again come forward to offer their services and to command their local Battalion of Volunteers when the Country again needed their help. They attended all the school lectures during their stay with us, also our Sunday service at the Garrison Church; and it seemed strange at first to see their grey heads intermingled with those of my other young Officers. They were most enthusiastic and interested in the work of the school, and in our up-to-date methods and training, and all through the Volunteer courses I had many most interesting meetings of which I retain many happy memories.

The Commander-in-Chief also on one occasion discussed with me the subject of "The Administration of Justice," more particularly in the orderly-room, by C.Os. and Company Commanders. This, he seemed to think, was often a weak spot in a Battalion of amateur soldiers, I, being a lawyer by profession, felt very keen on this subject (having the highest regard for our fine legal principles of justice), and

I agreed most heartily with his views. In the end we started a course for Officers (senior ones, if possible, and as far as possible one from each unit) who were lawyers (barristers or solicitors) by profession, in order to give them an up-to-date training in military law and orderly-room work, and to send them back to their units as "*Military Law Instructors*," each pledged to instruct on similar lines *all the other Officers of his unit*. When the first lot arrived, being lawyers by profession, they did not seem to relish coming to, what they thought, was a "Young Officers' School," to learn *law*! However, when they realized that they were only being used as a link to help the Commander-in-Chief's fine scheme to secure justice to every single man in his big Command they became enthusiastic. Towards the end of their course we arranged for each pupil to conduct in turn, in the presence of the others, one of a carefully-prepared series of pre-arranged "mock" orderly-rooms, each one designed to bring out, illustrate and emphasise some every-day but important point. This was followed by criticism by the others, and a multitude of little practical points were disclosed and discussed—all under strict supervision. I believe they all really enjoyed the course, and in the end each returned to his unit a complete master of the subject, and pledged to teach how justice should be administered in the orderly-room *according to the law of England*.

The Commander-in-Chief was so pleased with the results of the "Professional Lawyers" class in producing Military Law Instructors that on his own initiative he obtained a list of names of professional engineers (civilians or late R.E.) serving as Officers in Infantry Regiments in the Southern Command (one from each unit), and he wished us to give these a course of up-to-date Field Engineering, so as to train them to be *Field Engineering Instructors* to the Officers of their unit on their return. The great assistance of my able Instructors in Field Engineering (including one splendid Sergeant-Major, late R.E.), and our trench full of "up-to-date" models enabled me to arrange this.

I also, with, of course, the approval of the Commander-in-Chief and of the War Office, and in this case with the help and concurrence also of the Officers and staff of a large military hospital close to our barracks at Tidworth, arranged a course for *Medical Officers*, specially designed to help the "General Practitioner" who, having but little experience in Military work, was at short notice suddenly torn from his civilian practice to help in the Army in the middle of a big war. We included in our course everything that they would not come across in their normal civilian work, and with the assistance of several of the staff of the Hospital (R.A.M.C.), were able, I believe, to give considerable help to a large number of enthusiastic doctors.

I also, after a good deal of consideration, put forward a scheme for the training (in military matters) of *Army Chaplains*, of all denominations, which the Commander-in-Chief, and the War Office, after a good deal of hesitation, ultimately approved—but this was of so unique a character that I have dealt with it separately in another chapter.

We also designed other minor schemes for the training of Officers, of all kinds, including a little travelling band of instructors whom we despatched from the school to give interesting courses to numerous young Officers to be found at various Convalescent Depots (who, though very nearly well, could not be discharged owing to the necessity for certain daily "treatment"), whose time it was thought was being wasted. We tried hard to make these short courses as interesting as possible, and to include in them all the popular subjects; and I think I may say that they were a success.

In all I suggested fifteen special courses to the Commander-in-Chief and War Office (all, of course, in addition to the normal school work), fourteen of which were approved and carried out, the only one rejected at the time (which rather disappointed me) was a very carefully-designed "civilian" course, which gave me a lot of work, and which, though prepared in war-time, was to be kept in abeyance till *immediately* peace was declared, and which was designed to help young Officers on their return to civil life. Even this, however, was in the main approved, I understand, *after* the Armistice, and after I had left Tidworth, and was carried out by my successor, greatly assisted by my old Adjutant, Capt. Coleman (who was acquainted with the details and who remained on at the school) with, I understand, gratifying results.

During my tour of duty at Tidworth we had many visitors to the school, official and otherwise, including many distinguished Generals, and on one occasion Lord French himself, who came to make an official inspection; and I think I am right in saying that all of them were pleased with what they saw.

After the Armistice was declared (in November, 1918) my military career (as I then thought) terminated, and the Officers' School, so far as I was concerned, came to an end, leaving nothing but happy memories of the two years I spent there. I often think of the hundreds of enthusiastic young men trained, I may say thousands, for my Adjutant worked out that from first to last, between 1914 and 1918, I had been in varying degrees responsible for the training of 19,237 Officers during the Great War! But when I think now of our Officers' School I am not sure that I do not feel most struck by the hard and unselfish work of my splendid band of Instructors who put so much energy into their work and made the school so great a success, always teaching twice as many pupils, and sometimes even three times as many, as the school was designed to teach, and of all my Instructors I cannot help singling out one especially, to whom I shall always feel a deep debt of gratitude, viz.: Capt. Reginald Coleman, the Officer in charge of our big draft at University College, whose services as an instructor I secured after he had been wounded in France (and was lying in a big hospital in London and was likely soon to be convalescent). He was afterwards my Adjutant at the Officers' School, and was also my assistant Adjutant when the Artists Rifles were resuscitated (as will be hereafter mentioned), and he has also helped me in many ways since that date, and by his unselfish help on all occasions he has endeared himself to every person with whom he came into contact during the Great War.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE COURSE FOR AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS

(1916 TO 1918)

WHEN I first received command of the Officers' School I was most anxious, with the help of my enthusiastic band of instructors, to make my school as useful as possible to the whole of the British Forces, and so justify Lord French's confidence in me. Judging from my experience in France, I felt that, at such a time, we were capable of training a much larger number of Officers than the normal number (360, if I recollect right) who were being sent to us, for which the school was designed. I therefore cast envious glances at the masses of fine young Australians who had recently arrived in England, and who were then quartered at Bulford (within a mile or so of Tidworth), one division of whom was then being prepared to go to France.

I called upon the Commander of the Australian Forces in England, and begged him to let us have all his young Officers for a short practical course, recklessly undertaking to get the necessary leave from the Home authorities. The Australian Commander was not, at first, by any means keen. He said they had all been already trained in Australia! I urged that they had not been on active service in France, as we had, and would not know without that experience some of the things we should teach them; that we could put them up to every latest "tip" in trench warfare, and bring them right up to date. In the end (with the concurrence of the Officer commanding the Australian Division and of the Commander-in-Chief at Salisbury, but subject to the sanction of the authorities at the War Office), he promised to send me, from the Division that was going out, fifty Officers (roughly, one from each Company) and fifty N.C.Os. (understudies for future Officers), as an experiment for our two-months' Course, and I guaranteed to give them full value for the time they spent with us.

I obtained the sanction of the Home authorities without difficulty—provided my staff of instructors was not increased in consequence! to which I agreed. I then sought out and obtained an introduction to a rugged but splendid Australian Staff Officer, recently back wounded from Gallipoli, and had a long talk with him about the Australians generally. He was enthusiastic about my scheme, and strongly approved my proposed syllabus of training. His chief advice to me was to "Capture their hearts." If I could do this, they would, according to him, follow me anywhere; but if not, I might have trouble with them. "Let them see you really want to help them; don't have too many restrictions; be very strict but very just; don't give them too much 'Sergeant-Major'; and, above all, make them comfortable, and 'give them plenty of tea!'" That was the gist of his advice. I then had an earnest talk with my staff of instructors, and easily made them keen on this new job. They promised me that they would devote themselves with zeal, by day and by night if necessary, to help the young Australians who had come so many miles to help the old Mother Country in her need. When the first 100 Australians arrived, I, with all

available instructors, met them at the station to welcome them. My "Supply Officer" took care that there was a good tea waiting for them, and we had sprigs of "wattle" on their table, with the Union Jack at one end and their own Australian flag at the other. After tea I had a "heart-to-heart" talk with them, and I think they felt when I had finished that we really wanted to help them, and were pleased to see them. I went through the syllabus with them, and I think they were also convinced that the course we proposed would be useful to them, and indirectly to the men who were to serve under them.

The first course was undoubtedly a success. The students responded in a wonderful way. The Australian authorities were very pleased with the result, and promised to send me, in batches, all the other Officers they then had in England, and any others as they came to England from Australia (before the War was over I had received upwards of 5,000 of them for training!). I found the Australians exceedingly interested in the practical nature of our work, and nothing could have surpassed their industry. Each day brought its own work which had to be completed in the day—there was practically no spare time for clearing up arrears. This often meant hard work late into the night to fully master the day's instruction. The practical side of shooting, bombing, bayonet-fighting and field engineering was most popular with them. Hints as to how you could make men or horses more comfortable or more efficient in all the different circumstances of service always seemed to appeal to them. The administration of justice in their units was a favourite subject. They seemed much addicted to betting, and would bet apparently on almost anything. I was told that there were probably several bets daily on which foot I would first place on the platform when I arrived to give my daily school lecture, the odds for some reason being on the left foot! Hearing of this on one occasion, on the spur of the moment, I halted on the top step but one, and then jumped with both feet together on to the platform, and my enquiry, "which wins?" brought forth roars of laughter. There were also extensive bets, I understand, on the result of the shooting on the miniature range. I had arranged, as a finish to the musketry course, for the end of the range to be fitted up to resemble a battlefield in France, that is, mud with a few odd bricks and stumps lying about, etc. In the mud we scattered a number of small "field-grey" clay discs (specially made at the school) which broke to bits when hit, and which often required field-glasses to find. The men shooting were divided into two teams of about half a dozen men in each, each member of whom in turn acted as leader to command the team to give them fire orders, and the team won which broke the greatest number of discs in a limited time. To make the conditions more difficult and realistic, I, as a climax, allowed each team to appoint two or more "hecklers," whose business (as before explained) was to disturb and generally to try and discompose the opposing team by making noises (shouting, clapping boards together, etc.) to drown the fire orders, and sometimes, when scoring was close, extra discs were suddenly flung on to the target. The result was an excited crowd of hecklers, umpires and onlookers, and in the middle two young Officers with field-glasses calmly doing the best amidst the din to find a target, direct, notice and correct the fire of their sections, the men quietly striving their utmost to listen and obey. I was told that practically each member of a team had a bet on the result with his "opposite number" in the other team, but, of course, that may have been only gossip—anyhow, they were certainly keen on the result.

As mentioned in the last chapter, I used to tell my new comers on arrival that if they felt they had not grasped any part of the day's work during the day that they should mention it to the appropriate instructor, who would go through it all

again with them in the evening after mess, and over and over again, if necessary, until they *had* grasped it ; but that they *must* complete the day's work in the day—that they need not be afraid of troubling the instructors, who were prepared to go on teaching as long as they (the students) would go on learning. An incoming squad of Australians, having heard of this, but not having had experience of our instructors, made a rash bet, so I was told, with an outgoing squad (each with his opposite number) that they would “undertake to get to the bottom of the instructors,” on the understanding that they were only to have *one* chance against *one* instructor, the instructor and the date to be selected by them. After arrival they selected in due course an N.C.O. instructor (Sergt.-Major Pilch, an old regular Sergeant-Major in the Royal Engineers, a splendid man and a first-rate instructor), whose age (nearly sixty) was likely, they thought, to make him tire easily, and who taught practical field engineering, which subject lent itself to numerous questions and prolonged enquiries. They kept him at work explaining his models and teaching, so I was informed, till past 2 a.m. ! and his last observation was : “ Has any other gentleman any other points ? We've about three hours before ‘ Réveillé ’ ”—on which the senior admitted they were beaten, and all wanted to shake hands with him ! He afterwards told me : “ I thought they had some game on, sir, but I know what you told them about your instructors, and I wasn't going to let you down.”

I also at the special request of the Australian authorities had the temerity to give each class of students a lecture on “ Military Etiquette ” (a subject in which the Australians always seemed interested). Among many other points, I tried to impress upon them the etiquette of high spirits—rejoicing, singing, making a noise, etc.—that there were occasions (such as their own concerts in their own quarters, so long as their men were not disturbed) when this could be freely indulged in, but other occasions (such as theatres, public places, etc.), when they must not carry it to the extent of interfering in any way with the rights, comfort and pleasure of other persons, etc. I mention this especially, as on one occasion the Commandant of a neighbouring school (for training N.C.Os.) asked me if I had heard of a disturbance that had taken place the night before at the local theatre. I told him “ No,” but enquired why he had asked me, that I presumed none of my young men were involved. He replied, sadly : “ I'm afraid they were.” “ What,” I said, “ not my “ Australians.” “ Yes,” he replied, “ your beloved Australians ; but,” he added “ hurriedly, seeing how his news excited me, “ don't get excited, Colonel. I only “ told you because I want to let you know how it ended. We had been having, “ what I must admit was, a rotten play, and the Australians were inclined to “ ‘ barrack.’ Anyhow, someone came before the curtain and made an injudicious “ speech, assailing them with vulgar abuse, asking them, amongst other things, “ why they couldn't stop in their own country ; that no one wanted them in “ England, etc. The effect was ‘ riot ’ for a few moments. I really thought they “ were going to burn the theatre down ! But a young Australian Officer sprang on “ to the stage from one of the stage boxes and, holding up both his hands, shouted : “ ‘ Stop it, you fellows. You know ‘ the Old Man ’ won't like it ! ’ This had a “ magical effect, and went round the theatre as a slogan : ‘ Chuck it—the Old Man “ won't like it,’ and very soon the whole riot died out.” “ And who,” I asked, “ might ‘ the Old man ’ be ? ” “ I'm afraid they were referring to *you*,” was his reply. I confess I felt touched by the ending, and though I did not see my way to refer to the matter officially, having a convenient opportunity at the conclusion of my school lecture the next day, I couldn't help advising them that if ever they *should* get into a mess or should feel they were making asses of themselves to think

before it was too late of what was the right thing to do, and always to "Chuck it if they thought the Old Man wouldn't like it," and then the Old Man, if he should ever hear of it afterwards, would forgive them. (*Cheers !*)

I soon discovered that the Australians, amongst other good qualities, had a strong sense of humour, and much appreciated some of the comic incidents of the War, of which I could sometimes tell them to emphasize points in their training. They were also very fond of sketches on the blackboard in coloured chalks (the value of which, if carefully thought out beforehand, I had first realized when listening to a lecture very many years before by Theodore Wood, the naturalist). After the War was over, I was much touched on being told by the Superintendent of the Y.M.C.A. Hut at Tidworth (where our school lectures were given) that my last sketch still remained on the blackboard (on the easel), the Australians having pinned over it a big notice, stating, "The Old Man's last sketch—*DON'T RUB OUT!*"

I was also much touched when after the Armistice had been declared, and the school was about to be broken up, I received a little autograph book—bound in leather with the Australian badge, in bronze, attached—with an inscription stating it was given "As a mark of esteem and gratitude for valuable advice and instruction," and signed by all the Australian staff (including General and Brigadier) and by many hundreds of Australian Cadets (i.e., by all, I was told, who were then in England and who had undergone a course of instruction at our school). This book contained rough sketches by the students and their remarks, and now reposes (with the "Roll of Honour" to be referred to hereafter) in the silver casket given to me by my old comrades after the War was over (which is also referred to in the Appendix)—this being the most sacred place in my house.

I cannot end this chapter without expressing my affection for my old Australian students and my deep admiration of their sterling human qualities. One of them who gained my special admiration was a little lame Corporal who, in Australia, I was told, was rejected twice for military service on the ground of his lameness, but, hearing of a Medical Officer who passed practically everyone who presented himself, had ridden 100 miles to be passed by him, and had then enlisted, and had been promoted to Corporal. When he arrived in England, he had been recommended for promotion to a commission, and had come to our school for a course. I was told by one of my N.C.O. instructors that this lad (he was little more) was so afraid that his lameness might prevent him being first "over the top" to lead his men, if ever the order came to him to go, that he used to get up at dawn and practice in our trenches with two pegs and a mallet (which he always carried with him in marching order!) to learn by experiment the best place to drive in the pegs so that with their help (as handgrips), and with one sound leg, he could learn a way to be ready, at any time while in a trench, to hop "over the top" in a few seconds. This young man typified the fine spirit of the Australians. In my, frequently restless, post-war sleep I sometimes dream again of Tidworth, and of my old Australian students, and the dream generally takes the form of seeing them marching past my quarters "in fours" on their way to Church for our Sunday service. I see again their fine sturdy athletic frames and honest brown faces as they turn towards me for us to salute each other as they pass, and in the middle of their ranks I observe a little chap with a noticeable limp. So they pass up the road and out of sight, and it may be, alas, I fear in many cases is so, now that the War is over, people will forget the fine work they rendered for the old Country in her dire need. The Australians however, may be sure that there are *some* who will never forget them, and who will always think of them with gratitude and admiration and love, and that among the latter will be found their "Old Man," the Commandant of the Officers' School at

Tidworth, and his good old staff of instructors ; and that though we are now scattered all over the world, we all of us, students and instructors alike, I verily believe, will ever retain a soft corner in our hearts for the old War School at Candahar Barracks, Tidworth, on Salisbury Plain.

In conclusion, I cannot resist the temptation to add some extracts from an article in the "Sydney Morning Herald" of January 25th, 1923, inserted in response to some Christmas Greetings from me to my old Australian pupils, which (owing to the kindness of the late Sir James Fairfax) I send yearly through that newspaper. This article will show the splendid feeling that existed between the pupils and the instructors at our school at the conclusion of the Great War.

"THE COLONEL OF CANDAHAR."

(By S. ELLIOTT NAPIER.)

(Reprinted from the "Sydney Morning Herald" of January 25th, 1923.)

"To many thousands of Australians—In a word to all those many members of the A.I.F., who, either as junior Officers or senior non-Com's, had the privilege of attending the Officers' School of Instruction at 'Candahar,' Tidworth, England—the references to Col. H. A. R. May, C.B., which appeared in last Monday's 'Herald,' together with his letter to Mr. J. O. Fairfax, will come as the whiff of a fragrant and happy memory. Col. May asks that his old trainees should be assured of his affection for them all, and that he holds them constantly in his thoughts. I think I may safely assert on behalf of every member of the A.I.F. who ever attended the Candahar School, that we hardly needed the assurance. We knew—none could pass through the school and fail to know—how much the dear old Colonel loved his Australian pupils ; and I would like to assure him in return—though I think he knows already—how highly we esteemed him, and how we honoured, and shall honour down the years, his name and personality. I never met an Australian who had attended Candahar School who had anything but affection and respect for his old principal. I was a member of the very last class of trainees who went through Candahar during Col. May's occupancy of the position of O.C. ; and I can still remember with a pang the night he said farewell to us. I do not know who was the more "broken up"—he, at the thought of going, or we, at the prospect of losing him. We gave him—*inter alia*, as the lawyers say—an autograph book inscribed with the signatures of every member of the school, and the dear old chap nearly wept when we all shook hands and said 'Good-bye.' A good many of us had to swallow hard, too, that evening. The one great outstanding asset that Col. May possessed was his genuineness. When he told you anything you simply knew that it was so ; when he welcomed you to the school, or addressed you at it, or said farewell to you when you left it, you each knew that you were the particular object of his regard, and that when he said he was glad to meet you, or sorry that you were going—well, he was glad or sorry, as the case might be. At least, that is what I believed then, and I believe now—and I do not intend that my belief shall be shattered either.

"I do not suppose Col. May remembers when he first met me—or even remembers me at all. I was at the time an insignificant and very green member of an incoming band of trainees from various camps on the Plain, who were eagerly anticipating our course at Candahar ! For the fame of the heavenly contrast between the conditions at the school and those obtaining at the other training camps had reached us ; and here we were, ready to appreciate them. No, the Colonel will not remember it ; but I do. And I remember his friendly welcome to us all very clearly and very appreciatively. It was the first of many evidences of his consideration for us that we were to receive, and which continued without a break up to the day of his departure. Coming as it did, after the harshnesses and hardships we had known overseas, and even in the other camps, that greeting and the subsequent treatment accorded us at Candahar made the place a home.

"Although Col. May did not very often take the class himself, it was always a red-letter event when he did. For among his other good qualities the O.C. had, like Jack Point, a 'pretty wit,' and a happy way of expressing it. I suppose none of us will ever forget his lecturettes on the sanitation of camps—it speaks volumes for him, surely, that he could make that subject humorous !—or the care of horses and their 'furniture.' The quaint asides, the queer reminiscences, the funny little sketches on the blackboard with which he used to illustrate them, were gems of purest ray serene in their way, and were as much appreciated by us as our appreciation of them was appreciated by him. But the C.O.'s great 'stunt' was the F.S.P.B. (the Field Service Pocket Book), that almost invaluable little *vade mecum* which every Officer in the British Army is issued with, and which most of us became so well

acquainted with. It is a veritable little 'Enquire Within upon Everything' for the military—or was until the Great War; which I am afraid was too much even for its encyclopædic resources—and it was 'The Book' to the Colonel. He spoke of it almost as reverentially as of Holy Writ itself. At the exams. with which the course concluded there was one paper which everybody referred to as "the Colonel's mad half-hour." You were given thirty questions upon the contents of the F.S.P.B., and you had to answer them within thirty minutes by the clock; not by the usual method, but by setting down against each question the page of the book on which the answer could be found. You were allowed to take the book in with you, of course; but that really did not help you much—for if you were not sure of its peculiarities you could easily spend ten minutes looking up one answer, with fatal results to the others. It was said that the Colonel had three lists of these questions to which he adhered; so that if you saw the first two or three you would know what all the rest were. Some enterprising trainee, discovering this, it was further alleged, managed to obtain possession of all three lists, and helped himself and his comrades to a good pass by committing to memory the page numbers of the respective answers to all three. And, finally, it was stated that a certain class, relying on this method, being confronted with a paper on which the first two or three questions conformed to the usual numbers, confidently put down the whole list without noticing that the Colonel, having in turn been made aware of the little ruse, had, after the first half-dozen, altered all the rest of the questions to conform to an entirely new, list altogether!

"One of the best evidences of the O.C.'s humour, however, was the well-known 'suggested form of letter to be sent to wives from soldiers in the field.' It was a beautiful skit on the also well-known grey form of communication with one's dear ones which was issued at the front for us all to fill up, and which contained several alternative phrases, which could be struck out or retained, as necessitated by the facts of the case. The Colonel's form is too long to quote here in full, but it is full of sly humour. It starts off, for instance, with the alternatives, 'my dear, my dearest, or my darling,' and finishes up with a couple of blank dotted lines on which are to be inserted "protestations of affection—not to exceed ten words." One of the allowed sentences was: 'I think the war will end,' and then follows the four alternative conclusions, 'this year, next year, sometime, never.' While another ran: I hope you are 'Well,' 'bearing up,' 'not spending too much money,' or 'getting on better with mother.' These things, set out now in cold type, do not seem so funny, perhaps, but in those days, and under the circumstances of the times, the hits were palpable, and provocative of much hilarity.

"Yes, Col. May may rest assured that his cheery message to us all has been delivered and appreciated. And more than all, he may be satisfied that it is reciprocated. Wherever and whenever the ex-trainees of Candahar foregather the name of their well-loved O.C. will crop up; and as surely as it does will it be carried 'nemine dissentiente' that he was 'a real white man, and one of the best.' So—here's to you, Colonel—happiness and good luck from every one of the 5,000 whom you 'put through' and who are still above ground!"

CHAPTER XXIV

"THE CHAPLAIN'S COURSE"

(1917 TO 1918)

"Not only with our lips, but in our lives."

EVERYONE will agree that war is the most foolish way ever devised of settling quarrels. It causes intense distress, suffering, loss, damage and poverty.

It is difficult to find a single word to be said in its favour, and yet, as thousands will testify, it is a wonderful experience, and seems to have a wonderful effect upon the character and behaviour of the men taking part in it—who, in the case of the last Great War, constituted almost the whole manhood of the British Empire.

I have often thought that I came across more real practical Christianity during the War than ever before or since. During the War, political and religious quarrels seemed to die. The whole population seemed to be merged in one "party" and in one "denomination," and in both politics and religion I believe the nation was nearer real unity during the War than it ever was before. The only political programme of anyone was How best really to help the old Country, and everyone's religion seemed to be summed up in: How we could best really help our neighbour, i.e., Unselfishness in the biggest sense of the word, which has always seemed to me to be the one big and simple essential of Christianity. Whatever we did, whatever we wanted, and wherever we went, everyone was "out" to help us. We got, as a matter of course, the gratuitous use of schools, stables, neighbours' premises, parks, squares, or any other place we wanted for training purposes. Military authorities, local authorities, police authorities, and, indeed, the whole population seemed anxious to help us without the slightest discussion or hesitation. In France the same atmosphere prevailed, and my experience there was even more wonderful. Rough and uneducated men, without the smallest scruple, would there, as a matter of course, risk and sacrifice their lives to help their comrades or any other unit that required their aid; and when the heat of conflict was over, were willing and even anxious to help and hearten their prisoners (late enemy, "Fritz," as they almost affectionately called him). They would search their haversacks to find him food and tobacco, tell him not to be downhearted! That it would be his turn next, etc. Alas! that the atmosphere of "help" which then seemed to prevail everywhere should nearly all have disappeared now that the War has ended. Does it really require a war to produce this universal spirit of help? Isn't it possible to create it without such a terrible experience?

What about the Church during the War? When the whole manhood of the Nation was in the Army, it seemed to have an opportunity such as might never occur again? We, in the Army, usually came into touch with the Church through the Army Chaplains from time to time sent to us (and we got some real good ones!). I suppose their denomination was "Church of England," but, as mentioned above, we all seemed to be of one denomination from 1914 to 1919—at least, I never heard

of there being different denominations in the Artists Rifles during that time. Our religious services were rather rare, and were always very short. They were generally held in the mud or in some hastily improvised secular building, but they were the most real services I have ever attended, and my eyes, even now, are inclined to fill with tears whenever I think of them. They consisted, as a rule, of popular *hymns* (we were practically confined to the few contained in the little book of hymns issued to soldiers, but they produced congregational singing at its very best); short, carefully selected and pithy *lessons* (from the New Testament, which I, as the Senior Officer, generally had to select and read). A few most sincere *prayers* (by the officiating Chaplain, who, clad in his khaki, seemed to be more one of ourselves during the War than he did in private life), and sometimes, but not very often, a short address by him.

And what about the Chaplains? The only Officer—excepting always, of course, the M.O.—in each unit who need not worry himself about tactics, strategy, machine-guns, musketry or the best way of using weapons of war for the slaughter of men! The one man who could devote the whole of his time, and, indeed, his life, to the helping of his fellow men at a very trying time, each “according to their several necessities.” Many of the Chaplains (so it seemed to me) had come straight from their parishes at home, and had had but little military preparation, and though most of them were keenly anxious to help in any way in their power, they were sometimes severely hampered in their work by their want of knowledge of military affairs.

On one occasion, when walking with a “General” at St. Omer, we passed a Chaplain, newly arrived (apparently) from England (he was wearing a very new khaki kit!), and (apparently) inexperienced in military matters. He gave a most original flourish of his arm as he passed. “Who the deuce is that?” asked the General, wrathfully, “And what is he doing?—blowing me a kiss or what?” “He’s a Chaplain, sir, and he’s saluting you,” I replied. “Well, why the devil doesn’t someone show him how to do it?” responded the General. This remark puzzled me a little at the time, and I thought about it afterwards. Why didn’t someone show him how to do it? Whose business was it to teach him? Was it the duty of the Colonel of the Regiment to which he was attached? Was I responsible for the military training of any Chaplain that might be attached to us? What would a Chaplain’s feelings be like if a Colonel instructed a Sergeant to drill him and teach him how to salute? And if I, the Colonel, was not responsible, who was?

The above little incident occurred to me again when I was at Tidworth, and suggested a new idea to me: What about a course for Army Chaplains? We were a School for Officers, and were supposed to train *all* Officers who required it. They were Officers. Wouldn’t a short course be useful to some of the inexperienced ones before they left England to go to France? Couldn’t we teach them a multitude of ways in which a good padre could give real *practical* help to the men of his unit which it might take him months of experience to find out for himself? The more I thought over the matter, the better I thought of it. I sketched out a rough draft “syllabus” of Chaplain’s work, which grew and grew every time I studied it! I had an opportunity of discussing the matter with the Commander-in-Chief at Salisbury, and of going through the draft “syllabus” with him. He seemed to think the idea a very novel one, but he did not oppose it, and, with his sanction, I prepared a scheme for training newly-appointed Army Chaplains without military experience, and annexed to it a draft of a proposed “syllabus” of work (a copy of which I have set out below)—all of which I submitted to the War Office. In due course I was summoned to London to discuss the matter with a most exalted and distinguished Officer there.

A copy of the syllabus submitted is as follows :—

OFFICERS' SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, CANDAHAR BARRACKS,
TIDWORTH, 1917.

SYLLABUS OF SHORT MILITARY COURSE FOR ARMY CHAPLAINS WHO HAVE NOT
HAD PREVIOUS MILITARY SERVICE.

1. *The Chaplain's Work.*

General principles—The Chaplain—The servant of units—His duty to help everyone, in every way, in all circumstances—Always oil, never grit, in the machinery.

To realize his special job each moment of active service, and put all his brains and all his energy into it.

To know Officers and their characters, the traditions and customs of units he is associated with, tact and personality.

To help men's physical (as well as spiritual) welfare.

Requirements in detail (not a matter of course on service) i.e., water, shelter and quarters, food, sleep, washing, sanitation, warmth, light, comfort, books, newspapers, recreation.

How to help on the march.

in billets or quarters.

in the front line.

in the mess.

in the dressing station and hospital.

in the prison.

How to run a soldier service.

a smoking concert.

games and competitions.

How to help a Commanding Officer.

How to promote goodwill, cheeriness, *esprit de corps* and the spirit of help.

Recreation-rooms; Canteen; Baths; Care of Men; Care of Horses; Soldier's Pets.

Funerals; Records of Graves; Letters to Relations; Erection of Crosses; Photographs where permitted.

2. *Military Hints.*

King's Regulations; Discipline; Orders; Dress; Equipment; Field Kits; Leave Pay.

Administration; Military Correspondence; Returns; Channels of Communication; Forms; Organization; Supply of Food; Disposal of Casualties.

Very elementary Drill; Position of attention; National Anthem, etc.; How to salute and return a salute; Ranks and badges; Military Etiquette.

Soldier's pay, allotments, rights, privileges, obligations and punishments.

How to learn your way about "The Field Service Pocket Book."

3. *Medical Hints.*

A "First Aid" Course; Sanitation; Diseases, Venereal; Wounds; Bandaging; How to use first field dressing; Method of carrying wounded; Footsoreness; Frostbite; Lice; Sterilizing clothing, etc.

Use and abuse of tobacco, rum, beer, food, pay and leave.

4. *Military Law.*

Principles of the administration of justice.

Sufficient Law to help the Chaplain when acting as "Prisoner's friend" in a Court-martial or Orderly-room.

Elements of International Law and Conventions.

5. *Topography.*

To enable the Chaplain to read and use his map, squared maps and compass to find his way with certainty.

6. *Anti-Gas.*

To enable the Chaplain to protect himself and the men from gas attacks.

7. *Cooking.*

A few hints on food and cooking in the field.

8. *Riding.*

9. *Cycling* (if required).

10. Any other subject of interest or benefit to Chaplains.

CANDAHAR BARRACKS, TIDWORTH, 1917.

The distinguished Officer at the War Office, when I called upon him, seemed more amused than impressed by my suggestion ! and enquired : " Who is the bold man who is going to teach them ? " I explained that I and my staff of instructors would do so, but hastened to add that we did not propose to teach theology or doctrine or ritual or anything outside the scope of our school work, but only to try and teach a newly-appointed and inexperienced Army Chaplain how in war-time he could best help at all times and in all circumstances the men of the unit to which he was attached, and also to teach him enough about his military duties to enable him to carry them out with credit. I then related the incident of the General in France. After a little discussion, the distinguished Officer gradually got more interested, and took the matter a little more seriously. We then went through the proposed syllabus in detail, and in the end he agreed to my scheme as suggested, said he would " leave it all to me," wished me good luck, and enquired which batch of Chaplains I would have first ? " Catholics " (as he called them), " Church of England," or " Nonconformists " ? I reminded him that my course was strictly undenominational, and that I particularly wished to have them *mixed* ! He rather shrugged his shoulders at this, but promised they would be sent exactly as I had asked, and in due course forty Chaplains of all denominations, duly mixed, reported at my Officers' School for a course of instruction, such course to be based upon the syllabus that had been approved by the War Office and by the Chaplain-General.

I could not help feeling a little nervous when the time for my first meeting with my first class of Chaplains arrived. Every kind of Chaplain was represented. Of every age, from the rather elderly, grey-haired Rector (or high Cathedral dignitary) to the keen, young, newly-ordained man ; and of every denomination—from Roman Catholic to Salvation Army. I tried to remember that they were all inexperienced in *military* work, or they would not have been sent to us ; that they had all volunteered for military service from patriotic reasons because the old Country needed their services just then ; and, above all, that they had all one common task, viz. : to learn how they could best help the men of the unit to which they might be attached. And as I felt confident that we could help them in the performance of this task, my nervousness soon wore off.

The Chaplains quickly grasped the object of the course, and from the very first I was much pleased with their earnestness and their attention. They soon realized that they were only learning new ways of *practising* the religion that was common to all of us, and we went steadily through our carefully-prepared programme, and during every hour of their work I hope they learnt something that really helped them to carry out their " job " when they got to France.

During a Chaplain's course, I always tried to take the class myself, personally, for at least one hour on each week-day (sometimes this was in conjunction with my other pupils on some general subject at the school lecture in the Y.M.C.A. Hut), and on Sundays they all (with very occasional exceptions) attended our school service at the Garrison Church. This was modelled, so far as possible, on our services in France, with popular hymns (mostly taken from the soldier's little hymn-book) and short lessons selected and read by me as the Senior Officer present ; and when a Chaplain's class was present I generally tried to select a lesson (such as " The Good Samaritan " or " The Sheep and the Goats ") which I could supplement by *practical* instruction on the same subjects during the following week.

The only subject in my syllabus which I experienced any difficulty in teaching was " Association football." There is no doubt that " Tommy," when resting, is exceedingly fond of a game of " soccer " (either as a player or as a spectator !), especially if a match can be arranged against some other unit. I happened to be in touch with some kind people in London who would always supply (*gratis*) to units in France, footballs, goal-posts, and everything else required. I wanted each Chaplain to know their addresses and their code for telegrams, etc., so as to be able to be in a position to arrange for anything that might be required by his own unit (if he saw a good opportunity for football for them when in France !), and also to be able himself, if necessary, to act as " referee," and consequently to *know the rules of Association football from A to Z* ! None of my instructors, however, seemed able to teach these (they were all " Rugby " players), and in my difficulty I wrote to Mr. F. J. Wall, the Secretary of the " Football Association," to see if *he* could help me, even though he was a complete stranger to me. Nothing, however, could have exceeded his kindness and the help that he gave me, for which I shall ever feel grateful. I received from him, whenever required, a gratuitous supply of literature designed to help referees, which I distributed amongst my Chaplains ; and with the help of this and of my own small experience of Association football (many years ago, alas !), I tried to teach the Chaplains the rules of Association football myself ! And towards the end of the course we had many carefully-planned but exciting incidents, suddenly depicted on the blackboard, requiring rapid decision, to test their knowledge, and to see if they could *apply* the rules correctly, especially the " off-side " rule.

My Chaplains got more and more enthusiastic as the course went on. They themselves from time to time, made suggestions with a view to improving it for future Chaplain students. Our final meeting was (as always) of a most enthusiastic character, and when at the very end we shook hands and parted, I felt that the course had been a distinct success. And I believe the Commander-in-Chief, the War Office and the Chaplain-General were all satisfied.

Several more Chaplains' courses followed, each for forty Chaplains of all denominations mixed ! In fact, they were continued right up to the Armistice, in November, 1918, after which my work at the school came to an end. After each course I generally received one or two letters from my late pupils, which I much valued, and which I still come across occasionally, when searching amongst my " Tidworth " papers. I came across one of them only a few days ago. It is dated November, 1918, and was received just after our last Chaplains' course, shortly before I left the school. I cannot resist the temptation of inserting a copy of it (it may be taken as a sample of a large number of letters I received from my old pupils) so as to show the good terms that existed between the " instructors " and the " instructed " at " Candahar School " during the Great War !

[COPY OF LETTER.]

" — MESS, — LINES,

" — CAMP,

" November 24th, 1918.

" DEAR COLONEL,

" I feel I must write a few lines to express my intense appreciation of all your kindness, and that of your Adjutant and Staff during my stay at dear old 'Candahar.' It will be a time to remember for the rest of my life, and I sincerely hope that the high ideals you set before us will be a continual source of stimulation. I, like many others, thought the course needless beforehand, but now I know of what immense benefit it will be in my new life, and I shall always be thankful that I was sent to attend it. The F.S.P. Book, which you so kindly gave me, will be a treasured memento of one whom I look upon as a dear friend, in spite of my being only 'officially' acquainted.

" If ever some good fortune should bring me to meet you again, sir, in civil life, I hope I may claim that privilege. May God bless you in your new work and reward you with the knowledge that your ever widening circle of influence will benefit thousands in our Country.

" I trust you will forgive me for writing in this unofficial way, but I could not help it.

" Your obedient Servant,

" — C.F.,

" Vicar of —."

CHAPTER XXV

THE ARTISTS IN THE LINE

(THE 1ST BATTALION IN FRANCE FROM 1916 TO DEMOBILIZATION)

ON his return to England, about Christmas of 1915, Col. May was succeeded in his command of the 1st Battalion by Col. Chatfield Clarke. Col. Clarke continued the work of training Officers on very much the same lines, initiated by Col. May, although as time went on he was handicapped in the matter of drafts from England. The successful formation of Officer-producing units in the 2nd Battalion at Gidea Park—in addition to their Reserve and Depot functions, referred to elsewhere—brought about double demands for recruits, which it became more and more difficult to satisfy adequately.

The 1st Battalion, being G.H.Q. troops, followed the transfer from St. Omer, one half going to Ecuire (Montreuil) with part of G.H.Q., and the remainder (including headquarters) with the rest to Hesdin, where the training of Officers, still by far the most important activity of the Corps, was carried out. Certain detachments went forward with advanced G.H.Q., under Capt. Keene at Beaulieu in 1916, and Capt. Mieville at Heuchin and Bavincourt in 1917. There was a notable guard of honour (under the late Capt. Bare) for H.M. the King in August, 1916, at Chateau Bryas ; and in the same month a party went to guard the jealously preserved secrets of the Tanks, whose first base and training centre was at Yvrench, and whose first appearance in action was in September of that year. One platoon became experts in the manipulation of the Inglis portable bridge, and practically the whole Battalion was impressed for navvy work when from February to April, 1917, the single railway line from Etaples to St. Pol was doubled.

Large numbers of Warrant Officers, N.C.Os. and selected privates from other Regiments were attached to the Corps for preliminary polish before being admitted to the G.H.Q. Cadet School at Blendecques. The plan under which the Regiment completely trained its own members for commissions without any final training elsewhere was approved, and kept in operation until the Corps went elsewhere to the trenches. Early in 1916 some 150 T.Bs. (Temporary Base Details), lads too young for the trenches, who had got to France in error or by craft, were sent to the "Artists" to be disciplined and trained. They were placed under Capt. Keith Simmons, who, as might be expected, soon turned them into the real thing. The arrival of a large draft from Gidea Park towards the end of 1916 enabled the constant supply of Officers trained on the Artists system to be continued right until June, 1917, when the Battalion joined the 63rd (Royal Naval) Division in the line. The Artists took the place of the Honourable Artillery Company in the 190th Brigade of this Division, which was commanded by General Lawrie, in the Oppy and Gavrelle sectors, and quickly settled down to the routine and extra-normal duties of an Infantry Battalion in the trenches. The other Battalions of the 190th Brigade

were the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the 4th Bedfords and the 4th King's Shropshire Light Infantry. The 188th and 189th Brigades of the Division were more naval, as follows :—

188th Brigade.

1st R.M.L.I.
2nd R.M.L.I.
" Anson " Battalion.
" Howe " Battalion.

189th Brigade.

" Hawke " Battalion.
" Hood " Battalion.
" Nelson " Battalion.
" Drake " Battalion.

In September, 1917, the R.N. Division was relieved by the 47th Division (the 2nd London, to which the Artists usually—they do now—belong), and in October was ordered to the Ypres front. After intensive preparation at Houtkerque, the 190th Brigade, on October 30th, followed the 188th in the attack on the Passchendaele ridge. " A " and " B " Companies were in the first line, " C " Company in support, and " D " in reserve. Directly the show started the Artists came under the most intensive machine-gun fire from " pill-boxes," the supporting Companies suffering very heavy casualties from enemy artillery. The ground to be traversed was simply mud and swamp, which held up the corps, as compared with the Canadians on the right, who, being on higher and drier ground, got on further. This left a gap which was filled by the 4th K.S.L.I. Many Artists got over the Paddebeeke stream, but the Battalion, after suffering 350 casualties (170 killed) had to consolidate on the near side. The Artists were relieved on the evening of the 31st by the " Nelsons."

With the news of the set-back at Cambrai, the R.N. Division, early in December, 1917, entrained for the 3rd Army area to maintain and fortify the salient commanding the approaches to Mesnieres and Marcoing, left to the allies after the German counter-attacks. The Artists were in the Couillet Wood sector. They suffered the full brunt of the German attack on December 30th, and it fell to them to make an attempt, simultaneously with the Anson Battalion, to regain the front line on the left which had been lost by the 190th Brigade. The Artists counter-attack, owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, failed to make headway, and the troops on this flank, only with difficulty held the second-line position. On January 2nd, 1918, the 190th Brigade, which had suffered far more severely than the other two Brigades, and had put up a " very fine defence," was relieved by the 53rd Brigade of the 19th Division, and on January 23rd the whole Division by the 2nd Division. The R.N. Division put in a month's work strengthening a series of defensive positions. A few days later came the reduction of Brigades to three Battalions each, involving the transfer of the K.S.L.I. to the 19th Division. The German test barrages and gas attacks, preparatory to one of their last great offensives, caused many losses before the terrific storm broke on March 21st, 1918, the Artists being in reserve at Havrincourt Wood. This was the beginning of the historic retreat of the " V " Army. At midnight, on the 21st, the Division withdrew to the intermediate system (the Hindenburg front line), and on the 22nd to the second line (the old British front line), thence to the Metz switch line, and the Green line, further back, on the 23rd. After dusk, touch with the 47th Division was lost, and the Officers commanding the Artists, Drake and Bedfords, decided to withdraw from the Green line and to form a defensive flank in front of the R.E. dump at Ytres—Bus-le-Transloy. At 10 p.m. the ammunition dump, which had been burning, was blown up, and the Artists had certain casualties. On the 24th there was a further withdrawal, the Artists having to cross open country, a

racecourse, north-west of Bus, suffering many losses, and being unable to bring away their wounded. The new line for the Division was at High Wood, and then eventually from Martinpuich to Bazentin-le-Petit, the Artists being in Brigade reserve at Courcellette. On the 26th the Division was on the Ancre line in front of Hamel, the Artists being in Aveluy Wood, Bouzaincourt, under command of the 12th Division, on the right of the 17th Division. On the next day, at 7 a.m., they drove back the Germans from the Aveluy-to-Bouzaincourt road to the very outskirts of Albert. The burden of this attack fell on the Artists and the Bedfords, who lost their V.C. Colonel. This was the end of the great retreat so far as the "Artists" were concerned. The Ancre line was saved. On April 15th the first great German offensive being ended, the Division went back for a rest to Puchevillers, the Artists being at Acheux.

On May 8th the Division relieved the 17th Division in the Hamel-Aveluy Wood sector, and during the month was subjected to continuous raids by the enemy on the 190th Brigade posts. Counter-raids were made, and no ground permanently lost. On June 4th, the Division was sent back for three weeks' rest in the Toutencourt area. Here the Artists upheld their peace-time traditions by winning the Divisional musketry competition. From June 23rd to July 25th—a fairly quiet period—they took over the line in front of Auchinvillers, opposite Beaumont-Hamel. Good news was now coming in. On July 20th Foch's counterstrokes had thrown the enemy across the Marne, and on the 21st Château Thierry was retaken. The Germans were in retreat. The war of positions had begun. The first rumour of dramatic events reached the Division on August 8th in the form of unexpected orders to move to the Montigny area, south of the Albert-Amiens road. Then the Division moved north, marching only at night, between August 15th and 19th. Subsequent operations, which most unfortunately included the death in action of R.S.M. Peter Emslie on August 23rd, found the Artists, in connection with the attack of August 25th, the first troops to enter le Barque—the first great initial success. By the 31st the Division were three miles west of Hindécourt. On September 4th the 190th Brigade relieved the rest of the Division. Then came the great Hindenburg line battles. On September 27th, in the successful attack to secure the crossing of the Canal du Nord at Moeuvres, the Artists fought their way south along the Hindenburg line. Yard by yard the Hindenburg system was cleared. The story of September 27th is told in greater detail and in far more convincing and eloquent words by Col. Goldthorp in the "Artists Rifles' Roll of Honour," pp. xxix.-xxxii.

The remaining stages of the battle for Cambrai to Maubeuge gave every opportunity to the R.N. Division to show their training and organisation. On September 30th the Artists were on the right of the attack of the line Pronville-Fog de Paris, on the outskirts of Cambrai. On October 1st the Division was relieved by the 52nd. In four days the R.N. Division had advanced, fighting the whole way, over seven miles, capturing 63 Officers and 2,138 men (unwounded), 5 big guns, 51 field-guns, 90 trench-mortars and 400 machine-guns, one of the most successful of the Division's innumerable engagements. On October 5th the Division was about to entrain for St. Pol, but was recalled in order to capture Niergnies. This operation was commenced on the 8th, and Niergnies was soon again in British hands. The fall of Cambrai on October 8th was the direct result of the Artists work. After a rest around St. Pol, the Division was again in the fighting line on November 6th, west of Bois d'Audregnies. Thence the advance was governed only by the condition of the roads. On November 8th Audregnies and Witheries were taken, and in the afternoon the line was just west of Blaugies. By November 9th-10th (on the 9th

the Artists actually advanced 15,000 yards through woods and open country, being the first British troops to enter Blaugies), the 190th Brigade had got as far as the Mons-Maubeuge road, running north-east from Quévy-le-Petit, which was their utmost limit, the 188th and 189th Brigades going on through Givry. The Artists were at Harvengt on the 10th and at Harmignies, which they entered twenty minutes after the Germans left on the following day. The end came at 11 a.m. on the 11th.

The following is a list of the Officers commanding the 1st Battalion subsequent to Col. Chatfeild Clarke ; and to those who may be surprised at its length, it may be said that comparing with other Battalions it is not a big list :—

Major Edlmann, T.D., Artists (Passchendaele).
Col. J. Harington, C.M.G., D.S.O., Rifle Brigade.
Col. Lathom, 7th Royal Fusiliers.
Col. F. S. B. Johnson, D.S.O. (Reserve of Officers).
Col. H. G. Wilkinson, London Rifle Brigade.
Col. J. F. Legge (Reserve of Officers).
Col. R. H. Goldthorp, D.S.O., The 4th Duke of Wellington's Regt. (West Riding), until February 8th, 1919.
Col. Alner W. Hall, M.C., Artists.

The Artists took part, on November 15th, in the official entry of the First Army into Mons. They then went back to Harmignies and Athis, where educational classes, etc., were formed. Christmas was spent at Blaugies. There was a subsequent move to St. Ghislain, where Col. Goldthorp left the Corps, which had become very attached to him. He was succeeded by Col. Hall, who took over the Cadre until return to England with its subsequent demobilization.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HOME BATTALIONS

(1914 TO 1918)

WHILST the responsible and important duties described in earlier pages were being carried out with such success in 1914 and onwards by the 1st Battalion in France, the Artists left behind—recruited as they were by the pick of the Public School and University men clamouring to enlist in England—were no less busy. Enrolment in the 2nd Battalion began on August 31st, 1914. Questions having been raised as to the possibility of finding an "Artist" Officer to command, the way in which this particular matter was settled deserves to be put on record. It having been suggested to Col. May by the military authorities that a suitable Officer of senior rank should be imported into the Corps, the Colonel demurred, and stated that the Corps had an Officer ready and waiting. Upon being asked "Who?" he replied "Colonel Horsley." When asked whether Col. Horsley was able and willing to resume command, Col. May said that *he* would answer for that; and he at once wired Col. Horsley as to the state of affairs. Result: appearance the next morning of Col. Horsley, uniformed, equipped and ready for the part—and the best and most satisfactory solution of the problem presented to the Artists. Col. Horsley's Adjutant was (the late) Capt. A. J. Neame, T.D.; and his second in command, Major W. Shirley, C.M.G., succeeded later by Major Passmore Edwardes, T.D. Captains Keene, Foster and Thompson were amongst the Company commanders, and Capt. F. R. Light the Q.M.

Within a week of August 31st, 1914, 5,000 recruits had applied for admission. Four thousand of them had perforce to be refused, and, having been unsuccessful in joining the H.A.C., London Scottish or other London Territorial units, formed the nucleus of the Royal Fusilier and other Public School Battalions established in 1914-15. For a time there were no uniforms nor arms, but the whole Battalion, somewhere or other, from Jermyn Street to Petticoat Lane, succeeded at their own expense in clothing themselves in khaki; and eventually some old Martini-Henry carbines were dug up by "Q" branch of the London district. The men lived at home or in diggings (some of the private hotels and boarding-houses in the Bloomsbury district reaped a rich harvest). Drills and other training, interspersed with much strenuous route-marching, were carried out mostly in Russell, Tavistock and Euston Squares, and in Regent's Park. At the end of 1914 the Battalion moved into quarters at Dover House and Roehampton House (now the War Hospital) at Roehampton, and in billets, and later to the big camp in Richmond Park.

Meantime, on December 22nd, 1914, orders had been received to form a Third (Reserve) Battalion. Col. William Shirley, referred to above, a regular Officer, well-known to the Artists as being a brother of one of its best-known Officers, and as one who had assisted the Corps in its training in the old days at Easters and Whitsuns at Sandhurst, where he had a Company, was invited to take command. By the end of 1914, ex-"Artists" and others were arriving from the Colonies and

other places abroad to join up, a strong and first-class contingent from S. America forming the nucleus of a Company in the new Battalion, and Australia, Canada and New Zealand being well represented. Some famous old Artists were sent home from the 1st Battalion to officer the 3rd, including Pigeon Rust, Padfield, Edwards, Willis, Perl; whilst others, Granville Edge, Turnbull, Pinder Brown, Winckworth, Coleman, etc., came from Col. Horsley's Battalion. Edge became Adjutant; Major Higham, second-in-command; and Turnbull, Q.M. The 3rd Battalion, after being in London for a while, as were the 2nd, joined the latter in camp in Richmond Park. In June, 1915, the 3rd went to High Beech, Epping Forest, and thence to Hare Hall, Gidea Park, Romford, and finally at the end of the War to Berkhamstead. Headquarters at Euston Road became the Depot of the Regiment, under Capt. C. J. Blomfield; and the recruits were trained there for some four to eight weeks before proceeding to Gidea Park. The 3rd Battalion very often numbered over 3,000 men, and altogether nearly 10,000 recruits passed through its ranks before demobilization.

From January 1st, 1915, all recruits joined the 3rd Battalion, and Col. Horsley's Battalion, after supplying many Officers to Regular Territorial and Kitchener Battalions in England, drafts to the 1st Battalion in France and (subsequently) to the 60th Division, which went East, and certain personnel to the 104th Provisional Battalion (completed by similar detachments from the H.A.C. and London Scottish), which garrisoned the Tower of London for nine months, eventually became extinct, the 3rd Battalion becoming the 2nd (Reserve) Battalion, Artists Rifles. The 104th Provisional Battalion, which was commanded by Col. Horsley, was broken up in the spring of 1916. Col. Horsley himself went overseas and served as an Area Commandant in France.

In May, 1915, an Officers' School of Instruction was organized within the 2nd Battalion, very much on the lines of the Officers' School in France. To this were attached for training newly-gazetted Officers of the T.F. in England, some 1,500 being passed through the courses and examinations. The Battalion, by Army Order 429a of 1915, became the "2nd Artists Rifles, O.T.C." In March, 1916, the Officers' School was converted (in order to comply with general reorganization throughout the United Kingdom) into an Officers' Cadet Battalion, under Col. Shirley, and in August of that year into a more or less distinct unit, "No. 15 (Artists Rifles) Officer Cadet Battalion," under the command of Col. E. St. L. Shaw, of the East Surreys. As its formal title indicates, however, the O.C.B. was very much an Artists show; its students numbered many Artists from the Battalion, and it was largely officered by Artists Officers, the Adjutants being successively Abbot-Anderson and Willis, both Artists. In the last year of the War, Col. Shaw was relieved by Col. Gascoigne. In July, 1918, Col. Shirley was compelled by ill-health to resign his command, and Col. Ostle (who went to France with the 1st Battalion as junior Captain) took his place. The Armistice sounded the "Cease-fire" to all Officer training, of course, and after then attention was devoted mainly to education, demobilization and winding up.

The 3rd Battalion, whose functions were almost entirely those of training, rightly developed the athletic side very strongly. It ran rugger fifteens, composed largely of internationals, and had practically a county cricket team. It also formed from the mass of talent supplied by the many actors, pianists, singers, musicians, etc., who joined a first-class Concert and Entertainment Party, which did continuously excellent work at the many hospitals in and around London. The fame of the "Artists," trebled as it was by the phenomenal work done by the 1st Battalion in France, also attracted many other notable recruits, professional and business men.

It would be invidious to commence to give any names. Although handicapped by the impossibility of giving the active service training in the line which was an inseparable part of the curriculum of the 1st Battalion School, a wonderful organization was set up and perfected at Gidea Park—a smoothly-running machine for turning out Officers. This achievement was due in great measure to the team spirit always actuating the “Artists,” which leads them to put the Country before the Regiment, the Regiment before the Company and platoon, and the platoon before self. Any non-“Artist” reader, who may consider this general sort of self-praise somewhat easy, is invited to turn for chapter and verse, for details of figures and official reports, to “The Artists’ Rifles Regimental Roll of Honour,” compiled by Major Higham, and published by Howlett & Son. This book contains a record of Regimental patriotic fervour, and relentless zeal and of individual deeds of glory and self-sacrifice of which any Corps in the world could well be proud.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE ARTISTS RIFLES' REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION AND THE ARTISTS RIFLES' JOURNAL

(1916 TO 1927)

THE Artists Rifles' Regimental Association was inaugurated at a mass meeting of all Artists available held on June 29th, 1916, at the 2nd Battalion headquarters, at Gidea Park, Romford. The Hon. Colonel of the Regiment, Sir Robert W. Edis, presided, and was supported by Col. May, representing the 1st Battalion, Col. Horsley representing the (old) 2nd Battalion, and by Col. W. Shirley representing the 2nd (old 3rd) Battalion. The Association was registered as a company not for profit, and limited by guarantee under the Companies Acts. Its articles of Association give the objects of the Association which may be summarised as follows :—

To form a centre and rallying point for all " Artists " ; to obtain and distribute information with regard to emigration ; to act as a patriotic association to further and support British interests throughout the world ; to publish a magazine ; to act as an employment bureau for " Artists " ; and to establish charitable and benevolent organisations in connection with the Corps.

The Association has proved a success from its inception. Its membership is open to every " Artist " or ex-" Artist," and to (a few) others who have rendered notable service to the Corps. These latter require to be specially elected by the Council, and amongst them may be noted Gen. Sir Charles Romer, Col. Sir Charles Lamb, Gen. R. J. Kentish and Col. R. Campbell.

The principal work of the Association has been connected with the establishment and maintenance of its headquarters, together with the " Artists " Club, at 17-19, Craven Street, Charing Cross. In addition to being the registered Offices of the Association, these premises, furnished with all the amenities (with the exception of sleeping accommodation) of a good club, commenced by providing during the War a meeting place in Town for all ex-" Artists " home on leave. This served a most useful purpose, much appreciated by members, and from it has developed the Artists Rifles' Regimental Club. Should any reader be unaware of the advantages of joining both the Association and the Club, he should at once communicate with the energetic and popular Secretary, Arthur Drewry (old " F " Company). Membership of the Association is free to any ex-" Artist." The Club subscription is £2 per annum for town, and 10s. per annum for country members (over thirty miles from London). Luncheon is provided daily from 1 p.m. to 2 p.m., and any ex-" Artist " can be reasonably certain of meeting at least one old comrade every day. A house dinner is held on the third Wednesday evening in each month, at 7.30 p.m. The Association and Club are carrying out a very valuable work in maintaining contact between old members and the present Battalion. They have also helped in many other matters, particularly the War Memorial and the Bisley Hut. The Association

also assisted many members of the Corps to find work after demobilisation, by compiling an ex-" Artists " Professional and Business Directory, containing particulars of nearly all " Artists," by personal recommendation and in other ways.

The colonization activities of the Association which loomed large in their original programme have of necessity somewhat slackened with the replacement in civil life of the War " Artists," but connection with emigration and kindred matters is maintained through the Royal Colonial Institute and other organizations, and there are flourishing overseas branches of the A.R.R.A. at Vancouver, Karachi, Shanghai and other places. The Association also founded and for many years financed the " Artists Rifles' Journal."

The Journal.

The " Artists Rifles' Journal," the first number of which, published in August, 1916, was largely concerned with the Association instituted in the previous June, rapidly commended itself to the Corps, and became one of the most successful Regimental magazines. During the War it found, amongst members of the Regiment, a wealth of literary and artistic talent, including Alfred Leete, Fred Buchanan, C. H. Bretherton, Tom Purvis, S. C. Strube, Bert Thomas, R. F. W. Rees, and many others. It was published quarterly, but owing to the dearth of paper, its issue was suspended by War Office Order from April to October, 1917. With the first number of Vol. IV (Easter, 1921), it was, owing to expense, reduced in size. No. 44, Vol. V, appeared in a new cover. The first editors were Douglas Spencer, J. H. Elder Duncan and R. F. W. Rees. R. Coleman was responsible from June, 1919, until March, 1924, when the Journal was handed over by the Association to the Corps itself, H. Willans then becoming editor, succeeded by J. M. Oakey. The last issue (No. 57) of the Journal as a quarterly was in the summer of 1927, when it was decided, owing to questions of finance, to replace it with an annual publication, the " Artists Rifles' Year Book," the first issue of which (for 1926-27) appeared in January, 1928. The demise of the " Artists Rifles' Journal " met with universal regret, especially from the old members of the Corps, whose interests it had always especially guarded, but its financial demands could not be met with the support accorded ; and there was no alternative.

The Times was kind enough to say : " ' The Artists Rifles' Journal ' is the best Regimental publication yet produced " ; and the *Daily Telegraph* : " This is the best soldiers' paper we have yet seen."

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE RESUSCITATION OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES

(AFTER THE WAR)

(1920 TO 1921)

AFTER the Armistice everything seemed in a state of chaos! I, like many others, though still in uniform, had no definite job and no definite quarters. On returning to my home, I found it in a state of ruin and decay. On returning to my business, I found myself ignorant of the details of all pending matters, which my industrious partner had been looking after for me in my absence, so that I had some difficulty in picking up again the threads of my practice. Like everyone else, I was wondering what, exactly, was going to happen. Was I to return definitely to civil life? And, if so, when? Or had I still some unfulfilled military obligations to perform. And, if so, what? The winter of 1918-19, therefore, passed slowly, and after a time things began to settle themselves. The military authorities in due course made it quite clear to me that in my case all military obligations were at an end. They sympathetically but clearly pointed out that my last medical report was altogether insufficient to justify any further service! Also that my age (then 56 years) was against me—52 apparently being the extreme age to be allowed for my rank in the future. It was also kindly but very firmly pointed out to me that the regulations prevented anyone holding the substantive rank of Lieut.-Colonel for longer than eight years (i.e., for an original four years plus not more than two extensions of not more than two years each), and that this was to be the uttermost limit, whereas I had already held the rank since 1903, something like seventeen years, or more than twice as long as the extreme limit allowed! Anyhow, it seemed clear that the time had come for *me* to go! So after settling up accounts and various other matters, I gradually divested myself of my military work and garb, and again gradually assumed the habits and dress of a hard-working London attorney, and with health much impaired by the wear and tear of the last four or five years, and with a mind unsettled for legal work but stored with wonderful and vivid memories I started again on my civilian duties. By the end of 1919 I had quite settled down to my new role, and had once again become a civilian in mind as well as in habit.

And then, quite early in 1920, a wonderful thing happened! I received a fresh communication from the War Office! They were anxious that the Artists Rifles should be "resuscitated" without delay. Would I accept a new term of command—not in any event to exceed twelve months—so as to assist in this resuscitation? And, if so, would I call and see them on the subject at once! I need scarcely say that I jumped at the offer, and called on them without delay. No job could have been more to my liking. To start the old Corps once more upon its grand career. Besides, I felt touched and grateful that, in spite of my health, my age and my length of service, I should still have been selected for this important job. All details, so I gathered, were to be left to me. I was to obtain, select and recommend the new

staff of both Officers and N.C.Os., and whomever I recommended would be approved. What a responsibility ! However, I determined to do my best to justify my appointment and to do all in my power to re-establish the old Regiment on really sound lines again, to select for its Officers the very best men available, who would help to gather up and preserve the old traditions and the old spirit, and, in short, to assist me to carry out this, undoubtedly my last military job, to the very best of my power and judgment, so that the old Regiment should rise again from its ashes with its wonderful traditions reformed and added to, to continue for ever its glorious history !

And then began one of the most difficult and discouraging tasks I have ever had in my life. The incentive of the War, which formerly kept things moving, was altogether absent. Nobody seemed anxious to help. No one was desirous of undertaking fresh military obligations ! Everything seemed to be in a rotten and decaying state. Everybody was slack and apathetic. The condition of Headquarters was terrible, though in addition to the work of getting them repaired and cleaned I conceived an ambition to make them better and more comfortable than they had ever been before. After a good deal of difficulty, I had all the records completed up to date and painted up on the boards in the hall, also each room well decorated and furnished with pictures and old prints of Corps matters. I wanted the men on their return to feel that they had never found the old place so comfortable or so attractive ! Though it was difficult to get any help from anyone at this particular time, I must acknowledge, with gratitude, that as regards our H.Q. I was very greatly assisted by the County of London T.F. Association, and by their ever-helpful Secretary, Capt. Mansbridge ; and as regards the clerical work generally, I must acknowledge with gratitude the great help I derived all through this trying time from my old Adjutant, Capt. R. Coleman, who voluntarily assumed the post of my " Assistant Adjutant," and who relieved me thereby of a mass of tedious work and correspondence, and was generally a tower of help to me.

The chief difficulty, and, indeed, the only difficulty I experienced with the War Office, was with regard to the kind of Corps that was to be re-created. The authorities were anxious to re-start it as a Senior Officers' Training Corps. This I knew was against the views and traditions of the Regiment, and also, indeed, against my own convictions, for, as I have before stated, I have always held strong views that the best *initial* training for a future young amateur Officer is a real hard training as a private in the ranks of a normal unit ; and I am glad to say that in the end I was able to convince the authorities that the Regiment would best be able to fulfil its job of furnishing hereafter efficient Officers to other Regiments in the event of a war if it could be allowed to exist as a normal unit as it was before, coupled with an obligation by the Regiment (as before) to furnish (if desired) a percentage of its strength as Officers in the event of a war ; and with a further obligation by the Regiment to give to its men during peace such training as was possible in the circumstances as would assist them later in acting as Officers in other Regiments if this should ever be required. In short, the Corps is now under an obligation to be prepared, if ever required, to re-enact the part already played by them during the Great War.

It took me very nearly a whole year of hard work to get things in order and to enrol my first lot of men. The lines on which the Corps was re-started and the names of the men who helped to re-start it should, I think, be kept on record, and as the simplest way of doing this I am venturing to add a copy of my first, and last, orders (dated February, 1921), issued just before I finally retired, viz. : on February 21st, 1921, my year of command and my final service in the T.F. expiring on that

date. These orders will show the men who actively assisted in the resuscitation of the Regiment at a time when amateur soldiers were at a discount, and of the exact lines on which the old Corps was re-started on its career, and long may it continue to flourish.

*[Copy of Col. May's First (and Last) Orders on the Resuscitation of the Artists Rifles
as a Territorial Battalion after the Great War.]*

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1921.

No. 1.

28TH (COUNTY OF LONDON) BATTALION THE LONDON REGIMENT
(ARTISTS RIFLES).

Honorary Colonel : SIR ROBERT W. EDIS, K.B.E., C.B., V.D.

BATTALION ORDERS

BY

COLONEL H. A. R. MAY, C.B., V.D.,
Commanding.

1. In this, the first Order published since the reconstruction of the Artists Rifles after the War, the Commanding Officer wishes to take the opportunity of expressing the gratitude of all ranks to the successive generations of artists who from 1860 onwards have worked so hard, and so persistently, to create the fine traditions always associated with the Regiment, and which have made the Corps such a continued success. But for their patient, enthusiastic and unremitting labour (often in the face of great discouragement) the service rendered by the Regiment to the country during the war would not have been possible.

The Commanding Officer also desires most sincerely to place on record his own intense pride in the work which the Regiment (and all "Artists" in other Regiments) have accomplished since July, 1914; his admiration for the 15,000 gallant men who have since then served under the "Artist" badge; his deep and lasting sympathy with the relatives of the 2,000 men whose lives have been sacrificed for their country, and with those thousands of past members of the Regiment who have been crippled in body, or whose prospects in civil life have been injured in consequence of their willing service in all branches of H.M. Forces; and his congratulations to the 1,900 "Artists" who have received decorations and awards for the gallant performance of their duties. No words can adequately express his personal gratitude to all ranks for having so worthily maintained the reputation of the Corps on all Fronts, in all battles, and in all situations when the real test (of war) at last arrived. It is the Commanding Officer's proud and confident belief that no single unit in the British Army contributed more to the one common object of winning the War than the Regiment he has still the honour of commanding.

The Commanding Officer wishes to express his gratification at having been granted (in spite of Regulations) a brief extension of his period of command to afford him the opportunity of reconstituting the Battalion before his retirement, and he again appeals to all old comrades (in spite of sacrifices of time and money already made, and so far as their other duties will permit) to *rejoin the Regiment*, either as active or honorary members and to *introduce good recruits*, and otherwise to render *all help in their power*, in order that from the seed which he has now planted, the reconstituted Regiment may grow and flourish until it again becomes a unit worthy of the past records of the "Artists," for without their help success is impossible.

As these Orders will be the last published during his command, the Commanding Officer wishes to take this opportunity of expressing the deep regret and reluctance with which he brings to a close his forty years of service in the Artists Rifles, concluding with his tour of duty in command of the Regiment; but an expression of sorrow at relinquishing a post which he has esteemed it so high an honour to hold is not enough, and he wishes to offer his warmest thanks to the Officers, N.C.Os. and men who have served with him (each of whom he claims as a personal friend) for their constant, loyal and energetic labours. He is glad to be able to state that the authorities have appointed as his successor Major H. J. Shirley, C.M.G., T.D. (his present second in command), whose long and loyal service in the Corps, combined with his marked ability and high principles, ensure the brightest prospects for the future welfare of the Regiment. This fact tempers the regret, and strengthens the hope with which the Commanding Officer retires as an active member from the Corps he loves so well.

2. RECONSTITUTION. The conditions of service in the Corps were finally decided upon by the Authorities in September last, since which date the Artists Rifles has been reconstituted.

The Territorial Force having since 1914 adopted the four Company organization, the newly-formed Battalion has been organized in four double Companies, the eight former Companies having been amalgamated as follows:—old "A" and "B" will form new "A," old "C" and "D" will form new "B," old "E" and "F" will form new "C," and old "G" and "H" will form new "D." In the

grouping and posting of Officers, N.C.Os., men and recruits, and in the redistribution of challenge cups this association has been followed, in the hope that the newly-born Companies, which have now all been formed, will adopt and carry on the combined traditions and customs of the two pre-War Companies which they now represent. Both the Brass Band and the Drum and Fife Band have been reconstituted and are being enrolled.

The Headquarters have been cleaned, repaired and redecorated from garret to cellar, and the normal work of the Regiment is now being carried on there as in pre-War days. Old members are cordially invited to inspect Headquarters, particularly on Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings.

The Canteen, School of Arms, Officers' Mess and Sergeants' Mess have all been reconstituted, and the various Committees of these and all the other institutions of the Corps have been duly appointed, and are now carrying out their work for the benefit of the Regiment. In addition to this, Committees of the A.R.R.A., A.R.R.A. Club, Regimental Journal, War Memorial, Roll of Honour and other institutions created during and since the War are continuing their work also.

A new syllabus of training, carefully thought out and based on the unique experience gained during the War has been decided upon. Arrangements have been made for drills, musketry, annual camp and other training. In short, the framework of the Corps is completed. Only the assistance of the old members is required to complete the reconstitution of the Regiment. This assistance is earnestly sought for *now*. The Corps now requires the active support of all its friends, and it is doubtful if the country was ever in more urgent need of real patriots than at the present time.

3. CONDITIONS OF SERVICE. These are the same as for any other Battalion of the Territorial Army, in effect to (a) attend drills (40 for recruits, 10 for trained men); (b) shoot a musketry course; and (c) attend camp. For detailed particulars of Service, see leaflet issued by the War Office, or booklet issued by the Corps, both of which can be obtained from the Orderly Room. Any past member, not exceeding 38 years of age, who has served for not less than six months during the War, and who enrolls before July 31st, 1921, can join as a trained man. All past members, of whatever age, may rejoin as honorary members, and will thereby incur no military liability whatever.

4. SYLLABUS OF WORK. In the appendix to these Orders is set out a syllabus of the work intended to be generally followed. The first part is designed to fit a recruit to take his place in the ranks of the Corps, and the second part to keep him up to date and to fit him to lead men on service as a N.C.O. or junior Officer. It should always be borne in mind that the ultimate aim of military training is *active service*, and that if and when the Regiment is again mobilised, we are under pledge as before to furnish a proportion of our rank and file to be Officers.

5. THE APPOINTMENTS set out below have now been made, and further appointments are being considered. Old members desirous of rejoining as N.C.Os. or as specialists (for any work in which they feel specially qualified or have had special experience), or wishing to join any particular company, platoon or section, or to serve under any particular Officer or N.C.O., or to do any particular work in the Corps, or friends who wish to be posted so as to work together, should apply either to the Commander of the Company they wish to join, or to the Commanding Officer (through the Adjutant at Headquarters). In every case their application will be carefully considered, as the C.O. is most anxious that every man in the Regiment should find a congenial job in which he can put his whole heart into his work, and one specially suited to his ability, experience and capacity.

I. OFFICERS.

Commanding Officer ... Col. H. A. R. May, C. B., V.D.
Major ... Major H. J. Shirley, C.M.G., T.D.
Company Officers—

“A” Company (old “A” and “B”).

Major S. W. Neighbour, O.B.E., T.D.
Capt. W. A. Cole Adams.
Lieut. M. B. Hewitt.

“B” Company (old “C” and “D”).

Capt. A. W. Byrne.
Capt. H. F. Willans, D.S.O., M.C.
Lieut. P. Moody, M.C.
Lieut. R. G. West, M.C.

“C” Company (old “E” and “F”).

Capt. H. K. E. Ostle, M.C., T.D.
Capt. W. Campbell Smith, M.C.
Capt. T. Bowling.
Lieut. F. R. Beausire.
Lieut. J. Bradshaw.

" D " Company (old " G " and " H ").

	Capt. A. A. Tyer, M.V.O.
	Capt. A. E. Scrutton, M.C.
	Capt. G. B. Lepingwell.
	Lieut. C. A. R. Park.
	Lieut. G. E. Woodroffe.
Machine-Gun Platoon	Capt. R. A. Barnett, M.C.
	Lieut. E. G. Bax.
Adjutant ...	Capt. J. C. H. Brunt, D.C.L I.
Assistant Adjutant ...	Capt. R. Coleman.
Quartermaster...	Lieut. F. Gunn, M.C.
Transport Officer ...	Lieut. G. L. Chater.
Signalling Officer ...	Lieut. F. P. Raven.
Medical Officer ...	Capt. F. W. Goodbody, R.A.M.C. (T.).

II. N.C.Os.

STAFF.

Regt.-Sergt.-Major E. Walwyk, M.M., Rifle Brigade.
 Regt.-Quartermaster-Sergt. E. C. Startin.
 Sergt.-Instructors F. G. Diamond, Rifle Brigade ; and S. Beebe, Rifle Brigade.
 Bandmaster A. J. Pearse.
 Sergt.-Drummer A. Caslake.
 Pioneer-Sergt. C. S. Vincent.
 Transport-Sergt. E. L. Jerwood, M.C.
 Scout-Sergt. E. Margetson, M.C.

Companies—

" A " Company (old " A " and " B ").

C.Q.M.S. A. W. Viret.
 Sergt. W. S. Miéville, M.C.
 Corpl. H. F. Knight.

" B " Company (old " C " and " D ").

C.Q.M.S. H. E. Franck.
 Sergt. J. Sewell.
 Corpl. F. H. Cowell.

" C " Company (old " E " and " F ").

C.S.M. W. E. Dayton.
 C.Q.M.S. F. Grant.
 Sergt. G. S. Gadsby.
 Corpl. W. T. Stanton.

" D " Company (old " G " and " H ").

C.Q.M.S. H. R. Smith, M.C.
 Sergt. F. Bone.
 Corpl. G. Q. Comper.

M.-G. Platoon.

Sergt. A. R. Cormack, M.C.
 Corpls. H. G. Bayne, R. A. Lee and A. J. Samson.

III. PRIVATES.

Headquarters Unit ... W. E. Withers.

" A " Company (old " A " and " B ").

S. A. Andrews, D.S.O., M.C., R. Cambridge, G. E. Carlsson, E. D. Conran,
 B. W. Dykes, A. J. Fraser, A. E. M. Gale, T. Goddard, T. S. Hinds, R. T.
 Hopkins, A. E. Jermy, J. V. Johnston, T. C. King, A. Ovenden, B. A. R.
 Pitt, F. C. G. Rodger, F. L. Simmons, F. C. Smith, C. W. G. Wood.

" B " Company (old " C " and " D ").

H. A. Abram, J. B. Allanson, J. D. Arthur, A. C. S. Beckwith, J. C. Beskeen,
 J. K. R. Bryce, M. J. Carter, R. T. Cockman, G. H. Collier, J. A. Deakin,
 P. Easton, J. M. Frankish, J. B. Freebairn-Smith, F. A. Frost, A. S. Gough,
 D. J. Green, S. E. Hamilton, J. B. Hammond, F. R. S. Henson, A. D. Hinx-
 man, S. D. Hughesdon, A. H. Hunt, V. Jillard, C. S. Johnson, E. A. R. Josephs,
 M.C., E. Kingston, L. G. Kirchner, E. N. Kitcat, A. J. Kitcat, P. L. Leigh-
 Breese, R. M. Lester, R. H. Lock, A. S. Malyn, F. E. Marston, J. H. Moore,
 H. A. Parson, H. W. J. Paterson, J. H. Robinson, J. G. Schneider, F. W. H.
 Sibley, W. L. South, F. M. Strong, H. West, A. S. White.

" C " Company (old " E " and " F ").

A. W. Alford, F. St. K. Anderson, F. E. H. Bernays, W. A. Bridge, R. J. Brown, W. R. Bull, P. Bury, S. D. Clarke, C. A. Crutchett, H. R. Fripp, G. M. Gordon-Brown, S. Gudgeon, S. A. Hill, P. A. E. Naylor, W. L. Naylor, H. H. Owens, M. T. Parks, G. W. K. Pitter, A. D. Simmons, A. T. Stokes, C. A. Wyatt.

" D " Company (old " G " and " H ").

R. L. Brown, E. G. Butler, A. J. Forey, F. G. W. Fosbery, G. S. Foulerton, H. Harold, F. Harrison, B. F. Howard, H. E. Johnson, C. N. L. Lomax, B. H. Lunn, P. T. May, J. M. Oakey, N. J. Rogers, J. L. Stevens, J. E. Whiston.

M.-G. Platoon.

W. M. Bax, H. J. Chetwood, C. Davis, H. J. H. Dicksee, W. O. Groom, L. C. Maris, R. B. Pinney, A. E. Randell.

Storeman—

J. Donoghue, M.M., late Sergt. D. C. L. I.

IV. HONORARY MEMBERS.

" A " Company (old " A " and " B ").

T. A. Coffin, Capt. J. H. Green, R. E. Weston.

" B " Company (old " C " and " D ").

H. J. Collins, P. J. Hawkes, T. M. Illingworth, Commander S. A. P. Kitcat, R. N., F. C. Moss, O. P. Young, L. Pearson, Capt. A. Stahl, M.C., W. W. G. Stables, Capt. W. Newcombe.

" C " Company (old " E " and " F ").

L. Bartlett, W. E. Bell, P. L. Bennett, C. Collas-Robin, A. G. Cowell, S. Croneen, M.C., A. V. Cross, A. S. Drewry, N. Durrant, H. S. Fleming, M.C., P. C. Ford, K. Grant, Capt. A. W. Hall, M.C., H. G. Irwin, C. Leader, F. Leader, W. W. Lee, H. L. Lubbock, W. Macer, E. C. Mainwaring, A. C. Mead, J. P., H. McGuire, Major E. S. O'Dell, S. A. Parker, W. T. Phillips, G. W. R. Southern, W. Stewart, Major W. M. F. Stilwell, R. J. Tobin, Capt. A. W. Williams, O.B.E.

" D " Company (old " G " and " H ").

Capt. A. Blackie, Major G. C. Edwards, H. Graves, J. V. T. Long, N. Nathan

V. COMMITTEES.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Chairman	...	...	Capt. H. K. E. Ostle, M.C., T.D.
Secretary	...	...	Capt. W. A. Cole Adams.
Member	...	...	Lieut. F. R. Beausire.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

Chairman	...	...	C.Q.M.S. H. E. Franck.
Secretary	...	...	C.Q.M.S. A. W. Viret.
Treasurer	...	...	Sergt. A. R. Cormack, M.C.
Members	...	...	C.S.M. W. E. Dayton, C.Q.M.S. H. R. Smith, M.C., Sergt. W. S. Miéville, M.C., Sergeant F. Bone.

FINANCE.

Chairman	...	...	Major H. J. Shirley, C.M.G., T.D.
Hon. Adviser	...	...	Major T. Dudley Cocke (A.C.A.).
Secretary	...	...	Lieut. G. L. Chater.
Members	...	...	Capt. H. K. E. Ostle, M.C., T.D., Capt. T. Bowling, Sergt. F. H. Bone.

CANTEEN.

Chairman	...	...	Major H. J. Shirley, C.M.G., T.D.
Hon. Adviser	...	...	Capt. R. F. Turnbull.
Members	...	...	Capt. W. Campbell-Smith, M.C., Sergt. A. R. Cormack, M.C.

SCHOOL OF ARMS.

Chairman	...	...	Lieut.-Col. S. Chatfeild-Clarke, V.D.
Vice-Chairmen	...	...	Major A. V. Keene, T.D., Capt. W. Hammond, E. W. Boot.
Treasurer	...	...	Capt. A. W. Byrne.
Secretary	...	...	J. B. Concanon.
Members	...	...	C.Q.M.S. H. E. Franck, Sergt. E. Margetson, M.C., Sergt. W. S. Miéville, M.C., A. W. Clay-Thomas, A. G. Cowell, M. J. Carter, R. Cory, C. N. Cubitt, A. S. Drewry, A. D. Ellis, D. W. Marvin.

RECRUITING COMMITTEE.

Chairman ... Major W. J. Armitage, T.D.
 Members ... Capt. W. A. Cole Adams ("A" Company), Capt. A. W. Byrne ("B" Company), Lieut. F. R. Beausire ("C" Company), Capt. A. A. Tyer, M.V.O. ("D" Company).

NOTE.—The Committees of the A.R.R.A. and its various sub-committees, and of the War Memorial and its various sub-committees, are set out in their respective Reports which are circulated periodically.

6. DRILLS are held at Headquarters on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 6 to 8 p.m., and such other times and places as may be appointed.

NOTE.—Although it is believed that the above drill hours are convenient to most men in the Corps, it has been suggested that a substantial number of men (actors, musicians, press, etc.) may be unable to enrol for service owing to their inability to attend at the times at present arranged. The C.O. invites all old "Artists" or their friends (prospective recruits) or present members who would prefer to drill in the morning or in the afternoon to communicate with the Adjutant, and state what time in the day would be most convenient to them in order that further drills (in addition to those already fixed) at different hours may be arranged should there be sufficient demand for them.

7. MUSKETRY. A series of week-end camps are being arranged at Purfleet in May, June, August and October (the first on May 7th and 8th). The primary object of these camps is for Musketry Instruction and Practice, but in addition platoon and Company training will be carried out where possible. Further orders will be issued.

8. "DAILY TELEGRAPH" CUP COMPETITION. It is proposed to continue the "Daily Telegraph" Cup Competition, and the suggested date is April 26th, 1921.

The conditions of the Competition will be similar to those of 1914.

(a) Team. One per unit only—1 Officer, 1 Sergeant, 1 runner, and 4 sections of 1 N.C.O. and 6 men. In Battalions the whole team must be selected from two Companies.

(b) Entrance Fee, £2 2s. a team.

(c) Object. A test in marching (approximately 11 miles) followed by an exercise requiring :—

- (i) Good powers of command.
- (ii) Good fire orders and control.
- (iii) Good shooting.

Carried out on a field firing range.

Any N.C.O. or man wishing to enter for this Competition should communicate with the Officer commanding his Company.

9. THE ANNUAL CAMP will be held at Shorncliffe from July 23rd to August 6th. Further orders will be issued.

10. THE LONDON DISTRICT SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, for the training of Officers and N.C.Os. will be held at Wellington Barracks at various dates up to the end of July. Each course will be of four weeks' duration, and will be held between 7 p.m. and 9.30 p.m. each evening (except Saturday and Sunday), and on Saturday afternoons and on Sundays. The School is intended for the instruction of Officers and N.C.Os. in Drill, Musketry, Tactics, and in the use of Platoon weapons (and how to impart instruction in the same), and to train them generally as Platoon Leaders. The Meetings in the evenings will be at Wellington Barracks, and those on Saturdays and Sundays in the vicinity of London. Day classes for the same purpose will be held during the month of April. Officers and N.C.Os. desirous of attending any of the courses should communicate with the Adjutant at Headquarters, from whom any further information (as to dates, etc.) may be obtained.

11. SCHOOL OF MILITARY ADMINISTRATION, CHISLEDON. The following courses have been arranged for Officers and N.C.Os. of the Territorial Army during the year 1921 :—

Quartermaster-Sergeants' course from March 19th to April 2nd.
 Junior Officers' course " June 4th to June 18th.
 Sergeant Cooks' course " July 9th to July 23rd.

Officers or N.C.Os. desirous and able to attend any of these courses should communicate as soon as possible with the Adjutant.

12. ROYAL TOURNAMENT (at Olympia). The 38th annual meeting of the Royal Tournament (formerly R.M.T. and R.N. and M.T.) will be held at Olympia from May 19th to June 4th. Entries close on April 4th. All Officers and other ranks desiring to enter for any of the events must first qualify for entry at the Metropolitan Territorial School of Arms Association Eliminating Tournament, the date of which will be notified later.

Battalion Bayonet Teams must now be composed of 3 Officers, 2 Warrant Officers or Sergeants, 2 Lance-Sergeants or Corporals, and 12 Lance-Corporals or Privates (six of whom must have less than two years' service). The Commanding Officer, knowing of the good and stringent work that is now being carried out by the School of Arms, feels confident that the Bayonet Team now being trained by the Corps will meet with the same success in the future that teams from the Regiment have met with in the past. The work, however, is considerably handicapped by the present weak strength of the Battalion, which provides only a few men to select from, and the Commanding Officer appeals to every enrolled member of the Regiment to join the School of Arms and make himself proficient in bayonet fighting and fencing in order that the Battalion may be represented by the very best talent available, and that we may maintain in the Corps the magnificent record for bayonet fighting and skill at arms at the Royal Tournament and elsewhere that has been handed down to us by our predecessors.

Capt. A. W. Byrne is appointed to represent the Regiment on the Committee of the Metropolitan Territorial School of Arms Association.

The School of Arms plant has all been brought up to date, and the best Instructors have been engaged. Meetings every Monday from 6.30, and Friday evenings from 8. Subscription £1 ls., recruits 10s. 6d. per season. Apply Hon. Secretary, School of Arms at Headquarters.

13. TERRITORIAL OFFICERS' DECORATION (T.D.). The Territorial Officers' Decoration has recently been conferred on the undermentioned Officers who have completed 20 years of service in the Regiment :—

Capt. H. K. E. Ostle, M.C.

Capt. P. Rust, M.B.E.

Capt. J. W. Marshall.

14. TERRITORIAL FORCE EFFICIENCY MEDAL (for 12 years' continuous service with a minimum of 12 trainings in camp). It is notified for information that it has been decided to extend to July 31st, 1921, the period within which any soldier who having been discharged on or after February 16th, 1920, rejoins the Territorial Force, may count his service as continuous for the above medal—the time elapsing between his discharge and rejoining will not count as qualifying service. For further particulars apply to the Adjutant.

15. RECRUITS. Past or present members of the Corps are invited to nominate good recruits. Nomination forms can be obtained from the Commander of the Company to whom it is desired to nominate them, or from the Adjutant at Headquarters.

16. RECRUITING COMMITTEE. A general recruiting committee has been appointed. Any past or present member wishing to serve on a recruiting sub-committee of his old School or University should communicate with the Adjutant, stating the name of the School or Institution on whose sub-committee he wishes to serve. Great assistance can be rendered to the Regiment at the present time by the organized selection and introduction of good recruits.

17. RECRUITING BOOKLET (with photographs of pre-war camp and present conditions of service) is issued free at Headquarters to past and present members desirous of rejoining or of introducing recruits. Apply Orderly Room, Headquarters.

18. SPECIAL RECRUITING WEEK. A special recruiting week for the whole of London will take place in the week commencing February 21st, 1921.

The following programme has been decided upon :—

Tuesday (February 22nd). A Public Meeting in the Guildhall, City.

Wednesday and Thursday (February 23rd and 24th). Local Meetings.

Friday (February 25th). Special efforts and shows at Theatres, Halls and Cinemas.

Saturday (February 26th). Consecration of the 2nd and 3rd Line Units Colours, to be consecrated in mass, probably on the Horse Guards Parade, and deposited with ceremony. Representatives of all Units to attend the Consecration Ceremony.

Reunions in the evening at the various Headquarters.

In connection with the above, detailed orders regarding the Parade on Saturday, February 26th, will be issued at a later date. All ranks are requested, however, to keep this date vacant, so that this Parade, probably the first one of the reconstituted Unit, may be as strong as possible. All N.C.Os. and men who have not yet been fitted with their uniform should take the first opportunity to do so. The Master Tailor is at Headquarters on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 6 to 8 p.m.

19. HONORARY MEMBERS. All past members who feel unable to undertake further military duties are invited to join as honorary members of the Corps, which entails no military obligation. Subscription £1 5s. per annum (which includes the current numbers of the Regimental Journal). Apply to the Adjutant at Headquarters, or to the Officer commanding the Company with which the honorary member's old Company is specially associated.

A Committee of honorary members is being appointed to assist the work of the Corps.

20. 1914 STAR. All ranks who served with the first Battalion in France prior to November 22nd, 1914 (to whom the 1914 Star with Bar has been awarded), and who have not already received their Medal or Bar, should communicate at once with the Adjutant at Headquarters.

21. ARTISTS RIFLES' REGIMENTAL ASSOCIATION. (A.R.R.A.). All members of the Corps (who have paid a Corps subscription) are eligible without further subscription. Apply Hon. Secretary, A.R.R.A., 19, Craven Street, W.C.

22. A.R.R.A. CLUB. All members of the A.R.R.A. are eligible for election to the A.R.R.A. Club—premises at 17-19, Craven Street—Subscription £1 per annum for London members, 10s. for country members (the subscription includes the free issue of the Regimental Journal). Apply Secretary, A.R.R.A. Club, 19, Craven Street, W.C.

23. ARTISTS RIFLES' JOURNAL, published quarterly. Subscription 4s. per annum (supplied free to honorary members of the Corps and members of the A.R.R.A. Club). Apply Secretary, A.R.R.A., Club 19, Craven Street, W.C.

24. ARTISTS RIFLES' REGIMENTAL ROLL OF HONOUR. This wonderful and unique record (of about 700 pages) is now being printed, and contains the name and particulars of service of every man who served in the Artists Rifles during the War. Price not to exceed £1 a copy. (Orders should be sent to the Publishers, Messrs. Howlett & Son, 66, Offley Road, S.W.9). Do not remit cash at present. Only a limited number of copies beyond those actually ordered are being printed, and will be supplied in order of application.

25. ARTISTS RIFLES' WAR MEMORIAL. Formed primarily for the assistance of widows, children and dependents of former members of the Regiment who fell in the War, and of past members disabled or financially ruined by the War. Applications for assistance or information as to cases requiring assistance are invited, and should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, War Memorial, c/o A.R.R.A., 19, Craven Street, Strand, W.C., to whom subscriptions to the Fund (urgently needed) should be sent.

The erection of a tablet and the painting up in the Drill Hall of the names of those who fell has been decided upon by the Memorial Committee as part of the Memorial, and is now being carried out, but only a comparatively small portion of the funds will be spent on this.

26. VISITS OF RELATIVES TO WAR GRAVES IN FRANCE AND FLANDERS. (The following Extract from London District Orders No. 89, dated 21/1/1921, is published for information):—

It is brought to the notice of all ranks the arrangements which are made by the Y.M.C.A. in connection with the visits of relatives to War Graves in France and Flanders.

The organization particularly desires to assist relatives whose circumstances will not permit them to make the journey at their own expense, and when such cases are brought to their notice they defray the cost either wholly or in part.

The Y.M.C.A. are also prepared to supply photographs of registered War Graves in most of the areas of France and Flanders at a charge of 7s. 6d. for three copies.

Full information can be obtained from:—

The Secretary,
War Graves' Visitation Department,
Young Men's Christian Association,
13, Russell Square, London, W.C.

Authy.—War Office Letter 45/1/461/D.G.R. & E., dated 14/1/1921 (C.R.L.D., 3/58484/C.E.)

27. ARTISTS RIFLES' REGIMENTAL HISTORY. Material for this is now being collected (experiences, impressions, incidents, notes, etc., etc.), and is invited now while fresh in the memory, and should be sent to Col. H. A. R. May, C.B., V.D., 5, Dowgate Hill, Cannon Street, E.C.4.

28. ARTISTS RIFLES' RUGBY FOOTBALL CLUB. This Club has been recently formed. All past and present members of the Corps are eligible for membership. Subscription 10s. 6d. per season. Apply Hon. Secretary (Sergt. J. Sewell), at Headquarters.

29. ARTISTS RIFLES' ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL CLUB, CRICKET CLUB, SWIMMING CLUB, GOLF CLUB, PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB AND RIVER CLUB. It is hoped before long to resuscitate all these clubs. Any past or present member interested in any of them should communicate with the Adjutant without delay.

30. CHILDREN'S PARTY. The annual party for the children of "Artists" took place at Headquarters, on January 8th, and was an unqualified success. The thanks of the Regiment are due to the loyal band of workers whose names are too well known to require further mention.

31. A REGIMENTAL DANCE will be held at the Connaught Rooms, on Thursday, March 31st, from 7.30 p.m. till midnight. Tickets (single 12s. 6d., double 23s. 6d.) can be obtained from any member of the Committee as follows:—Capt. A. W. Byrne, Chairman; Capt. W. A. Cole Adams ("A" Company); Lieut. R. G. West, M.C. ("B" Company); C.S.M. W. R. Dayton ("C" Company); Corpl. G. Q. Comper ("D" Company) and J. G. Bluhm; or from the Secretary, A.R.R.A., 19, Craven Street, Strand, W.C.2.

Headquarters:
Duke's Road, Euston Road, London, W.C.

(By Order),
J. C. H. BRUNT, *Captain and Adjutant.*

February 1st, 1921.
Telegraphic Address: "PAINTERLY, LONDON."
Telephone: MUSEUM 6741.

1921.

ARTISTS RIFLES.

SYLLABUS OF TRAINING.

PART I.—INSTRUCTION OF RECRUITS.

The work to be taught to each Squad of Recruits during the 1st year's Recruit Course will be divided into Four Divisions, as follows :—

1ST DIVISION—SQUAD DRILL (with intervals, in single rank and in two ranks) and RIFLE EXERCISES.

1ST PART.—Attention, standing-at-ease, turnings, saluting (how and when), marching, changing step, doubling, side step, dressing, diagonal march, file marching, forming (all ways), changing ranks, formation of fours (all ways)—clearing obstacles—extended order—signals and whistle blasts—mixture and rapid reorganization.

2ND PART.—Care of Arms, Parts of Rifle, order, slope, trail, present, changing arms, fixing and unfixing swords, short trail, shoulder, sling, ground, inspecting and examining arms on parade, piling arms.

2ND DIVISION—MUSKETRY.

1ST PART.—Theoretical principles—Firing positions—Aiming—Trigger pressing—Triangle of Error—Sub-Target.

2ND PART.—Collective firing—Landscape target—Definition of Targets—To open fire rapidly (either individual or collective) from all positions—Grouping—Application—Tests.

3RD DIVISION—PRACTICAL RIFLE-SHOOTING.

1ST PART.—On the MINIATURE RIFLE RANGE.

Bull's-Eye Shooting—Snap Shooting—Moving Objects—Controlled Fire—Indistinct Targets—Landscape Targets—Firing under conditions of excitement and noise—Control of Ammunition.

2ND PART.—On a FULL LENGTH RANGE.

Recruits' Course—Wind—Light—Judging Distance.

4TH DIVISION—ADVANCED.

1ST PART.—Section—Platoon and Extended Order Drill.

2nd PART.—Badges of Rank.

Knotting and lashing.

Fitting Equipment—Rolling Coats—Puttees, etc.—Readiness for Mobilization.

Duties on Guard—Barrack Duties.

Tent pitching.

Outpost Sentry duties.

Elementary Map Reading (if time available).

Semaphore Signalling (if time available).

3RD PART.—(In Country—week-ends if possible).

Practical skirmishing and use of cover.

Practical Patrolling and Scouting.

Practical Instruction in Outpost Sentry duties.

Practical moving in close Country (off roads) at night.

Visual Training and Judging distance.

NOTES.

LECTURES will be given to Recruits as opportunities occur on the following, amongst other subjects, viz. :—

Corps and Traditions—Equipment—Physical Training—Discipline—Orders.

Musketry—Control of Fire—Supply of Ammunition.

Marching—Care of Feet.

Camp—Comfort—Sleep—Food—Bivouac—Billets—Sanitation.

Skirmishing—Scouting.

Defence of Positions—Trenches—Hedges—Walls—Houses—Obstacles.

Functions of different Arms.

Map Reading and Field Sketching.

Protection—Outposts—Advanced and Rear Guards.

Night Operations.

RECRUITS are expected to join the Regimental School of Arms during their second year of service for Physical Training and Bayonet Fighting, and to learn for themselves Elementary Cooking and Mending and Washing of Clothes, also how to cycle, swim, row and ride, also, if opportunities occur, to drive a motor car.

Recruits of a Squad should all start together in batches of not less than 16 or more than 24.

They should be instructed by the same Instructor on the whole work of a particular Division.

Each Recruit must be examined before being passed out of the 1st and 2nd Divisions.

Instruction in the 3rd and 4th Divisions may be given concurrently.

Instructors must be fully qualified and know their work to the last detail.

They must, when instructing in either the 1st, 2nd or 3rd Divisions, undertake to give continuous instruction to the Squad detailed to them for the whole work of the particular Division.

They must instruct thoroughly and systematically and will be solely responsible for the instruction of the Squad to the Adjutant.

They may have detailed to them a Non-Commissioned Officer (approved by the Adjutant) as Assistant-Instructor.

They must have Names and Addresses of men of the Squad, and are responsible for their punctual and continuous attendance.

To ensure uniformity, Instructors will adhere strictly to the official Manuals (for Rifle Battalions). Questions admitting of reasonable doubt should be submitted in writing to the Adjutant and a ruling will be given. Rulings so given will be followed in the Officers' and N.C.Os.' "Refresher Course," and the drill as there taught will be adopted by all Officers and N.C.Os. in the Battalion.

The object of all Instructors is to get the recruit as perfectly and systematically trained as is possible in the limited amount of time that can be given. The entire Course should be continuous, enthusiasm and *esprit de corps* should be stimulated. Every possible assistance should be given by the Instructor to his Squad both on and off parade. Every minute of the course should be mapped out and utilized to the very fullest advantage.

PART II.—TRAINED MAN'S COURSE.

(To help fit him to take a Commission in the future.)

To be carried out yearly if possible, to enable all ranks to keep up to date and rectify any weak spots or omissions in their previous training.

REFRESHER COURSE in Drill and Musketry.

PRACTICAL MUSKETRY COURSE on Range.

COMMUNICATION DRILL and Practical Instruction in giving words of Command and drilling others.

FITTING OF EQUIPMENT and Dress for Officers and Men (in detail).

INTERIOR ECONOMY of a Company :—Organization—Duties—Quarters—Stores—Accommodation—Passes—Forms—Returns—Orders—Correspondence—Pay—Rations—Messing, etc., etc.; i.e., a "Potted" Q.M.S. Course.

TACTICS :—A few simple, sound principles inculcated, and then chiefly by setting and solving small "rapid solution problems" likely to confront Platoon Commanders on Service.

TOPOGRAPHY—Sufficient to enable students to read a map, find their way with certainty by day or night—rapidly locate position of guns, etc., and their own position on a map.

PRACTICAL SCOUTING.

FIELD ENGINEERING :—Practical instructions from Models—Construction of Trenches—Wire—Brush, wood—and up-to-date methods and tips.

TRENCH WARFARE :—Routine—Duties—Raids—Attacks—Reliefs, etc.

BOMBING :—Mills' grenade—Throwing Practice—Bombing parties and Bombers in Attack.

LEWIS GUN :—Sufficient to enable students to load and fire, and Instruction in Lewis-Gun Tactics.

ANTI-GAS :—Inspection of and use of box respirators—and gas alert.

MILITARY LAW :—Elementary—enough to ensure administration of Justice in the Company orderly-room—Minor Offences—Powers of O/C Company—Way about M.L.L.—Arrest—Punishments—Men's obligations and Men's rights.

FIELD TELEPHONES :—Use and care of—Mending breaks.

MEDICAL :—Sanitation—Diseases—First Field Dressing—Wounds (bleeding)—Bandaging—Improvised aids.

FIELD COOKING :—Mess Tin and Haybox—Principles and supervision of Company Cooking.

TRANSPORT :—Principles of—Pack Saddlery.

FIELD SERVICE POCKET BOOK (a mass of useful information)—How to find way about rapidly.

ALSO INSTRUCTION IN Discipline—Moral—Marching—Practical Sanitation—Care of Men in all circumstances—Obligation of Rank—Billeting—Cypher (Playfair)—Mobilizing—and other Military subjects.

NOTE.—It must always be kept in mind during each hour of training that the whole object is to fit men to take their place in the ranks, or to lead men as N.C.Os. or Junior Officers *on active service*, if and when they should be required.

HEADQUARTERS,

February, 1921.

Since the above orders were issued and up to the date of writing this book (1928) I may add that the Regiment has flourished even as in the old days. Its old successes in bayonet fighting have been repeated every year, and in this exercise it still stands as pre-eminent as ever. In shooting competitions and in the gaining of prizes generally it has never done better than it has done since the War. In drill and turn out it has maintained its former excellence. Beyond this it has built for itself out of funds contributed by its past and present members (and has, I believe, very nearly paid for !) a hut at Bisley. And in addition the old Headquarters at Duke's Road (with the further help of the T.F. Association) are being enlarged. The Drill Hall is being raised to a floor higher and a miniature range and various Company offices and other rooms are being placed underneath (each Company now, it seems, requires its own orderly room !) All this is being done according to the plans of the present Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Col. S. W. Neighbour, O.B.E., T.D.—as befits the tradition of the Artists Rifles ! Old members who may visit the Regiment will doubtless find many changes which may appear strange to them at first. Besides strange faces the building is altered, the organization is different, new weapons have been introduced, and consequently, new training. Few serving men beyond the Officers and N.C.O.s have had any war experience. In spite of changes, however, the customs and traditions remain the same as ever, and I feel sure that the Artists Rifles of to-day will worthily uphold the reputation of the Artists Rifles of yesterday, and that they will give the same good account of themselves as did their predecessors if ever they should be again suddenly embodied for service for the active defence of our Country.

CHAPTER XXIX

ROLL OF HONOUR AND WAR MEMORIAL (1919—TO DATE)

ONE of the saddest jobs I have ever had was the writing of letters of condolence to the relations (widow, if any, or mother or father) of such of our young men as were called upon to sacrifice their lives for their Country during the time I was in command of the Regiment in France. I started on this when our first casualties took place in November, 1914, and kept it up till I left at the end of 1915 ; and the writing of these letters and the perusal of the almost sacred replies I received brought home to me, more than almost anything else could have done, the nature of the gallant and splendid sacrifices that had been made and, indeed, were being made daily at that time, and the uselessness and wickedness of a war as a means of settling international quarrels.

Whenever I heard of the death of one of our young men—if he had at any time been under my command, even though he may have left us and have joined some other Regiment as an Officer before his death took place—I wrote to his relatives, and I must have written many hundreds of such letters altogether. I have always felt glad that I wrote them myself, especially on one occasion, some years after the War was over, when I had been asked to present some prizes to a troop of Boy Scouts in our neighbourhood, and we afterwards adjourned to the house of the " President " of the troop, who regaled us with sandwiches and coffee before we dispersed. On looking round his drawing-room with him, we came across a large framed photograph of a fine-looking young man in khaki. The face seemed somehow familiar to me, and my host, seeing me looking at it, said simply : " Our boy—killed in the War." On looking closer, I saw that there was something else included in the frame, a letter had been pasted immediately underneath the portrait. My host added : " A letter that his mother received from his Colonel when he was killed." On looking closer, I experienced quite a thrill—indeed, I could hardly speak for a minute or two, as I recognized my own handwriting ; also the old vague address : " Somewhere in France," and all the old familiar characteristics of letters written in France in those days. Then I added : " Yes, I remember it—I wrote it." I was afterwards introduced to his mother, but the incident made me realize how much such letters written at such a time can be appreciated.

The first edition of our " Regimental Roll of Honour " was published on August 4th, 1915, one year after the date of our mobilization. It was chiefly a list of every regular infantry Regiment in the British Army (including four of the five Regiments of foot Guards), and it showed to which Regiment the upwards of 1,500 young men who had been sent from the Artists Rifles as Officers to other Regiments up to that date, had been gazetted to Commissions. It showed that some had been sent to every single regular Regiment in the British Army. The " casualties " and the " promotions " were also noted against each Officer's name, but there was no separate " Roll of Honour " of the men killed, such as afterwards appeared in the later editions. It was then intended to bring out a new edition of this book each year, up to each

succeeding August 4th in each year, and a new, second edition was prepared and printed (up to August 4th, 1916), but its publication and circulation was forbidden by the censor till after the termination of the War.

It was not, therefore, till some years after the War had ended—not till the year 1922—that the third and final and much enlarged edition of our “Roll of Honour” was published. This edition is the most complete work of its kind that I have ever seen. After a very complete “Roll of Honour” proper, containing in chronological order, with dates and other particulars, a detailed list of the 2,003 men of the Artists Rifles whose lives had been sacrificed in the War, the book continued with a complete list (occupying 150 pages of close type) of the 8 V.Cs, 52 D.S.Os., 4 D.S.Cs., 822 M.Cs., 23 D.F.Cs., 15 A.F.Cs., 6 D.C.Ms., 15 M.Ms., 90 foreign decorations, 564 “Mentions” in despatches and other honours (amounting to 1,852 honours altogether gained by men who had enlisted in the Artists Rifles, and (where published) with extracts from the official notices copied from the “London Gazette” of the gallant acts for which such honours were gained. Then follows a full list, by Regiments, of the more than 10,000 “Artists” to whom Commissions as Officers had been given during the War. These lists showed that Officers had been sent from the “Artists” to every single Regiment in the British Army—Regular, Territorial or New Army. The book also contained the names of the 5,000 men (about) in the Artists Rifles who served and fought throughout the War in the ranks of the “Artists”; also a list of past members of the Corps who had rejoined us and served with us when War broke out; also a very full preface setting out a brief account of the work of the Regiment during the War, and ending with a very full and complete index which contained the name of every man who had served in the Artists Rifles during the War (from which a record of his work could easily be found), together with many very interesting illustrations.

The book consists altogether of about 600 closely-printed pages, and has been splendidly printed and produced. It is to me the saddest but most glorious work that has ever been written. I can scarcely bear to turn its pages, and yet would not be without it for anything. I cannot believe that there is any Regiment in the British Army that can show more useful results. For this splendid work the gratitude of every “Artist” is due to Major S. S. Higham, V.D., and to an industrious little committee appointed and supervised by him. It is owing to his and their unstinted and unremitting labours, extending over many months, that the publication of such a work was possible.

The first consignment of copies of the “Roll of Honour” was sent from the printers direct to Major Higham, and within a few hours of their receipt by him I was gratified to receive from him what he described as “The very first copy of the work.” I mentioned this casually to “Sammy” Cowell (who was at the head of Howlett & Sons, the printers), and told him how touched I felt by the incident. “Sammy” didn’t receive the news with the enthusiasm I had expected, in fact, he seemed to doubt its accuracy. “I suppose it really *was* the first copy,” he queried! It then transpired that “Sammy” himself had made a point of being present as each sheet of the book was printed in order that he could secure, direct from the press, the very first print of each sheet, and that, having these, he was having them specially bound as a gift *for me*! In due course I received this special copy, most beautifully bound, with an inscription from “Sammy” at the beginning—which I shall always very greatly value. To cap all this, when my active work in the Regiment had come to an end and the time had come for me to retire finally from the “Artists,” the past and present members together, knowing how much I valued my first copy of the “Roll of Honour,” presented me with a most beautiful casket wrought in silver and

specially designed by Alwyn Carr (an old "Artist," and one of our rising sculptors and workers in silver), especially for me to keep my first copy in. A full description of the casket and of its presentation is contained in the Appendix (see p. 342), and I am only referring to the incident again here because it forms one of my pleasantest memories in connection with the old Regiment, and one that I shall always appreciate and remember with pleasure.

* * * * *

Connected with the "Roll of Honour" are the activities of "The Artists Rifles' War Memorial" The premature death of young men in War, though tragic enough in all conscience, is not, alas, the only disaster wrought by War. Another great calamity, and one that does not end with the declaration of peace, but one, indeed, that is only really realized to the full after peace has been declared, is the lifelong financial misery which is often inflicted on the "dependents" of the men who have fallen, men who have been killed before having had time to make provision for their wives, or their young children, or, in some cases, for parents dependent on them, who, in consequence, suddenly find themselves cast adrift in the world without any adequate means of livelihood. And then War creates an even greater and more tragic evil, viz.: that of the "disabled" men, i.e., men robbed of their power to maintain themselves, whose businesses or practices have been ruined by their absence, and their means of livelihood consequently lost or, perhaps, most tragic of all, of men who have given to their Country not their lives, but their health and their means of earning a living, and who exist for the remainder of their lives mental or physical wrecks, who suffer for their patriotism every day they live, and whose sacrifice is apt in time to become forgotten or overlooked. There are certain periods in every year, such as Armistice Day, when we all remember and reverence the memory of the men who have died for us, but are we not all of us at times apt to forget the equally patriotic men who are still living among us who have given their health for us, and also the dependents of those who have fallen and have been left without the means of maintaining themselves? Claims such as these were brought home to us very vividly soon after the declaration of the Armistice, and we felt that it was up to us as a Regiment to take the matter in hand at once ourselves, and make it our own immediate business, whatever else we did, to provide the necessary help *ourselves*, and not leave it to persons unconnected with the Regiment, in the same way that the father of a family would feel it his own personal duty to make due provision for his own sick child or for a child of his who was unable for any reason to make provision for itself.

Immediately after the War, therefore, we instituted, under the direction of a most sympathetic committee of old comrades, "The Artists Rifles' War Memorial" (which was duly registered under the War Charities Act of 1916), and the threefold object of this Fund, as stated in our official registration, was as follows:—

1. To provide financial relief to wives, mothers and children of "Artists" who have lost their lives in the War (including help in children's education).
2. To provide financial relief to any of our old comrades who have been disabled, physically or mentally, or financially ruined in the War.
3. To erect a memorial to the memory of "Artists" who have fallen in the War—on which a limited amount only was to be spent (now carried out).

The last-mentioned object was put last, as it was felt that the help of the living was more urgent even than the honouring of the dead, and it was therefore decided that not more than one-twentieth part of the funds subscribed should be applied to

any material memorial to be erected in memory of the fallen. This last object has been fulfilled by the erection of a simple tablet in our drill hall, coupled with the painting up in the hall, in letters of gold, of the names of our comrades who have fallen. This was decided on, as it has always been considered a very high honour to have one's name painted up in our old hall! The tablet which was erected, contains the crest of the Regiment as carved over the graves of the fallen in France, and the painting of the names has been most beautifully carried out. The total cost amounted to about £600, considerably less than the limit allowed. The tablet was unveiled by our old friend Lord French, and was dedicated by our other old friend the Bishop of London, on the 12th day of July, 1921. A full account of the unveiling and dedication appears in the Appendix (page 337) of this book. Object No. 3 of the War Memorial having been completed, the Committee have for some years past confined their efforts to the due collection of the necessary funds and the due administration of such funds in carrying out objects 1 and 2.

Enquiries as to which of our old comrades and their dependents required our assistance and the thorough investigation of every case that came to our knowledge has been left in the hands of the "Investigation sub-Committee" above referred to, and their self-imposed labour of love has entailed much hard and continuous work which has scarcely relaxed for a single day since the sub-committee was first appointed, and this work still continues, and is likely to continue for some years yet to come. We all honour our little committee for the splendid work they have done and are doing. I know they do not seek notoriety, but I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of the late A. J. Neame, who up to the date of his death in 1923 was their chairman; also the name of F. W. Goodbody, the present chairman; also the names of C. W. Turner, F. R. Light, R. F. Turnbull, F. J. Cursons, A. R. Cormack and A. S. Drewry occur to me, besides that of Miss Widdowson, the Secretary of the Committee. All these persons have simply devoted themselves for some years past to carrying out their work on the Investigation Sub-Committee, and the gratitude of every man who has ever worn the "Artists'" badge is due to them for their labours.

With regard to finance, a sum of something under £500 is collected and spent each year from annual contributions—but the tendency of this is to decrease as years go on. In addition to this, donations amounting to something over £13,000 have been collected, the interest of which and a portion of the capital as required is applied each year towards objects one and two. About £8,000 of the £13,000 has already been spent to date, leaving about £5,000 of capital now in hand for future application. Besides the above, a sum of £5,000 was received in 1926 from the trustees of the will of the late Mrs. Helen Ann Pickering, for the sole purpose of object 2 (disabled men), and of this about £1,600 has already been spent, leaving about £3,400 still in hand for object 2 (exclusively). Altogether, with accumulations of interest and current subscriptions, the sub-committee still have a total of something like £10,000 at their disposal. As yet, however, their job is by no means completed.

With regard to the kind of help that has been given. In a large number of cases a single grant from the fund, after full investigation, has proved to be sufficient, but in many cases it has to take the form of more or less permanent maintenance for a number of years, or in the case of children, of an annual grant towards the cost of education till a certain age is reached. Altogether 48 widows, 89 children, 10 mothers, 1 father and 40 disabled men have been helped, and these figures do not include those to whom a single payment only has been made. There are still 18 widows, 33 children, 9 mothers and 6 disabled men on our list to be more or less permanently

provided for. In addition to financial help, much gratuitous help in kind has been given by doctors, lawyers, accountants and other professional men, past and present members of the Regiment ; indeed, any dependent of an old " Artist " who has suffered by the War, and who needs help can have at his or her disposal all the professional assistance that the old Regiment can provide.

Many very sad cases of distress, especially amongst the disabled men, have been sought out, investigated and sympathetically relieved by our Investigation Sub-Committee, and the funds are being most judiciously and wisely expended, having regard to the amount of relief still likely to be required. Audited accounts and a balance sheet are of course presented each year to a general meeting of old comrades, and all old members of the Regiment may rest assured that the responsibility of looking after our " dependents " and " disabled " has been and is being actively attended to, thanks mainly to the hard and continuous work of our indefatigable little " Investigation Sub-Committee," to whom, as already mentioned, the thanks of all ranks are due.

I have two other very happy memories in connection with the unveiling of War memorials, both of which I owe entirely to my work with the Artists Rifles. One was in connection with my old school, Bloxham, near Banbury, who placed a tablet in the school chapel in memory of the 76 old boys who had fallen in the War, and who, ignoring Bishops and Generals and other persons of high rank connected with the school, to my great gratification, and chiefly because I had been the C.O. of several " Old Bloxhamists " who were in the " Artists," asked *me* to unveil it for them. I confess I felt somewhat strange and out of my element in marching in, to the dedication service in the Chapel, in khaki, behind the choir, in seating myself in the seat usually occupied by the Headmaster (instead of going back to my old seat, in the choir, which nearly fifty years before I occupied for seven years !), and, above all, in giving a short preliminary address from the place from which the " lessons " were usually read and the sermons preached !—but the very fact that I should have been given this privilege will always be one of my happiest memories.

My other memory is that of being asked to unveil a War memorial in a little village in Essex. This also took the form of a tablet, but it was placed on the *outside* of the Village Church. Six of the inhabitants of the village—ranging from the son of the Squire to the son of a labourer—had been killed in the War, and I owe the privilege of being asked to unveil this memorial to the fact that I happen to have been the Commanding Officer of the Squire's son when he was killed—and a more lovable young man I cannot remember. The unveiling ceremony took place on a beautiful sunny day, a group of near relations of the six killed (including the Squire and the labourer) stood, in black, in front of the memorial, the village choir, in surplices, stood just behind and the other inhabitants of the village at the back of all. I gave a short address before unveiling the tablet, which was afterwards dedicated by the Rector. The simplicity and the sincerity of the ceremony (which at least one of my old comrades will remember) will long remain among my happiest memories connected with the War.

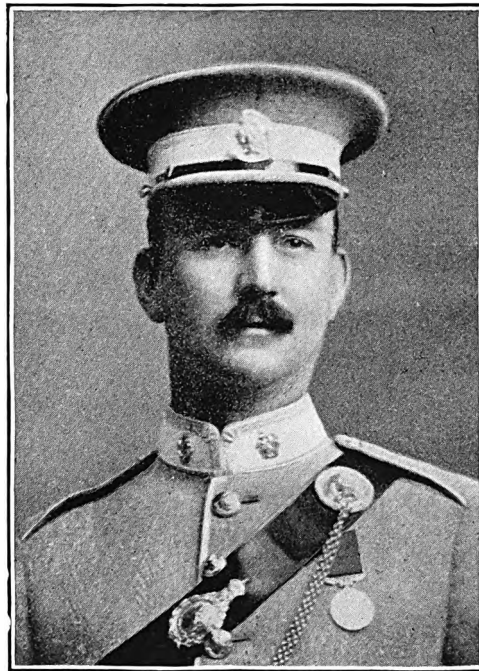
ILLUSTRATIONS TO
Part II
THE GREAT WAR



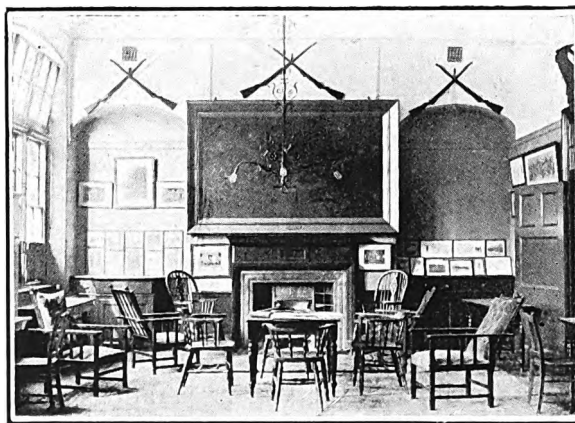
Photo. G. W. Secretan.

5th August, 1914—Mobilization.
An "Artist" Sentry on the Lancing Street Schools.

MOBILIZATION (See Chapter XIII)



Staff Sergt, PETER EMSLIE.



Headquarters, Duke's Road, W.C.



Ready to be Mobilized ! Pre-War preparations, 1913.
A pre-war sketch made in 1913, The result of pre-war preparations.

London Duties (See Chapter XIV)



Mobilization—"Dinner-time" at Manchester Street Schools.



Arrival at "Lords" "



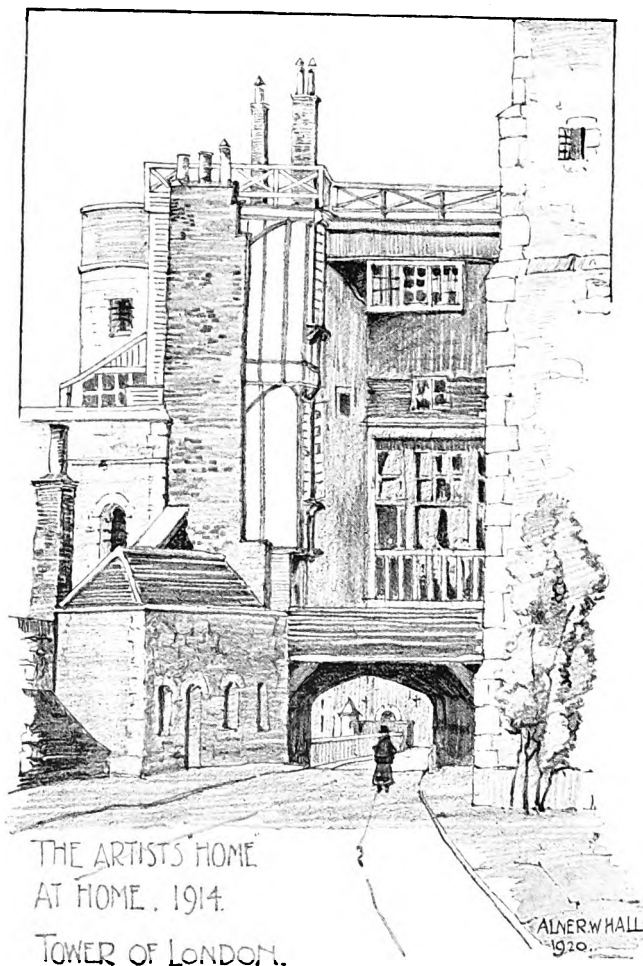
Sunday Inspection at "Lords."



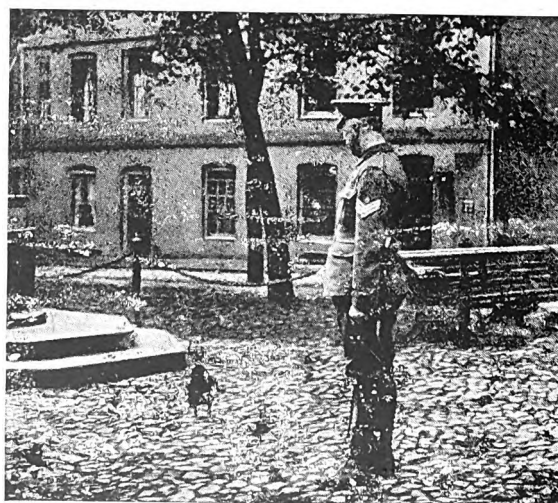
At the "Tower" of London.



Sunday afternoon at the Tower.
The Q.M.'s. Staff at rest,

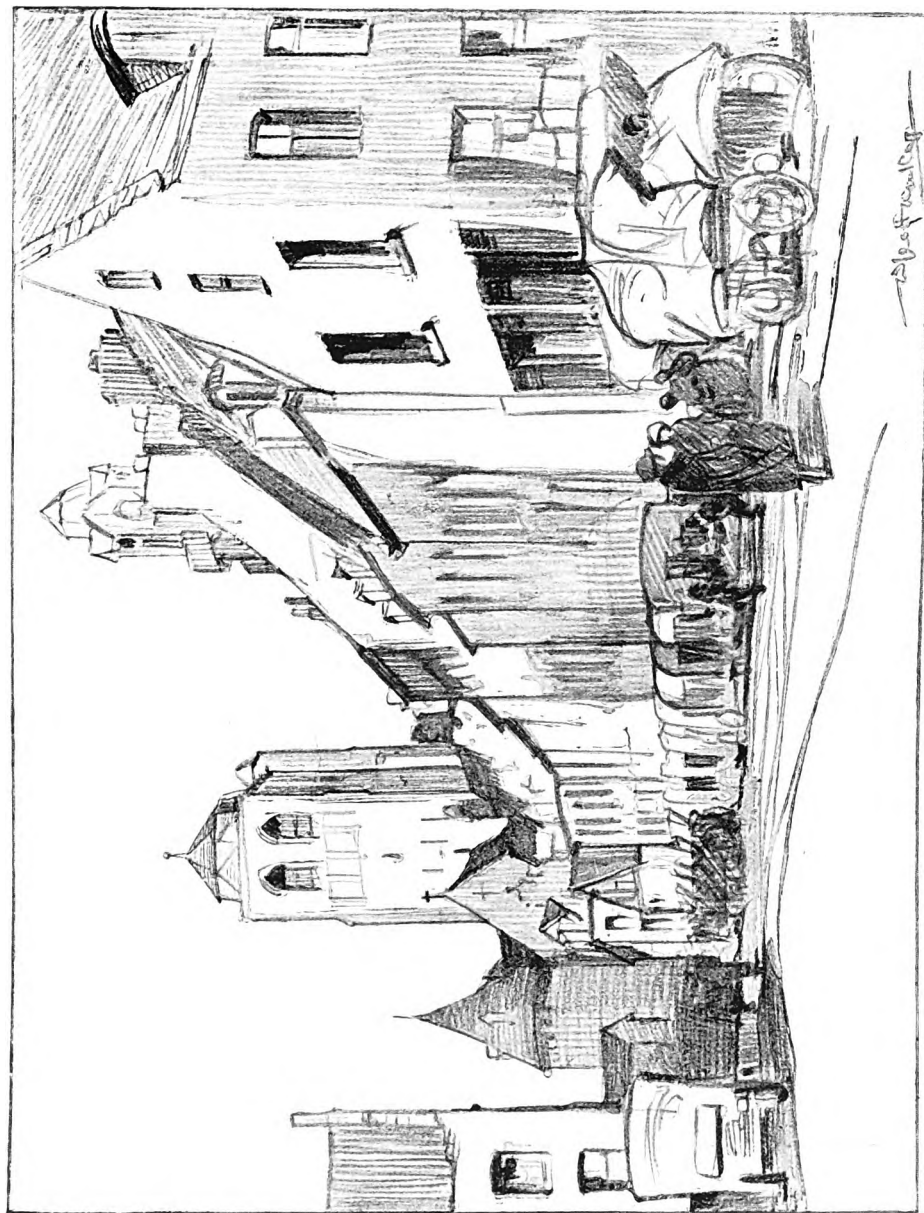


Sketch by Lieut. Alner W. Hall,

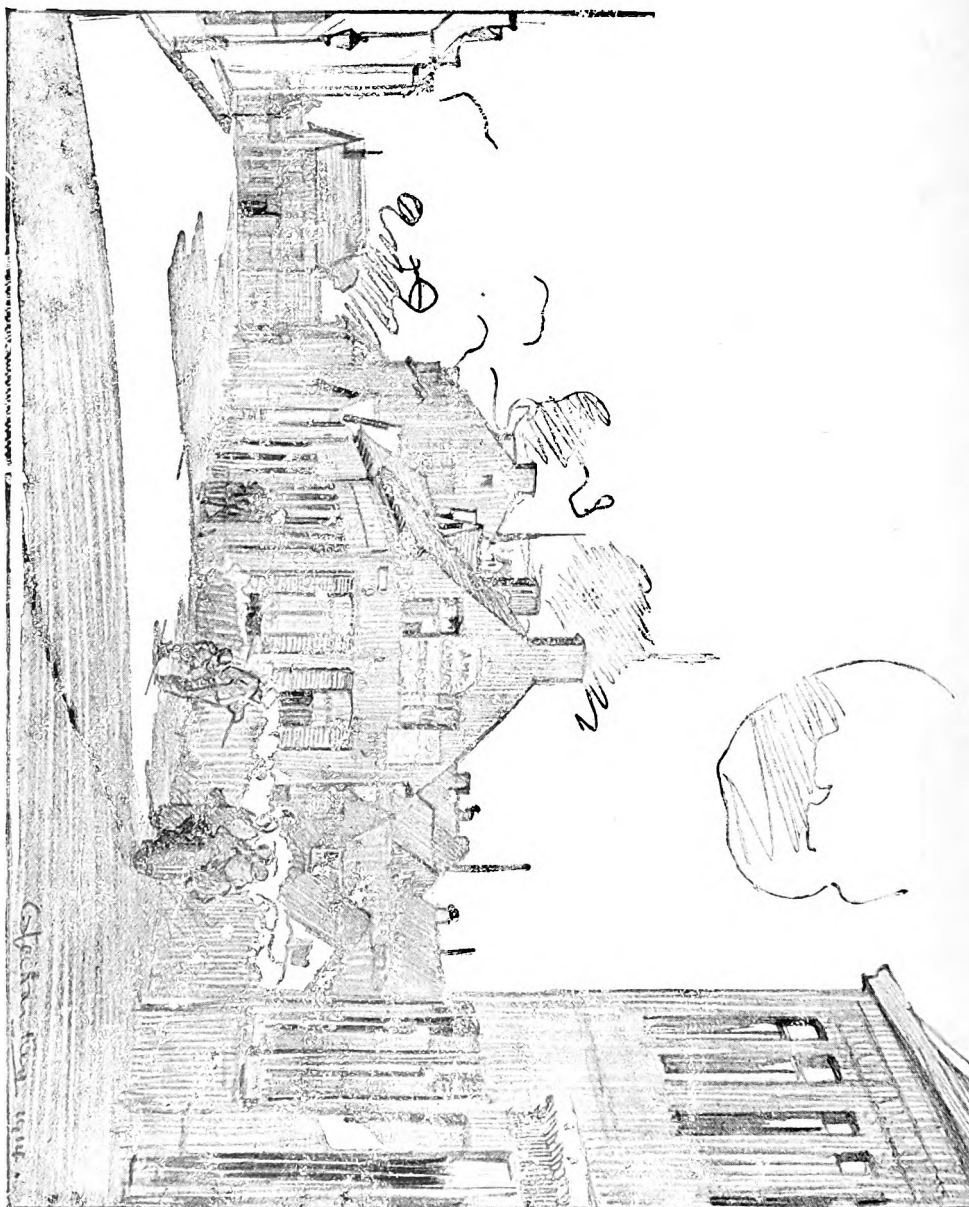


The Tower of London, September, 1914.

Bailleul, France, 1914-1915. (See Chapter XX).



BAILLEUL, 1914. By 2nd-Lieut. W. Lee Hankey,



BAILLEUL—Rue de la Gare, 1914. Ry 2nd-Lieut. W Lee Hankey,



Drawn by F. G. Chandler,

Our Stables at Bailleul, 1914.



The "Artists" Prize Winning Team in France.



A corner of the Bath House of the Artists Rifles at Bailleul, January, 1915.

The first organized bath house for British troops in France.

(From a sketch by Private W. F. Chandler, Artists Rifles).



R.S.M. PETER EMSLIE, France, 1914,

(Never forgotten—R.I.P.)

Note the goat-skin covering, issued to British troops in France during the Winter of 1914-1915.



Bailleul—The Big Square,



Near Bailleul—Artillery position at Mindon Post.

(The guns are concealed in the hedge, which overlooked the German position).



A "Shelled" Road.



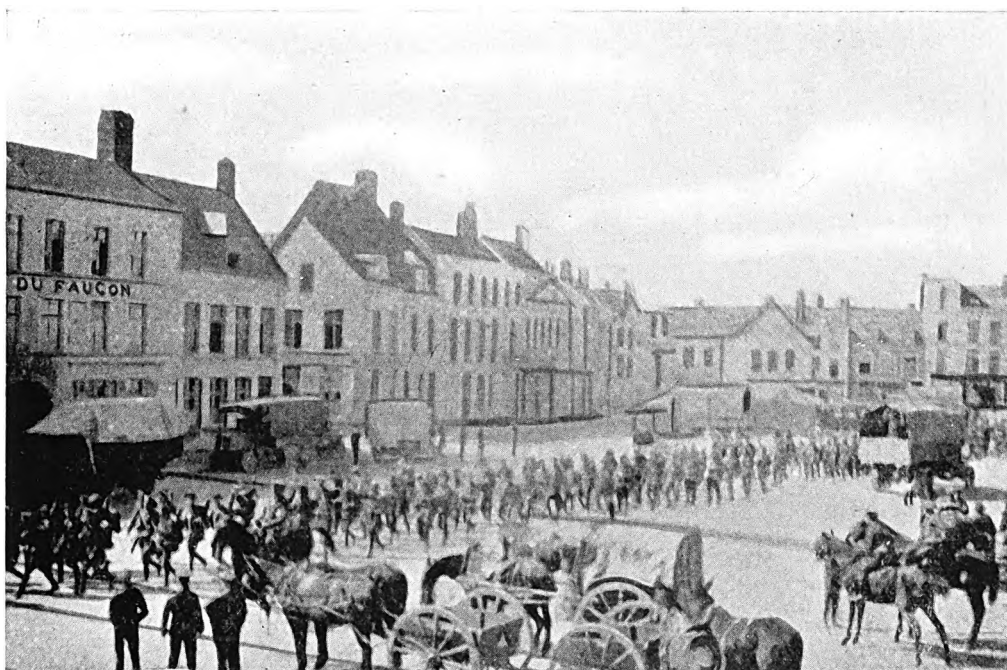
Near Bailleul—German prisoners marching in—after surrender.



“ Neuve Eglise ” Church, near Bailleul.



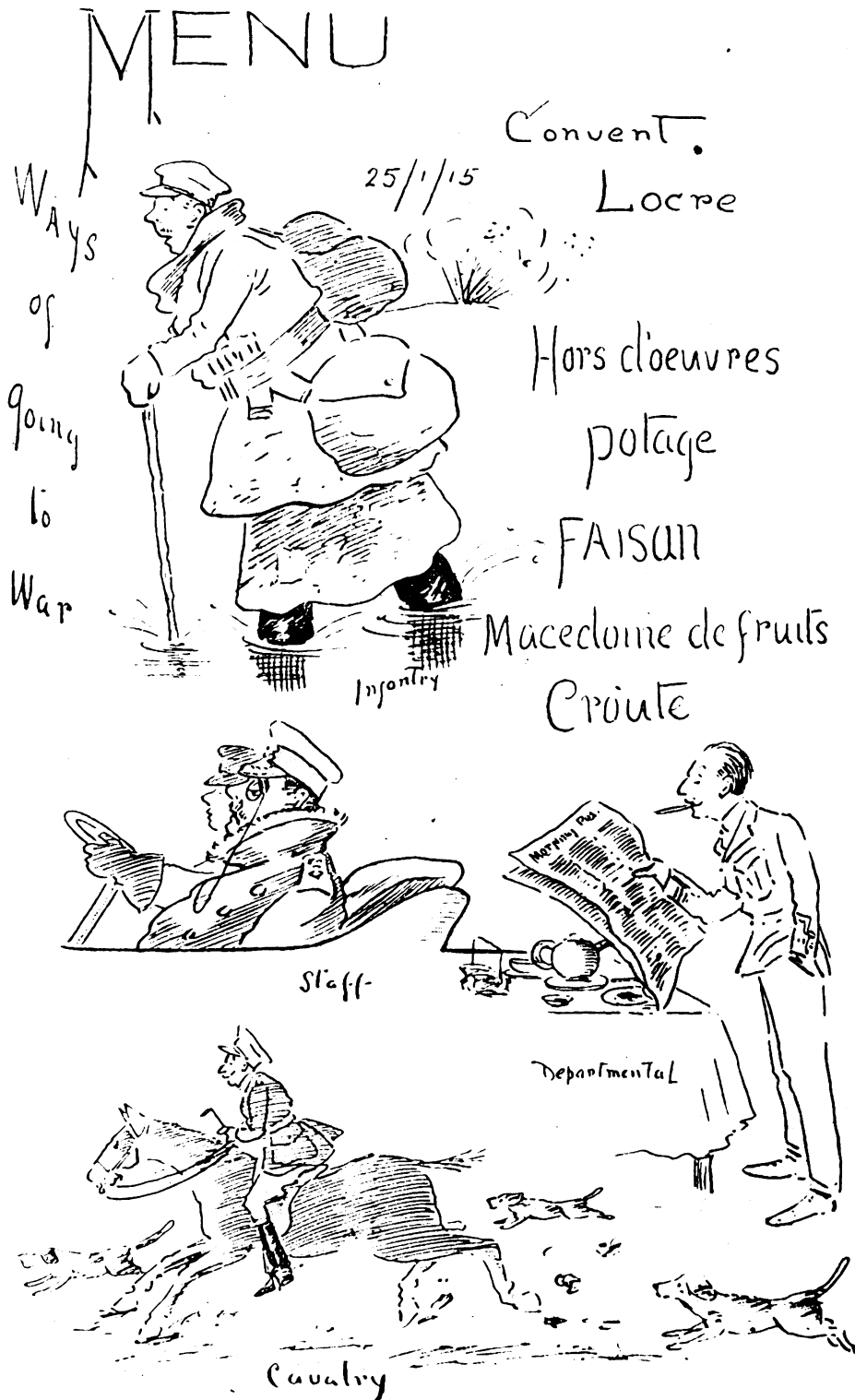
Trones Wood.



BAILLEUL—A Regiment returning to the Trenches.



BAILLEUL—A Military Funeral.

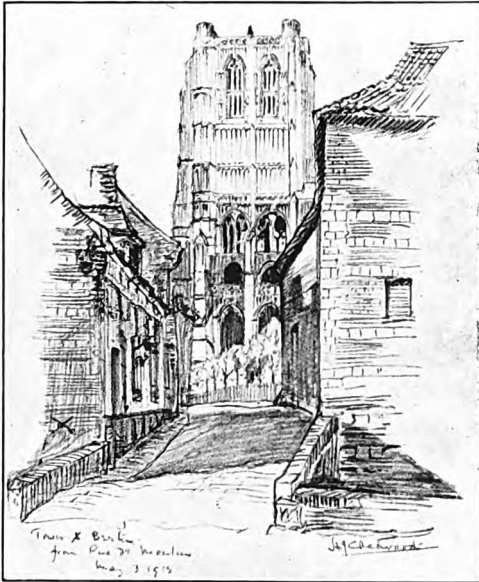


FRANCE, 1915.

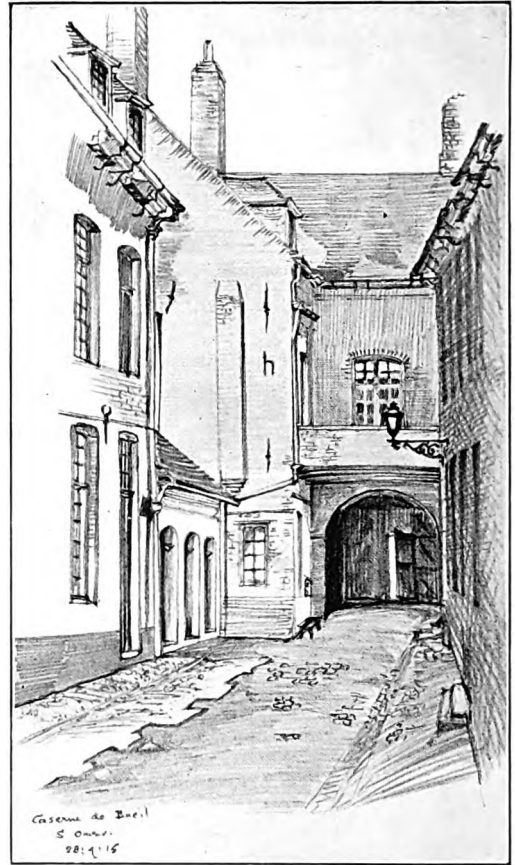
(An Infantryman's libellous idea of how various military branches go to War !)

St. Omer.

Three sketches by C.Q.M.S. H. J. Chetwood



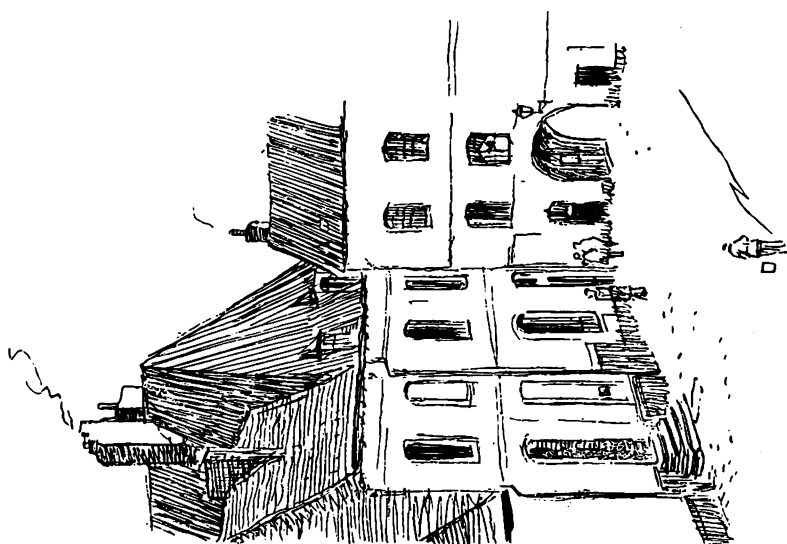
Tower St. Bertin.



Caserne de Bueil.
(where the prisoners guard mounted).

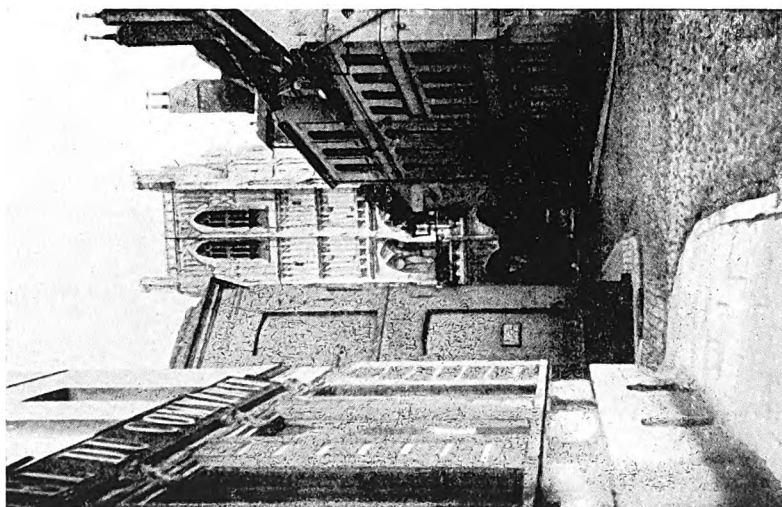


Sketch from St. Mommelin.



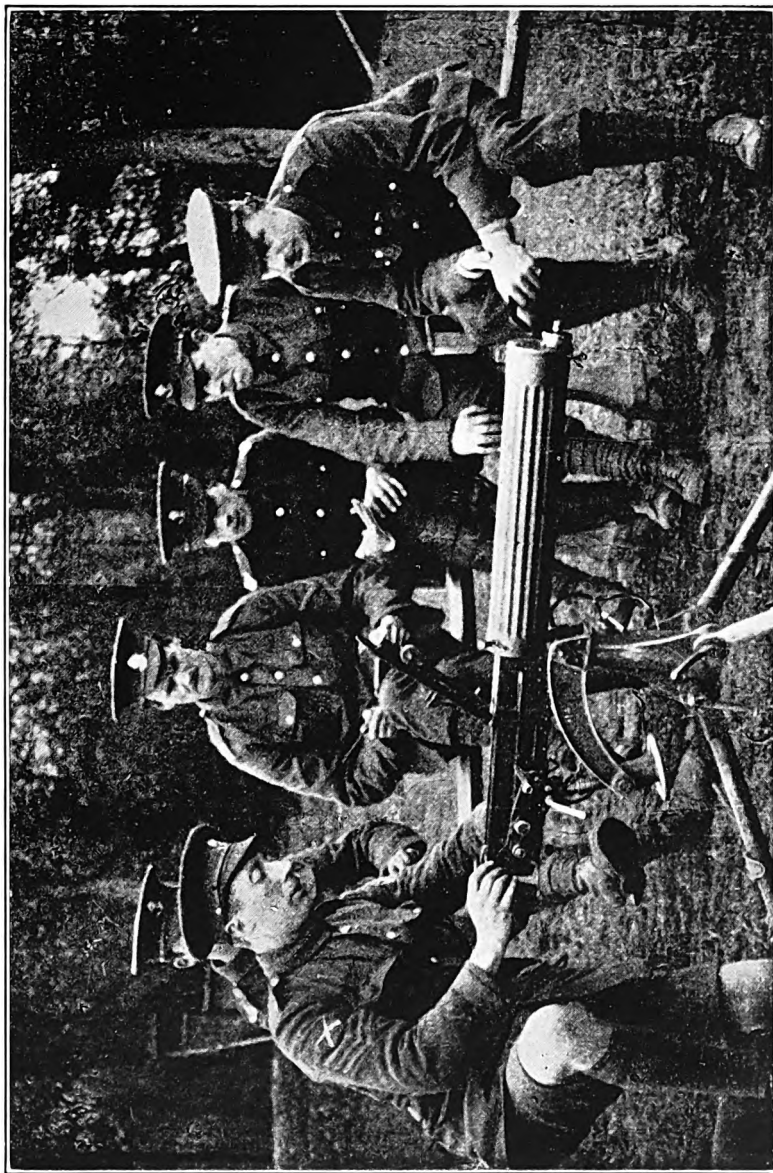
St. Omer. Quarter Guard Infantry Barracks

Sketch by Ernest Blakely.



St. Omer Cathedral.

Machine Gun School (See Chapter XIX)

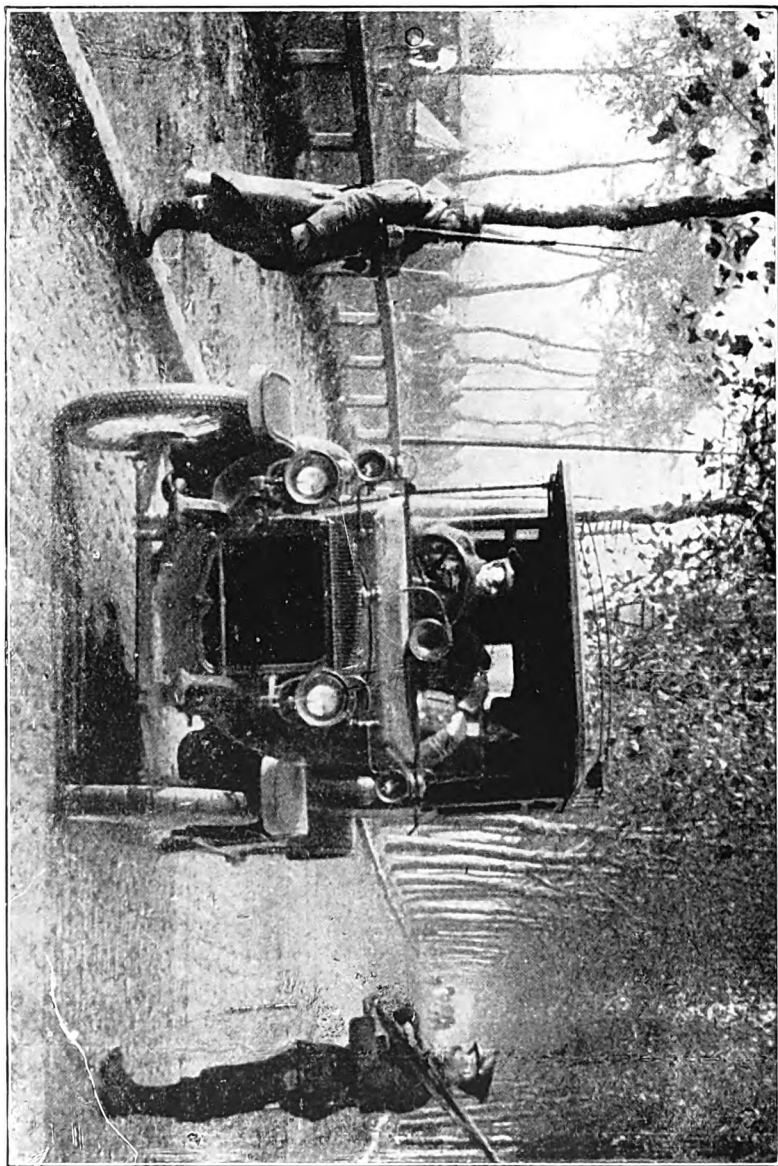


MACHINE GUN INSTRUCTION (see Chapter XIX).

Imperial War Museum Photograph].

[Copyright reserved.

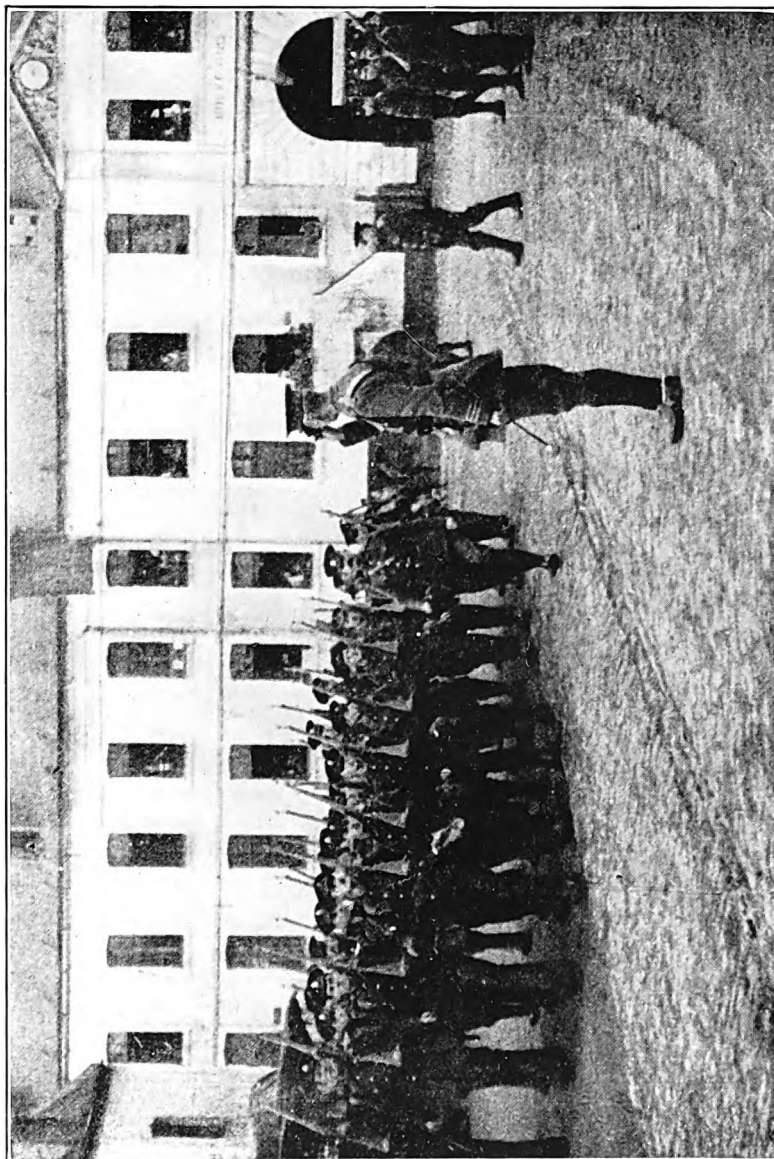
Duties in France (See Chapter XX)



JOINT ROAD "CONTROL POST." (See Chapter XX).

Imperial War Museum Photograph]

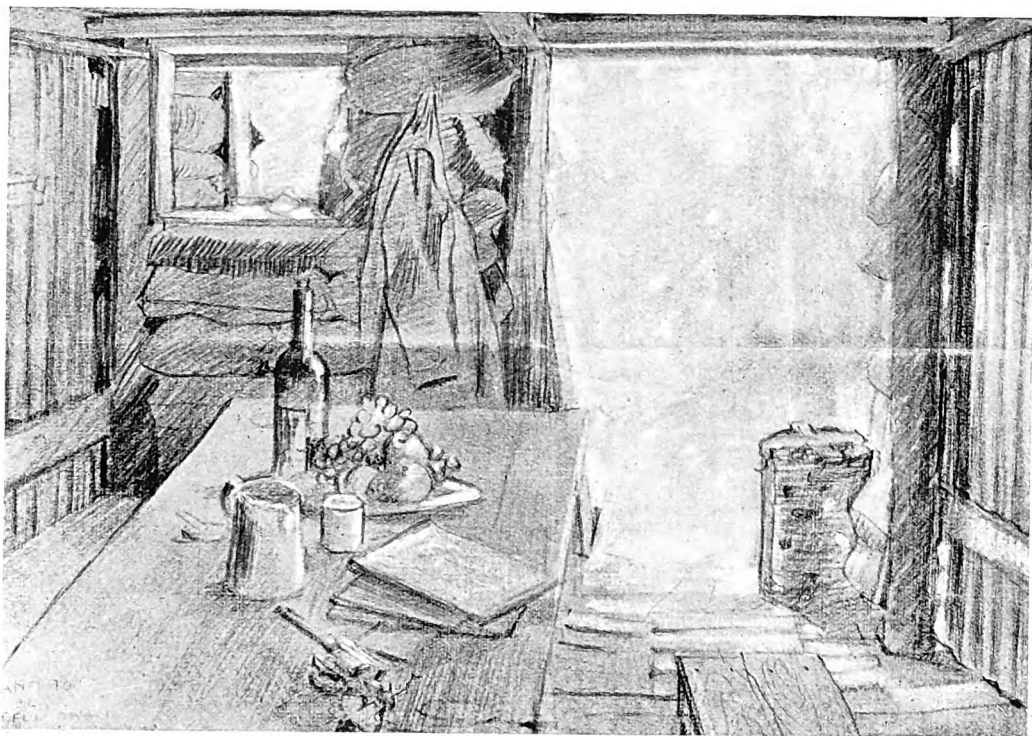
[Copyright reserved



St. OMER. Cadets leaving on completion of course, 1915.

Imperial War Museum Photograph.]

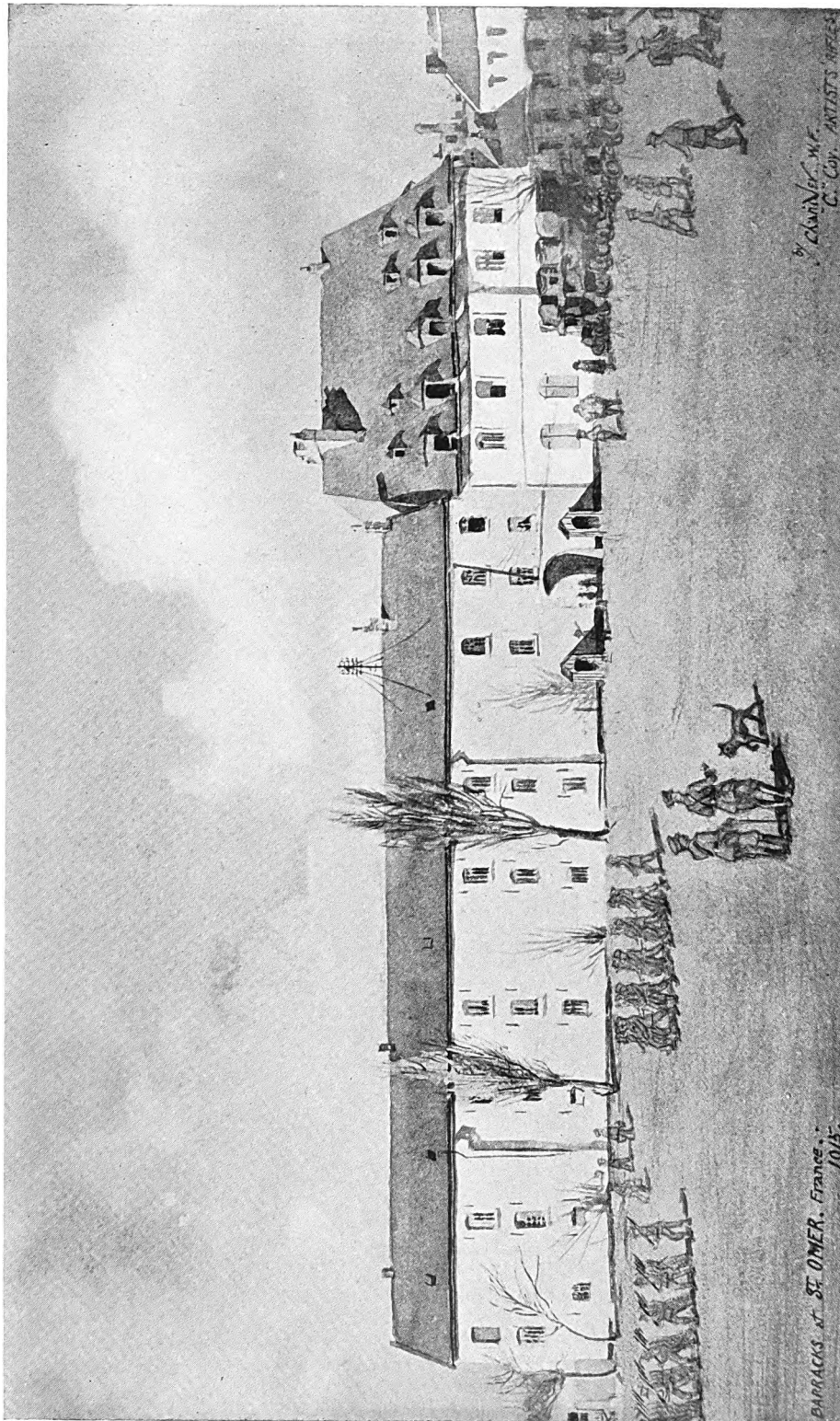
[Copyright reserved.



"Stand To"—A Hopeful Dawn—The Officers' Mess.—Sketch by 2nd-Lieut J. M. Watt.



"Artists" and their Billet.—Sketch by J. B. Morrall.

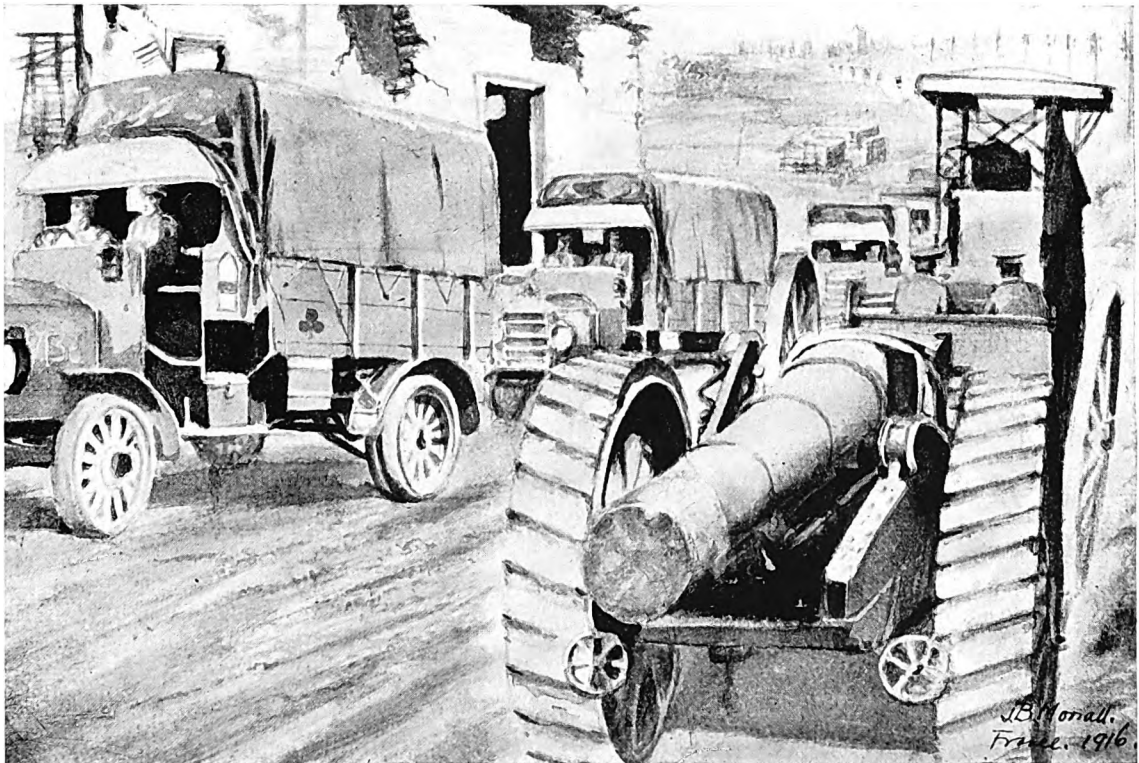


INFANTRY BARRACKS AT ST. OMER—The Headquarters of the Artists Rifles in France, 1915.

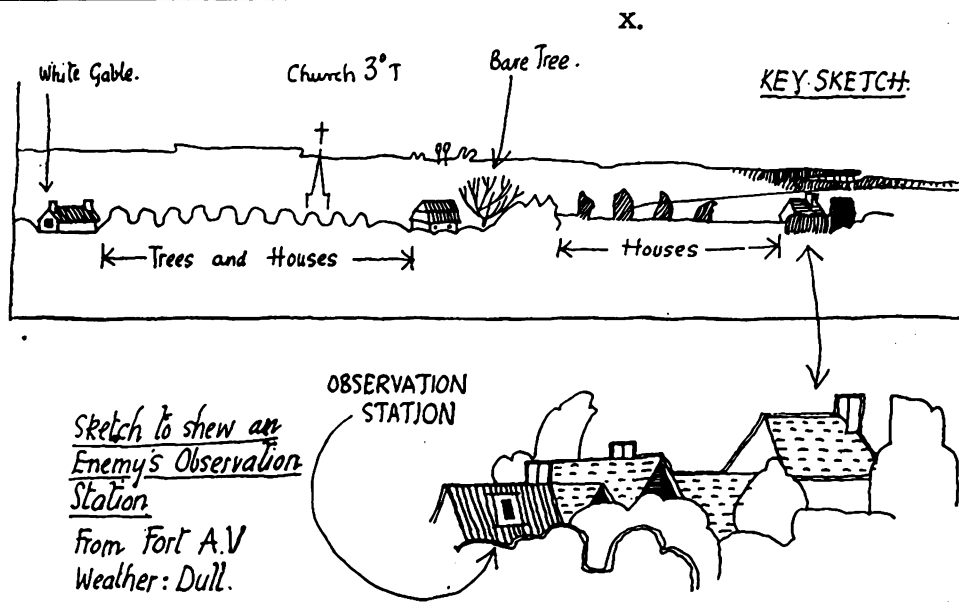
(From a painting by Private W. F. CHANDLER).



Colonel H. A. R. MAY, C.B., V.D.—Taken in France, 1915.
(Note the stick—similar to the one given to the Bishop. See Chapter XXXVII).



GUNS AND AMMUNITION. By J. B. Morrall.

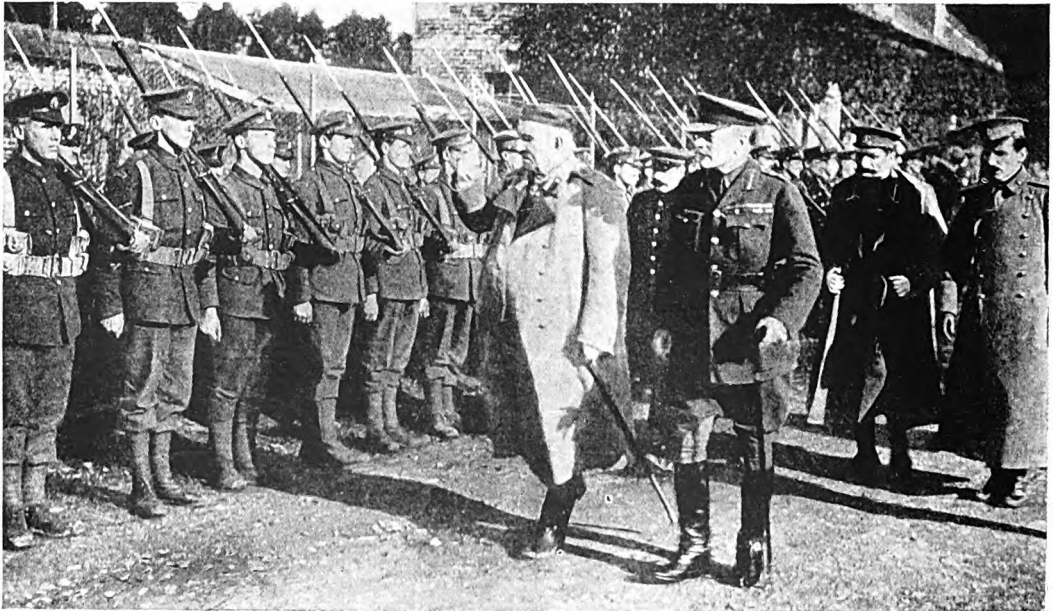


Sketch demonstrating system of "Target Indication," designed by Lieut. W. G. Newton, M.C.
(See Chapter XX).

HESDIN.



Sketch by Lieut. Alner W. Hall.



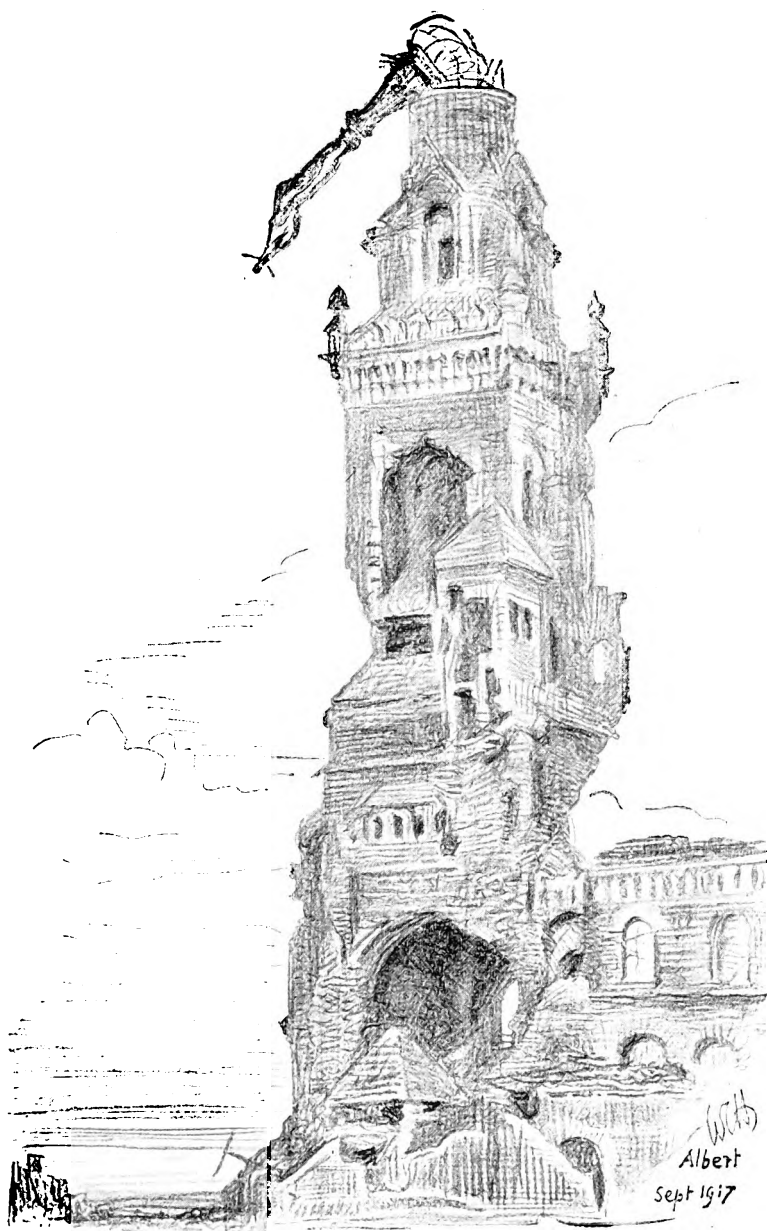
Guard of Honour of " Artists Rifles " being inspected by the King of Montenegro
and Lord Haig—Beauquesnes, 1916



THE TWO SPIRES, HESDIN.

By Lt.-Col. A. W. HALL, M.C.

240

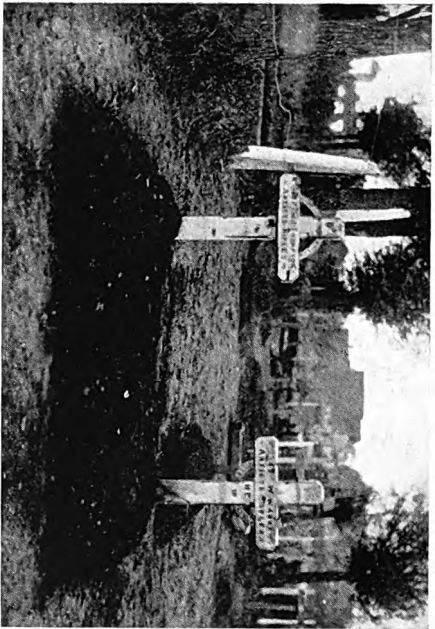


Copyright]

[By Col. Walter C Horsley, V.D.

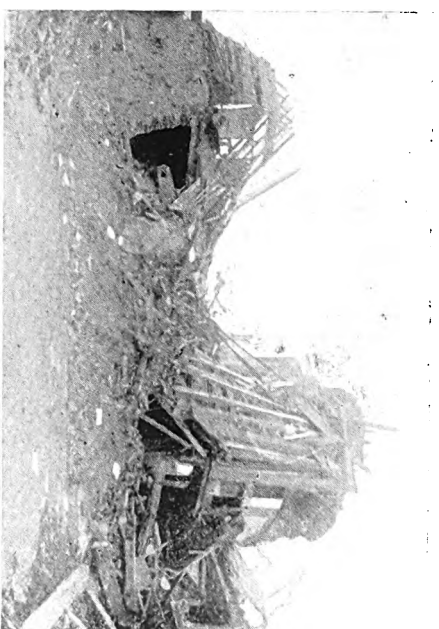
NOTRE DAME DE BREBIÈRE, ALBERT 1917,

Bailleul Re-visited after the War, 1918.



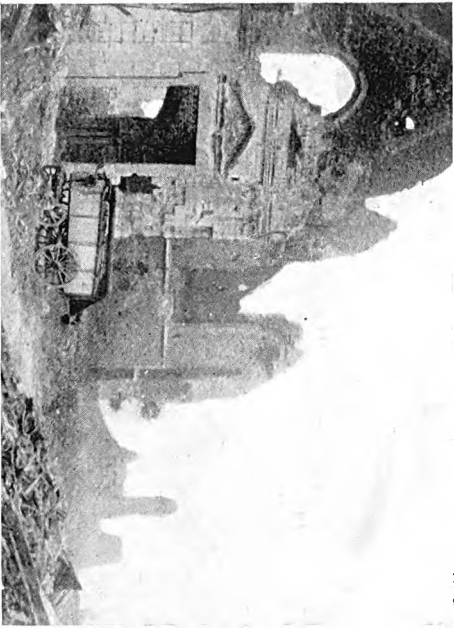
Artists Graves—Neuve Eglise.

(By permission of L. D. Fellows).



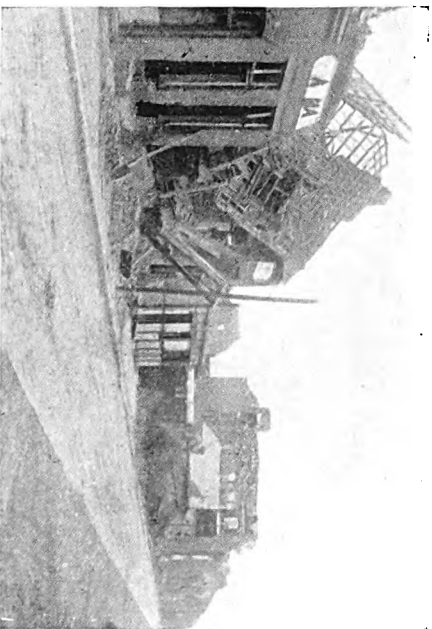
The Patisserie—Bailleul—1918.

(By permission of L. D. Fellows).



Church and Town Hall—Bailleul, 1918.

(By permission of L. D. Fellows).



Rue de la Gare—Bailleul, 1918.

(By permission of L. D. Fellows).

The "Artists Rifles" V.A.D.



The Medical Officer :

DR. LEWIS GLÖVER.

Who generously gave his services to the V.A.D.



The Artists Rifles V.A.D. Hospital, Hampstead.

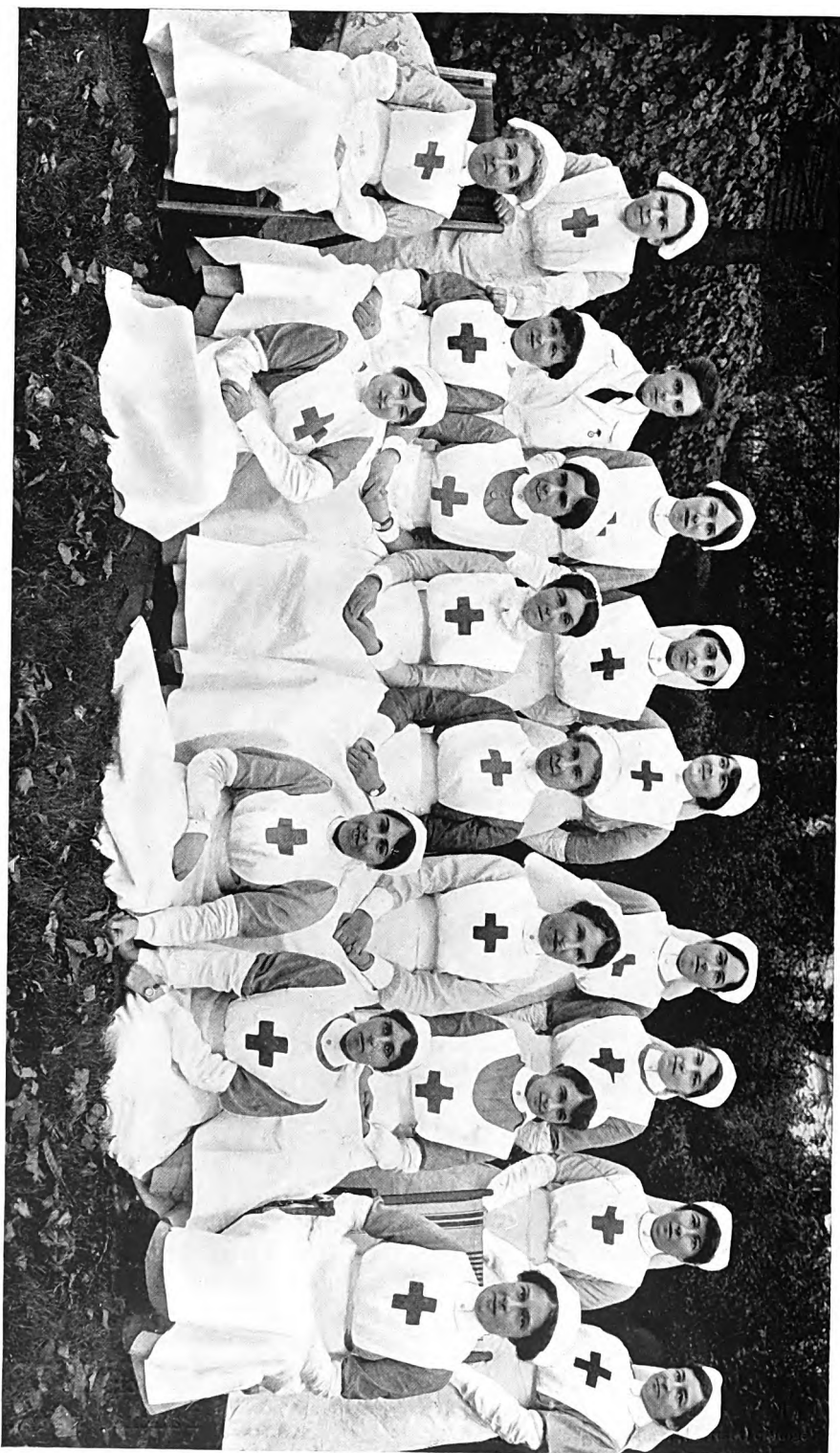


THE STAFF.

(Left to right) : Miss Venables (Q.M.), Miss Goodall (Commandant).
Mrs. de Segundo (Matron), Mrs. Herbert Shirley (Matron).



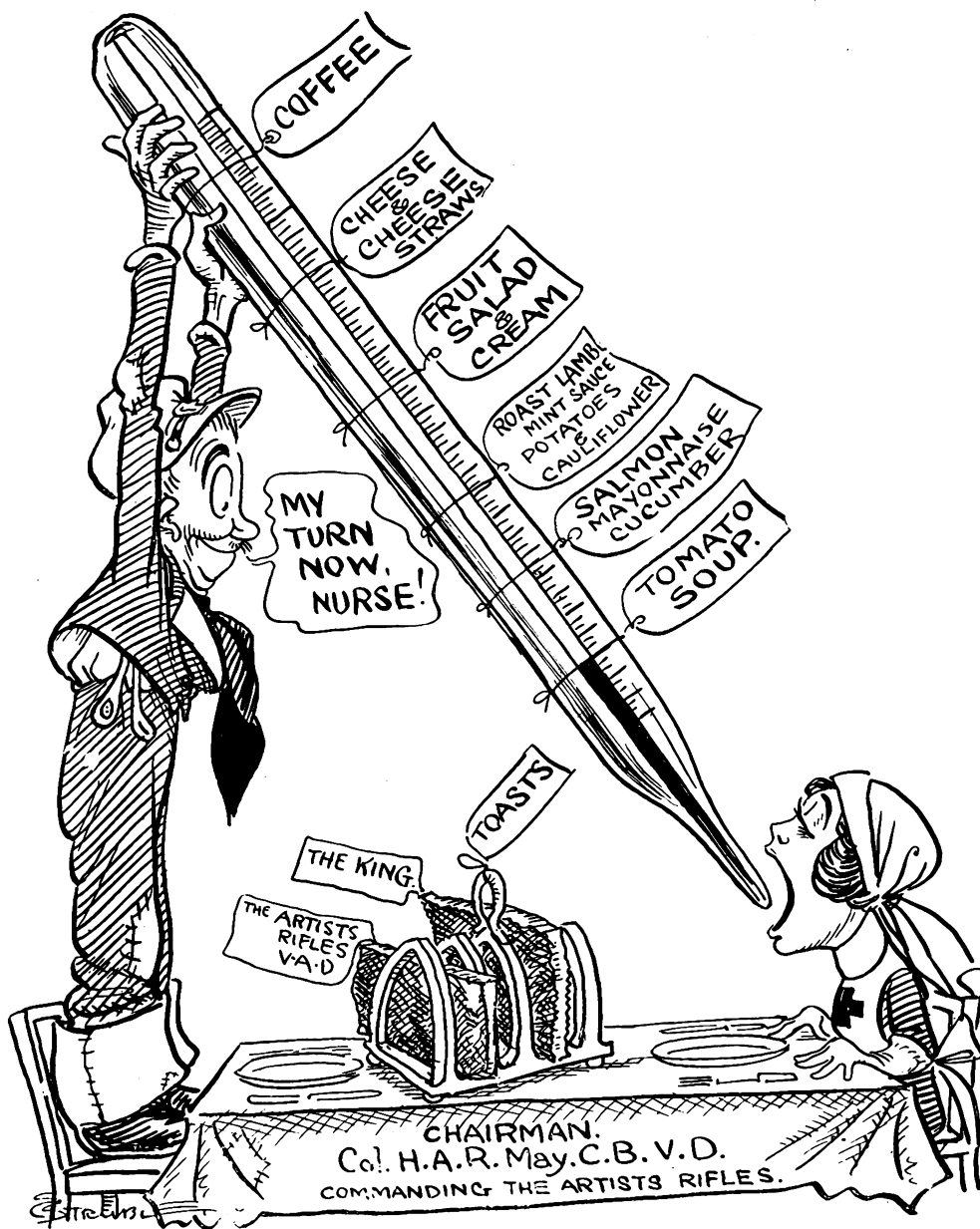
"Artists" Discipline at the V.A.D.
Patients knitting.



THE ARTISTS RIFLES V.A.D.

Photo: G. W. Secrelian.

Back Row (left to right): Miss F. WALLIS, Miss TURTON, Miss SELFE, Miss WEBB, Miss BRERETON, Miss BRUCE, Miss FISCHER, Miss N. MANLY, Miss PATTERSON
Middle Row (left to right): Mrs. FAY, Mrs. STEWART, Miss VENABLES (Quartermaster), Mrs. DE SÉGUIN (Matron), Miss GOODALL (Commandant), Mrs. HERBERT SHIRLEY (Matron),
 Miss SAWTELL, Miss M. GOODALL (Secretary and Treasurer).
In Front (left to right): Miss GRINLING, Miss E. DAVIDSON, Miss D. DAVIDSON.

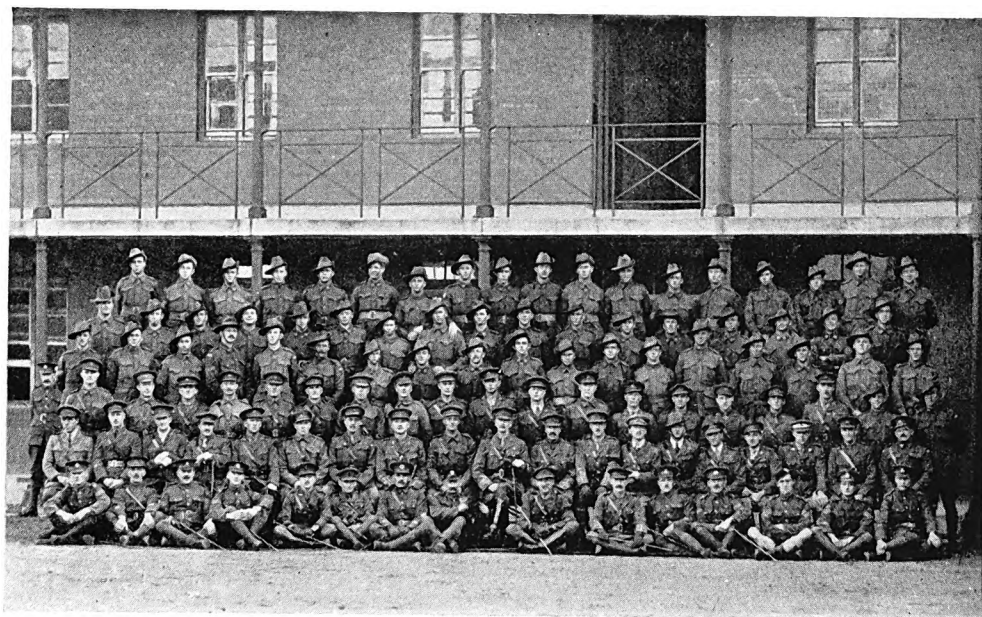


Design (by Strube) for Menu for Dinner given by the Officers of the Regiment to the Members of the Artists V.A.D. after the War.

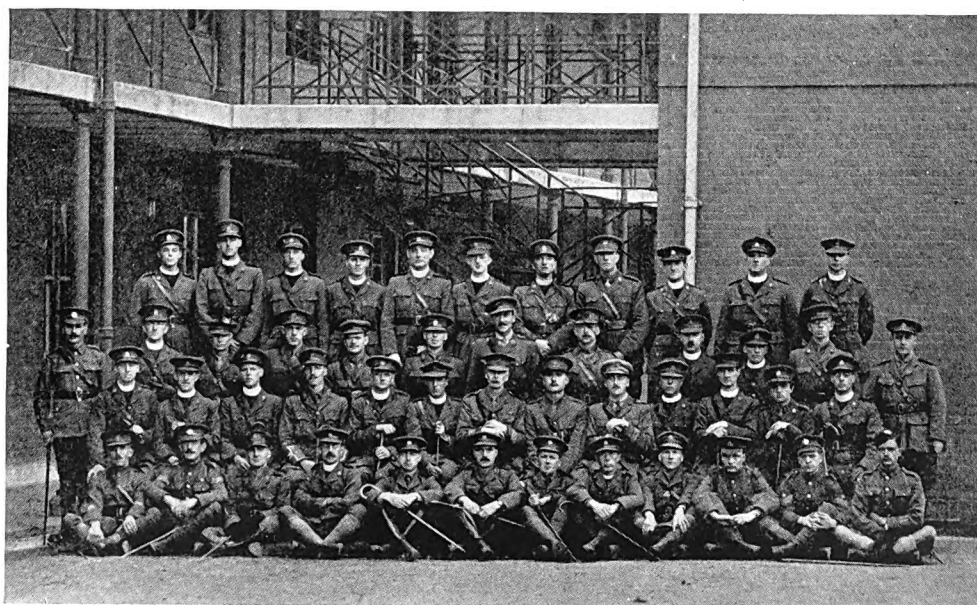
The Officers' School, Tidworth (See Chapter XXII)



Colonel H. A. R. MAY, C.B., V.D.
Commandant, Officers School, Tidworth.
1916-1918.



OFFICERS' SCHOOL, TIDWORTH.
The last course for Australian Cadets, 1918.



OFFICERS' SCHOOL, TIDWORTH.
A "Chaplains Class," 1918.

A Few Unsolicited Testimonials to the OLD FIRM.

(Shortly reopening under new management?)



L/c Lobster says
"with my P.S.B. in my pocket I feel
qualified to deal with anything
from a burglary to an earthquake."



Digger Bill writes:-

"It is a bonzer course!"



Capt Emmandee R.A.M.C. writes
"Your course is an
absolue tonic"



The Rev U. Board writes

"The very first morning
on parade brought to my
mind the verses
Job XVI 9 and 12"

Menu.
Huitres
.....
Potage Queue
de Boeuf.
.....

Tillet de Sole
Sauce Hollandaise
.....

Oie Rôtie
legumes
.....

Trèfle
.....

Biscuits - Fromage
.....



C.Q.M.S Scrounger writes
"After my course at
Candahar I feel prepared
to indent for anything on
earth"



Sgt Cyrus Q Hanks says

"Gee! Some Course!"



Mr W. Hohenzollern says

"If it had not been
for your — School I
should have won this
war!"

The Point

OFFICERS' SCHOOL, TIDWORTH.

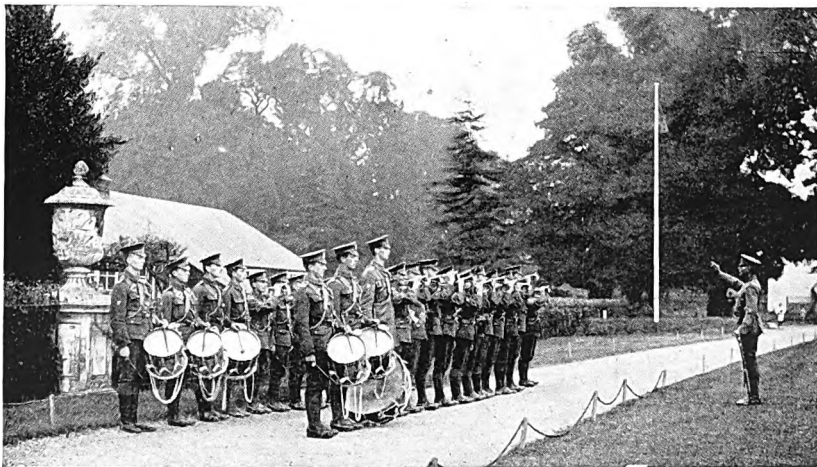
Menu of the last "Mess" Dinner given at School, 3rd December, 1918.

Sketched by CAPT. COOPER.

Gidea Park (See Chapter XXVI).



Lt.-Col. WILLIAM SHIRLEY, C.M.G.
Commanding 3rd (afterwards 2nd) Battalion of
the Artists Rifles.



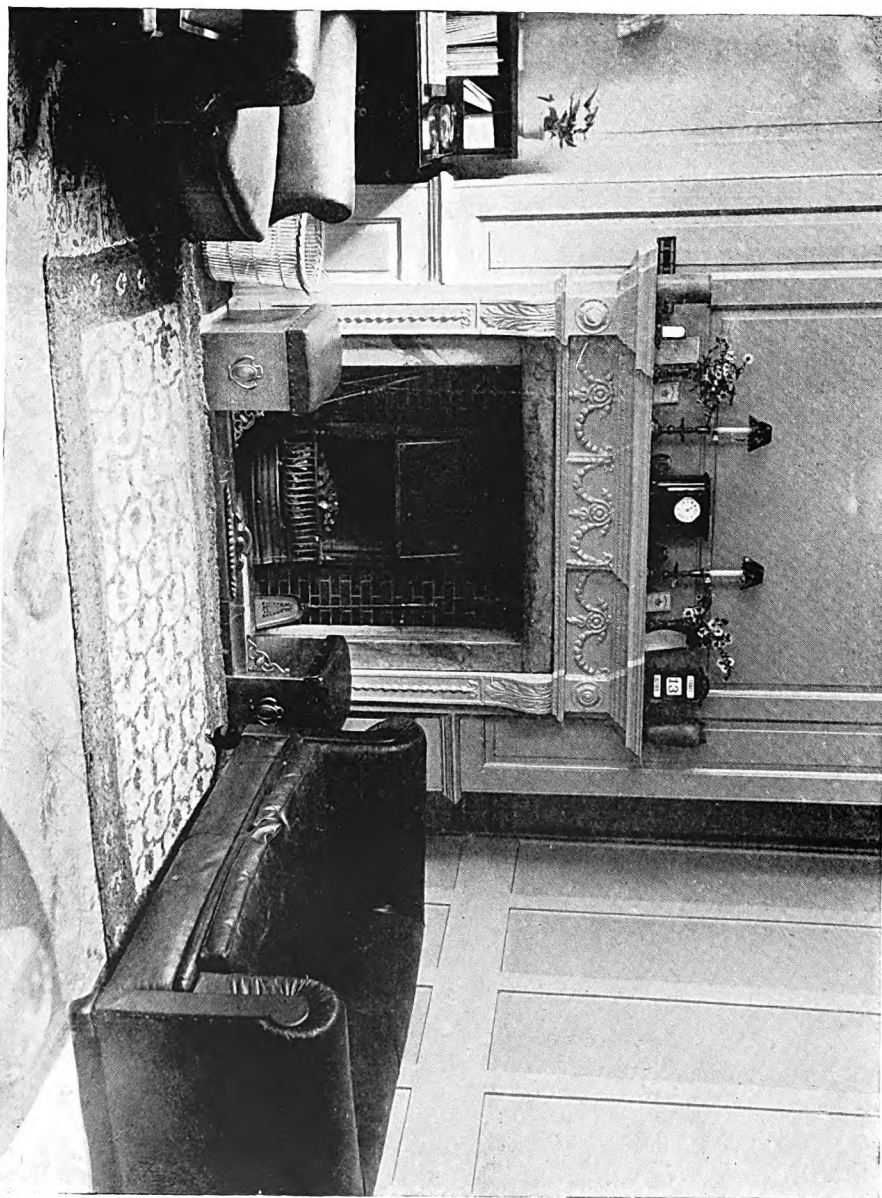
“RETREAT”—Artists Rifles at Gidea Park.

Photo by G. W. Secretan.

The Artists Rifles Regimental Club.

A GLIMPSE OF THE "PORT OF CALL." (Craven Street, Strand, W.C.)

Photo. G. W. Secrean.



After the Resuscitation (See Chapter XXVIII)



Lt-Col. H. J. SHIRLEY, C.M.G., T.D.
C.O. Artists Rifles, 1921-1925.

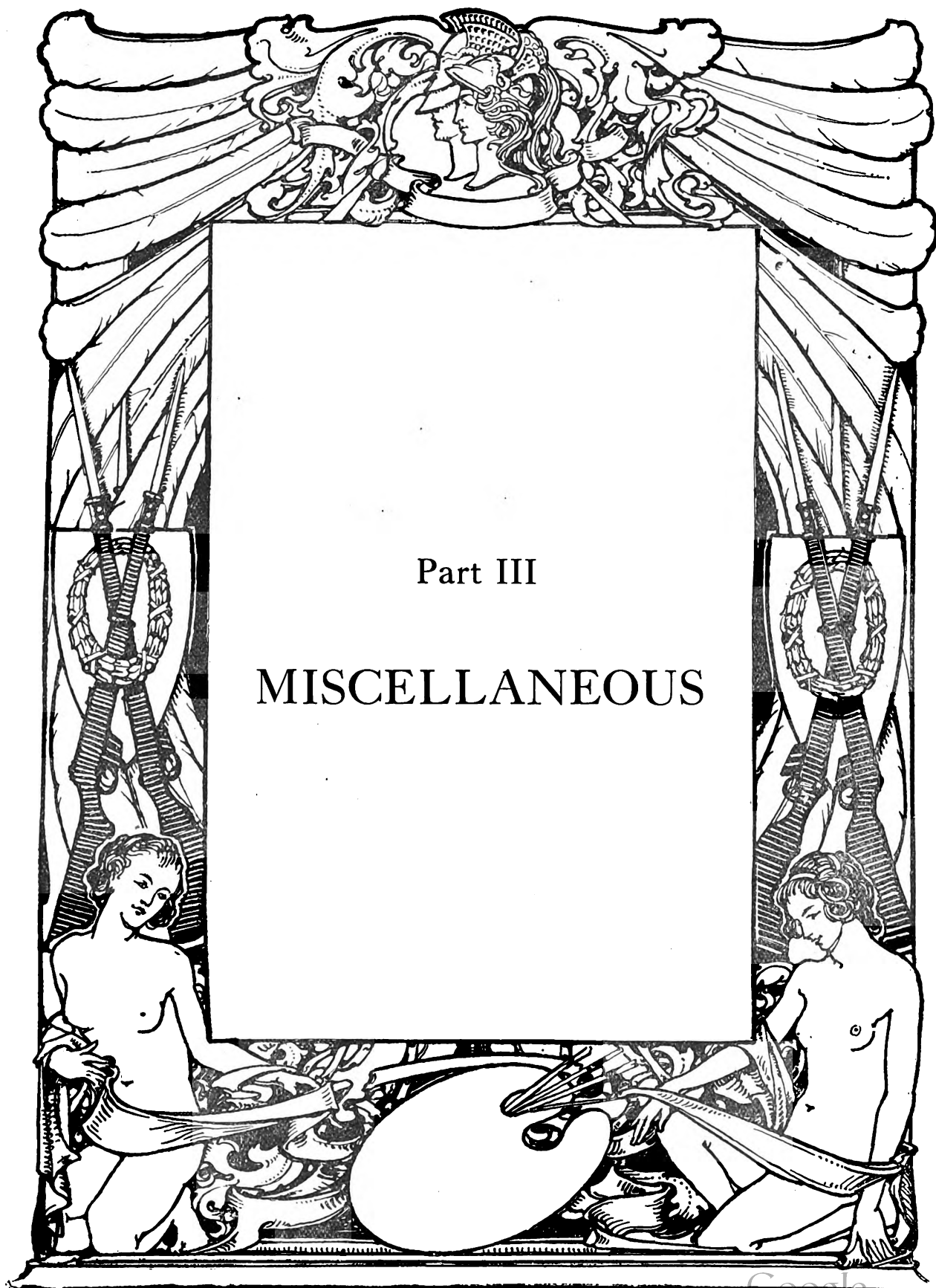


Lt-Col. S. W. NEIGHBOUR, O.B.E., T.D.
C.O. Artists Rifles, 1925-1929.



THE REGIMENTAL BADGE.

The above is an exact reproduction of the Crest of the Regiment as carved on the Gravestones of our comrades who fell in the War whilst serving with the Artists Rifles.



Part III

MISCELLANEOUS

CHAPTER XXX

LORD LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

LORD LEIGHTON was my first Commanding Officer, though only for a few months, viz.: from the date of my enrolment, in November, 1882, until the date of his retirement, in July, 1883, and yet I feel that this book of memories would be incomplete without a short chapter about him, for he was one towards whom we all had feelings of admiration and, if I may say so, of affectionate regard.

As I have mentioned before, Lord Leighton (either as Frederick Leighton or Sir Frederick Leighton or as Lord Leighton) was first in command of the Corps as a Major in 1869, and resigned the active command as Lieut.-Colonel in 1883, but was then promoted to full Colonel, and became our Honorary Colonel, and continued as such until his death in 1896.

The two characteristics which struck me most about our Commanding Officer, in those early days, were first his infinite love for the Regiment he commanded, and, secondly, his "Infinite capacity for taking pains" on all, even unimportant, occasions. On parade every detail of drill and movement was preceded by what really amounted to a most courteous and well-considered speech! (rather than a military instruction), but a careful study of the official books after the parade convinced me then that our C.O. must have taken great trouble to prepare himself for his task. I believe the following saying has been attributed to him (whether his own or a quotation, I do not know): "Every man who has received a gift ought to feel and act as if he were a field on which a seed was planted that others might gather the harvest." Anyhow, my impression is that this was the ideal he was trying to live up to. I do not think any who were present will ever forget his farewell speech to us at Kensington Barracks on July 7th, 1883, when he commanded us for the last time at our Annual Inspection. A few years after he made the following speech (well worth preserving) at our Annual Dinner in response to the toast of "Our Honorary Colonel," proposed by Col. Edis, who then commanded us:—

"We live in times so hustling and breathless, times in which so much happens in so short a space, that a few years seem to divide men and habits like a deep gulf, and I feel that in the eyes of many of you the toast that your Commanding Officer has invited you in such friendly terms to drink is one possessing an almost antiquarian flavour; the more grateful, therefore, am I for the cordial response with which, not, I hope, solely in a spirit of discipline, but from a more human point of view, you have given to the call of Col. Edis.

"The sight of the old uniform recalls to me, in a vivid manner, a period when not only my years, but my circumferential inches were fewer, during which it was my pride, first in one grade, then successively in others, from the ranks to the command, to take my share in the doings of and the life of what I hope I may call, without egotism, one of the finest Corps in the Volunteer service. I have now for some years laid by the coat to be furnished up only for these annual gatherings, not without misgivings as to my power of getting into it; but I have not laid by, nor shall I lay by while I have life, my deep interest and my high respect for that great defensive force of which it is the sign, and which, having sprung into existence in a moment of emergency and national excitement, has shown through over more than a quarter of a century that it requires no excitement to sustain it and is fed by no transitory fires.

“ But whilst I watch this great sign of national vitality with unchanged interest, there
 “ is, of course, an inmost corner of my heart in which that national movement appears to me
 “ clad in grey and silver, and the old Corps still sits in the warmest place ; praise of its
 “ performance is always to me the most grateful praise ; strictures on its shortcomings, if
 “ like other human things it has any, will always find me sensitive, and the account which
 “ your excellent Colonel furnishes on these occasions of your year's growth, comes home to
 “ me more than other like utterances. Gentlemen, I have named your energetic and efficient
 “ Commanding Officer ; there is this year a special reason why his name should be on my
 “ lips ; he is about shortly to acquire, by length of service, the full Colonelcy of which his
 “ long devotion to the cause makes him so worthy a recipient ; and I should wish before
 “ sitting down to offer him an old comrade's hearty congratulation, and the expression of
 “ my confident hope that his advanced rank will only confirm him in his loyal and faithful
 “ efforts to promote the honour of the Corps to which he, more fortunate than I, is privileged
 “ to belong as an active member.”

Lord Leighton died early in 1896. He was buried at St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday, February 3rd, of that year. His coffin rested at Burlington House from the Saturday before, and was taken from thence to St. Paul's by a detachment of his beloved Artists Rifles. The route to St. Paul's was lined with people, the “ Artists ” marching with arms reversed. Lord Leighton was buried in the Crypt with Turner, Reynolds and Barry, his resting place being smothered in almost numberless wreaths from the highest in the land to the private in the ranks. Queen Victoria sent a wreath from Buckingham Palace, also the Prince and Princess of Wales, Princess Christian, The Empress Frederick and others. The wreath from our late beloved Queen Alexandra (then the Princess of Wales) bore the following words in her own handwriting :—

“ Life's race well run,
 “ Life's work well done,
 “ Life's Crown well won,
 “ Now comes rest.”

CHAPTER XXXI.

COL. SIR ROBERT W. EDIS, K.B.E., C.B., V.D., ETC., ETC.

MY next Commanding Officer was Lieut.-Col. R. W. Edis, F.S.A. (afterwards Col. Sir Robert W. Edis, K.B.E., C.B., V.D., F.S.A., etc., etc.), and I served under him for nearly twenty years (i.e., from 1883 to 1902). He was a very famous member of the Corps, indeed, by whatever standard you may judge him. If you reckon by date of enlistment, Sir Robert was one of the 119 men who joined at the first meeting when the Corps was formed in 1860, his Regimental number being No. 8. If you reckon by length of service, no one has ever served for a longer period ; for his service began in 1860, and did not finally end till 1921—a period of over sixty years. If attainment of high rank is to be the factor, no one has ever attained higher rank in the Regiment, or commanded us for so long a time, for Sir Robert became our C.O. in 1883, and commanded us till 1902—a period of nearly twenty years, much longer than any other of our Commanding Officers. He then became our Honorary Colonel, which rank he retained until 1921, when he resigned in favour of Col. Walter C. Horsley, who then became Honorary Colonel. If you judge by time and money spent for the good of the Regiment, Sir Robert is pre-eminent ; and if you apply what is perhaps the finest test of all, viz.: enthusiasm for his work and devotion to the men he commanded, every old “ Artist ” who served under him will tell you that no C.O. has better qualifications than his old chief. The post-War “ Artist ” of to-day cannot realise what Sir Robert was to the Regiment about thirty or forty years ago, and we old “ Artists ” cannot think of the Corps of those days without also thinking of him.

After his enlistment in 1860, Pte. Edis, who was an architect, must have been appointed an N.C.O. practically at once. Anyhow, by June, 1860, he had attained the rank of Sergeant, and, being physically an exceptionally tall and fine looking man, he was one of the two Sergeants selected to march in front of the Corps when they marched, by way of Piccadilly, to attend the great Volunteer Review in Hyde Park before Queen Victoria. He was one of the early members of the Corps to be given a commission, and in 1864 (in which year he became President of the Architectural Association) he largely helped to form a new (Architectural) Company (“ C ” Company), recruited chiefly from architectural students, which Company he subsequently commanded. In 1877 (six Companies having been formed) the establishment permitted us to have a Major as Second in Command, and Capt. Edis was promoted to be Major accordingly. When Lord Leighton retired from the command in 1883, Major Edis was appointed to be Lieut-Colonel and our Commanding Officer, and soon afterwards was given the rank of full Colonel. Col. Edis's last parade was in the summer of 1902, when, after a very wet week in camp at Yarmouth, he (being the Senior Volunteer Officer in London) was called upon to command a big parade of the London Volunteers in connection with King Edward's coronation, and for this he was awarded a Coronation Medal—he had already obtained a “ C.B.” for his services as C.O., and he was subsequently awarded a “ K.B.E.” for his work in connection with the Great War. Many of my readers will recollect

that he presided over our big meeting at Gidea Park, when the Artists Rifles Regimental Association was first formed in June, 1916 (see page 188), and the two most recent occasions at which Sir Robert has been with us are our first and second Re-union Dinners after the War (in 1919 and 1920), when he took the chair as our Honorary Colonel, and had Lord French as his principal guest on the second occasion.

It would be quite impossible for me to set out here a tithe of all that Sir Robert has done for the Artists Rifles, but there is one matter in particular that I should like to mention, viz. : that it was owing to his initiative and energy that we became possessed of our present headquarters.

Originally our headquarters were (as has been stated) at the Argyle Rooms, then at Burlington House, then at the Arts Club, and afterwards at the West London School of Art, but at all these places, we had small temporary accommodation only, and it was a great advance when (mainly owing, I believe, to the exertions of Sir Robert—then Major Edis) we were able to take the lease of a house at No. 36, Fitzroy Square, where we allotted the dining-room on the ground floor to the Officers' Mess, two small rooms at the back as the C.Os.' room and orderly-room, the double drawing-room on the first floor as a canteen (also for drilling, lectures, smoking concerts and many other purposes), the rooms above to the Sergeants' Mess, Committee-room and changing-room respectively, leaving room for quarters for one of the members of our permanent staff (who acted as caretaker) in the attics above, and accommodation in the basement for an armoury and for stores. Even this improvement, however (we having become eight Companies strong), proved very inadequate, so in 1887, Sir Robert (who had then become our Colonel) evolved an ambitious scheme, viz. : to obtain a building site in the neighbourhood and build a headquarters for ourselves out of money to be found by past and present members and friends of the Regiment. The present members of the Corps, many of whom have had the experience of erecting a Hut at Bisley (and of raising the money to pay for it !) will appreciate what a big and difficult scheme to carry through the building of our headquarters, necessitating the collection of many thousands of pounds, must have been.

The first thing our Colonel did was to form a strong "General Committee" of soldiers and artists of every kind, and to obtain the consent of all the most eminent persons in their respective professions to serve on it. This Committee contained among its soldiers, Gen. Viscount Wolseley (then the Adjutant-General to the Forces), Lieut.-Gen. Higginson, Major-Gen. Gipps (then commanding the Home District), Col. Moncrieff, Viscount Bury, Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, Col. Stracy (then commanding the Scots Guards), and others. Among the painters were included, besides Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A. (who was then our Honorary Colonel), such eminent painters as Millais, Alma Tadema, Armitage, Armitstead, Calderon, Vicat Cole, Friith, Hodgson, Holl, Horsley, Long, Stacey Marks, Oules, Pearson, Pettie, Saint, Stocks, Marcus Stone, Yeames, Birch, Boughton, Brett, Burgess, Luke Fildes, Morris, Val Prinsep and others ; also among the sculptors, Boehm and Hamo Thorneycroft. The Committee also included the Director of the National Gallery, the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the President of the Architectural Association, also Sir William Jenner (the great physician) and Archibald Forbes (the great War Correspondent) ; also among musicians, Sir Arthur Sullivan and Michael Maybrick (then one of our Captains, and better known as Stephen Adams) ; and as representing the drama, Henry Irving, J. L. Toole, Arthur Cecil, George Grossmith, R. D'Oyly Carte, Pellegrini, and many others ; the whole forming a most wonderful collection of eminent men brought together by the energy of our C.O

After forming his committee, Col. Edis organised a big Art Union, and sold some thousands of tickets for the drawing by lot of a wonderful collection of valuable pictures which were very kindly given (at the instigation of our Colonel) by practically all the leading artists of the day—not only by all those on the General Committee, but also by such well-known artists as Leader, MacWhirter, the Hon. John Collier, Du Maurier, Carruthers Gould, Harry Furness, Seymour Hayden, Charles Keane, Blair Leighton, Laslett Pott, Frank Dicksee, Linley Sambourne, S. J. Solomon, Dendy Sadler, Chevallier Tayler, J. Tenniel, Waller, Whistler and many others. Some very fine smoking concerts were also arranged, at which some of the best talent in London gave us their services, including such men as Lionel Brough, Charles Bertram, C. A. Capper, Charles Collette, Charles Coborn, John Le Hay, Eugene Stratton, Michael Maybrick, Brandon Thomas (then a private in the Corps) and many others. The result was that a big sum of money was raised, and in 1888 a suitable plot of land was secured (just behind St. Pancras Church), and was taken for 99 years on a building lease at a reasonable ground rent, and the present headquarters were duly built under the supervision of Sir Robert and in accordance with his plans.

The new headquarters were formally opened by the late King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra (then Prince and Princess of Wales) on March 25th, 1889, at a special matinee and concert given by the Regiment, aided by the following first-rate talent, viz.: Edward Lloyd, Trebelli, Antoinette Stirling, A. D. Cammeyer (with his banjo), Edward Terry, John Le Hay, Lionel Brough, George Grossmith, Herbert Standing and Charles Collette (to entertain), with Michael Maybrick, Brandon Thomas, and many other members of the Corps. The opening (with the entertainment) was a splendid success. I do not think I ever saw anyone more amused than our future King and Queen were at Edward Terry's "Story of a Cornish Jury," or at the duet "X.24" (a parody of Excelsior), given by Lionel Brough dressed as a policeman, with a prisoner (whose name I forget), whom he arrested on the stage after a mock struggle. This was the first important meeting ever held in our headquarters, which has seen so many stirring and important events since that date.

About ten years afterwards an opportunity occurred of purchasing the freehold ground rent of our headquarters, which was taken advantage of, the money required (a good round sum) being temporarily borrowed on easy terms from a sympathetic Insurance Company on the security of the land and building, coupled with the personal guarantee of Sir Robert and three of his senior Officers. Every penny of the loan, however, was gradually and eventually paid off out of funds subscribed by members of the Corps, and the freehold of our headquarters was freed (and has since been free) from all debt of any kind. The point I wish to emphasise, however, is that the conception of the scheme, the appointment of the Committee, the subsequent arrangements for the raising of the funds, building of the headquarters, opening by the Prince and Princess of Wales, purchase of the ground rent, borrowing of the purchase money, and its subsequent re-payment; in fact, the whole establishment of our headquarters as they now stand, is all due to the everlasting energy and labour of our old Chief, who has thereby earned the gratitude of everyone of us, and which we should remember every time we enter the building where we have spent so many pleasant hours.

One characteristic of Sir Robert as our Commanding Officer (as I think most of my old comrades will agree) is that he had very decided views, and we were seldom, if ever, in doubt as to what his views and wishes on any particular subject might be! On the other hand, I am sure that all my old comrades will agree with me when I record his kindness and courtesy in all his dealings with us on Corps matters, and the large amount of trouble which he took on all occasions to help us

in any way in his power, whatever our rank. To be a member of the "Artists" was to him always a sufficient introduction! He also seemed to be well acquainted with a vast number of distinguished people of every rank and profession, from Royalty downwards. During his period of command many very notable persons visited us to distribute our prizes or to dine with us, not only the Prince of Wales, as above mentioned, but the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke of Connaught, the Duke of Teck, Lord Wolseley, Lord Roberts, Lord Methuen, and many others. I can well recollect also the evening "At Homes" given by Sir Robert at his house in Fitzroy Square, at which all the notables in Art, Literature and Drama might be met. I remember how touched I felt when I (though very youthful and still in my Articles), having attained the rank of Sergeant, received (in accordance with his custom to all Sergeants) an invitation to these "At Homes." I can also recall numberless interviews with him on almost every subject connected with Corps' work. In putting forward any new scheme on which I desired his approval and help, I soon learnt that it was necessary to economise his time, to come straight to the point, and to convince him of two things—first, that the scheme proposed would really benefit the Regiment; and, secondly, that it would be carried out to the best of my ability. When convinced on these two points, he usually adjourned the meeting for a week, putting on me the burden of presenting in seven days' time a cut-and-dried scheme in writing, with all details, dates and programme complete for him to initial if he approved, or to strike through (in blue pencil) if he disapproved. But although Sir Robert possessed in a very eminent degree the capacity for making other people work, he used to get through a vast amount of work himself. There must have been few days in which he did not, at some time attend headquarters. On Tuesdays and Fridays, when most of the Officers attended, he had short interviews with them on many and varied subjects. His custom was to send for a particular Officer, tackle him on his particular subject, and after a short discussion adjourn the matter for a week or more to give the Officer time to obtain further details for his (the C.Os.) approval. I have been at headquarters on a Tuesday or Friday evening when Sir Robert has suddenly burst in on his way to a public function, disappeared into his room, summoned us in turn for short interviews, burst out again within half an hour into his carriage, leaving each of us with most of our spare time for the next week allocated to some Corps matter! But no one had a keener instinct as to what was good for the Corps, and no Corps had a C.O. who was keener on keeping them right up in the front rank of Volunteer Corps, and anyone who looks back upon the position of the Corps and its progress during his twenty years of command will realise what we owe to him. The photograph of the Regiment parading for its annual inspection under Col. Edis in 1890 (see page 80), will show its strength at that time. I doubt whether the Regiment has ever been stronger on parade, except, possibly, some of the parades during the War.

Past members of our Regiment do not realise how quickly one generation of rank and file is succeeded by another, each generation being linked together by the Officers and N.C.Os., some of whom are serving for practically the whole of their lives. The Great War showed us, alas! that when on active service the rank and file of a Regiment was often practically changed in a few weeks only, or even days, and there must be many instances of Regiments having been addressed by their General and complimented on some fine performance of but a few days old, when the greater part of the men he addressed, were new from England, and the bulk of those who carried out the performance were either killed or in hospital. But still,

the Regiment was the same with its traditions and characteristics, and, I may add incidentally, that it was seldom indeed that the new generation failed to keep up the reputation the Regiment had gained.

From the census of the Artists Rifles taken in 1893, and published at the end of our "Landmarks" in the early part of this book (page 39), it would seem that in time of peace we have a new generation of rank and file of "Artists" every five years or thereabouts, and of the N.C.Os., about every nine years, and of the Officers about every fourteen years. On this basis the whole of the individuals composing the Regiment must have changed more than once since Sir Robert gave up the command nearly 27 years ago, and few of the present members of the Corps can know of him except as a name spoken of with reverence by the old members; but as regards us old members who served under him, there is not one of us who could think of the Regiment and of the happy days we spent in it, without also thinking with affectionate regard of our old Chief.

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Col. Sir Robert W. Edis died on June 23rd, 1927, at the age of 88. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of old "Artists" must have heard the news with sorrow. To those of us who served under his command his name will always be associated with frequent memories of happy bye-gone days; of days when we were young and were able to take our part in the working of the Regiment; memories of Easter outings with long and trying marches with tired and sore feet; of summer camps with tender sunburnt faces; of Brigade drills and inspections in Hyde Park; of sham-fights at Hatfield Park, Putney Heath and elsewhere; of drills in Regent's Park; of parades at Somerset House; of gigantic Battalion smoking concerts and other social gatherings, and always associated with these happy days will be the memory of our old Chief, who commanded the Battalion in every sense of the word, who was so very proud of his command, and did so much to put and keep the Battalion in the front rank. Although we did not see very much of him during the last few years of his life, his death severed a big link with the past, and there are probably few men whose name will be associated with so many happy memories. Nowhere was his loss more felt and regretted than in the Regiment, and among the men he once commanded and did so much to make efficient.

CHAPTER XXXII

COL. WALTER C. HORSLEY, V.D.

"If you can talk with crowds, and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch."

(*Rudyard Kipling.*)

THE third and the last Commanding Officer under whom I served in the Artists Rifles was my lifelong friend, Col. Walter Charles Horsley, irreverently, though most affectionately known to "Artists" as "Walter"—whose name invariably occurs to me when "Frizzle" recites in his inimitable manner the lines quoted above—and who is one of the most typical "Artists" in every sense of the word. In the mess some years ago we were endeavouring to give the best definition of the much abused word "gentleman," and were each contributing what we thought essential qualifications. "Birth and breeding," says one; "Instinctive consideration for others," says another; "Education and refinement" (a third); "Unselfishness" (my humble contribution); etc. But the discussion dragged, and was ended by the quiet voice of a newly-joined subaltern (late Sergeant), who contributed the word "Walter," and I felt he had made a "bull's-eye"—perhaps not as a brilliant *definition*, but what a fine *example*; and what else could be expected from one whose father was the late J. C. Horsley, R.A. (one of the most courteous, unselfish and amiable of men ever born—a type of the courtly old school, now, alas! almost extinct), and whose Godmother was our late Queen Victoria, whose splendid portrait, presented to us by the late Brandon Thomas, still holds, and I hope will always continue to hold, the place of honour in our Regimental canteen. I served for ten years as "Second-in-Command" to Col. Horsley. Probably few "Artists" have had more personal association with him, and in the deciding of knotty points I have never known him do anything but the gentlemanly thing—in the best sense of the word.

Col. Horsley has more marked and independent characteristics than anybody else I have ever known; his face, his hands, the shape of his head, his clothes and his character are quite unique. He is so modest that few realized his immense physical strength or his extraordinary ability. There are few professions or callings that he would not have really excelled in, few subjects in which he is not keenly interested. I have often been struck with his broad and sound outlook on subjects of which I thought I possessed far more knowledge than he did. His fault, if it be a fault, is his horror of what he calls "detail." A fair sample of his military instructions would be "scatter them along—well beyond those woods—but keep a good lump in reserve, somewhere about here" (indicating position on map)—the position of each Company and other details would have to be worked out by others. Yet subsequent prolonged consideration at the conclusion of operations would convince me that it was the C.Os.' first instructions that had ensured success. At foreign manœuvres also it was just the same. I would spend an hour the night before with map and papers trying to understand a complicated situation, and to decide what I would do if I were the commander; but Col. Horsley would glance at the map

and situation at a hasty breakfast with much else to disturb him and say : " Funny situation—if I were the General I should push 'em hard on the right flank—round here " (and his old finger would point on the map). " But come, it's time to be off." And afterwards I could not help admitting that in a flash he had grasped the whole solution of the problem. In my early days as an Officer I recollect an Adjutant (who has since proved to be a brilliant soldier) remarking that " Capt. Horsley has a wonderful eye for country. If I were ever soldiering in earnest I would sooner have him for a C.O. than most regulars I have served under."

I have never known Col. Horsley perturbed or flustered by a difficult situation. I recollect on one occasion when he had been asked to read the lesson on Sunday at a parade service in a church near Blackheath (where we had been bivouacking), he was evidently greatly interested in the narrative he was reading (about a threshing floor, if I recollect right), so much so that the lesson was prolonged from, so it seemed, chapter to chapter, and it appeared to us that it was never going to end at all—but at last the end came rather suddenly. " That finishes the lesson," said the Colonel, closing the book, and adding in a confidential tone to his congregation : " -It really finished before, but I went on too far ! " Some may recollect another similar incident at a Sunday open-air parade near Chiddingfold, taken by the Colonel in the absence of a Padre, when he startled his hearers, after praying for the late King Edward, by saying : " As you were—wash out—I should have said King *George* ; but my book's all wrong ! "

I recollect when we were in camp near Seaford, and had been ordered to take up a position on the downs over-night and to bivouac on the position itself and be prepared to meet a night attack or an attack at dawn, Col. Horsley was in command of us, and he had decided to bring one blanket for each, Officer and man alike. I have always found sleep under strange conditions a difficult performance, and would have much preferred to have had my blanket to myself and to have rolled myself up in it and to have retired to an isolated position in a convenient hollow. But the Colonel had a theory, possibly a sound one, that two blankets between two persons (one blanket underneath and one on top) was better value than one blanket each, and he asked me to go partners with him, and be his bedfellow and pool our blankets together, to which high honour I endeavoured to express my cordial agreement. So we started, both lying on one blanket and being covered by the other one, both lying on our left sides, I in front, finding sleep difficult, feeling the Colonel's breath on the back of my neck, and he close behind me, dead asleep and snoring. After a bit, however, he rolled over on his back, carrying most of the blanket with him, and leaving me draughty and cold, with but a meagre share of wrapping ; and, later on, when in his sleep he rolled over on to his right side and carried the whole of the blanket with him, I thought it was getting " a bit too thick," so, Colonel or no Colonel, I grabbed the blanket and yanked it away, and hastily tried to cover myself up a bit, but unwittingly I grabbed nearly the whole of it ! This had the effect of waking up the Colonel (with a sound like the last drop of water draining out of a bath), and in the moonlight I could see the profile of his head and body (with red brewer's cap on), sitting up and wondering, I supposed, what had become of his blanket ; and I expected a return grab, and was prepared to yield a just share. I had overlooked the Colonel's characteristics, however, for, after looking round in the moonlight and " appreciating the situation," he found one of my legs uncovered (for the blanket was somewhat disarranged !), and I felt his old hands most carefully tucking me up (no mother could have done it more tenderly) and blocking up all the weak spots as regards draughts or cold ! He could have had practically no blanket left for himself ; I raised a feeble protest, but received the answer

"No, no, old chap, I've got masses, your legs were all uncovered, but it's all right now, nothing like keeping warm at night, you mustn't get cold!" After that I endeavoured unsuccessfully to induce him to take his proper share, and tried to go to sleep again, feeling thoroughly ashamed of myself. Surely I could have trusted the Colonel, of all people, to do the gentlemanly thing—who ever heard of his intentionally taking more than his share of *anything*.

Ever since my first course of instruction with the Guards at Wellington Barracks (in 1884) I have admired the punctuality and precision of the starting of their parades. The men parading just soon enough to be comfortably ready by the time the clock strikes the appointed hour, and then—the strike of the clock, the appearance of the Officer detailed to command the parade, the calling of the parade to "Attention," and the salute of the N.C.O. in charge, all taking place practically simultaneously—I have never seen this without experiencing a minor thrill and a feeling "*That's the way to do it.*" And in a small way I have tried to emulate it in our own parades, especially when in camp. I had never any doubt as to the part being correctly performed by our Adjutant and by the parade, and a synchronizing of watches, instruction to grooms, and calculation of time taken to walk the horses from the C.O.'s tent to the parade ground gave me the exact moment the C.O. should mount his charger in front of his tent and start so that the camp gong (in place of a clock) should give the due signal, and the C.O. might appear and the minor thrill might be created! And I couldn't help a feeling of disappointment if when this exact moment arrived the C.O. was still dressing, or was engaged in an engrossing conversation with a third party, or when, worse, he suggested—and possibly carried out—a delaying visit to the orderly-room on his way to parade!—my cautious: "We're just on time if we start *now*, sir!" or "They're waiting for us on parade, sir!" did not always bear fruit, and on one occasion it elicited the reply: "Oh, *are* they, well, I shall be there in a minute or two—you go and "carry on" till I come." This was embarrassing to decide during a very short walk on a horse what to *do*. I had no notion for how long I had to "carry on" for, I couldn't very well move the Battalion away, and what could be done with them standing on the parade ground. Squad drill or manual would not be popular—a brain-wave suggested practise "piling arms." My "detail" of this was at first a little rusty; however, we "carried on" somehow; but on the next and following occasions, and there were many subsequent ones, I had primed myself in the subject to the last detail. We became most expert in this exercise, and to those of that particular generation of "Artists" who considered me a "maniac" on the exercise of piling arms, I ask—what would you have done in my place?

The Colonel himself also obtained the reputation of being a maniac on another subject, a Battalion wheel in quarter column, which he, not without good reason, considered the best exercise to practise every kind of drill. At that time there was a favourite well-remembered song in which all used to join vigorously in the chorus, something like this: "Waltz me round again, Willie—around, around, around"; but at our smoking concerts in camp the chorus seemed different—*what* were they singing?—it sounded like: "Wheel us round once again, Walter, around, around, around"—anyhow, I fancy I heard the Colonel (I was sitting next him) mutter: "Oh, all right, I will." Anyhow, he *did*!

Col. Horsley joined the Corps in 1873. He served in all ranks and commanded the Regiment for ten years, from 1902 to 1912. He initiated when a Sergeant, and commanded the "Baggage Guard," which, starting a few days before, marched by road to our destination each Easter, and which afterwards developed into the "Marching detachment"—one of the best "stunts" the "Artists" ever had.

He also created many other good Corps' customs and traditions. He is probably the only one of us known to practically every man who has ever served in the Artists Rifles; most old "Artists" can be "dated" by their enquiry after "Lieut.," "Capt.," "Major" or "Colonel" Horsley, and it is not too much to say that he has won the affection and esteem of every "Artist" who ever served. When, in 1914, the offer of the Corps for service abroad was accepted on condition that a second Battalion was at *once* formed to replace us at home, I, as the then Commanding Officer, had to suggest *on the spot* a Commanding Officer for the 2nd Battalion (to prevent the threatened appointment of a Senior Officer from outside)—I, without having time to consult him, suggested "Col. Horsley," who was then and there appointed, and in response to a telegram came to town and started on his new duties within twenty-four hours. He afterwards commanded the 104th Provisional Battalion at the Tower of London, and few, if any, of us could have commanded and harmonized as he did, without the slightest friction, a provisional Battalion consisting of an amalgamation of different Battalions, each having their own customs and traditions, and when this task was completed he went out to France and finished his military career as an "Area Commandant."

He is, indeed, a great personality; no one has ever come across anyone quite like him. He allowed me to shave him once in camp, as I wanted to make an experiment and see if I could shave another person without cutting him. Few friends would do this (test them and see!). He is a father to us all. He has given a lifelong devotion to the Corps. He is modest to a fault, but with rare breadth of thought and great ability in military affairs. We shall never come across his like again. It has been one of the great privileges of my life to have been able to count him as my friend.

CHAPTER XXXIII

"SAMMY COWELL"

ALBERT GUSTAVE COWELL was born in 1851. In 1876 (the days of Shakos and leather knee-caps) he joined "A" Company of the Artists Rifles. If a recruit were enlisted to-day whose surname happened to be "Lauder" or "Tate" or "Robey," it is quite likely that his comrades would at once, in the first two cases, give him the Christian name of "Harry," and, in the last case, that of "George"! In the same way I have been told that in 1876 a celebrated music hall star was known as "Sammy Cowell," so "Albert Gustave" was at once converted into "Sammy," and was most affectionately known as "Sammy" ever after. Indeed, if you spoke of "Albert" Cowell to an average old member of the Artists Rifles he would have to think a minute to remember to whom you were referring, and would then probably correct you and exclaim: "You mean Sammy"!

"Sammy" always had a buoyant, cheerful disposition, with a keen sense of humour. He also possessed a big heart, with a passion for horses and for riding. His love of horses was only equalled by his love for the Regiment and for little children. The Artists Rifles' transport dates from 1877, the year after "Sammy" joined us. He was one of the first four privates (drivers) detailed to drive our first Regimental transport, viz.: our beer cart and ambulance waggon, which accompanied the Battalion on its marches! "Sammy" devoted the whole of his spare time to qualifying himself in riding, driving, horsemastership and transport work generally. He was a constant attendant at the different barracks in London where mounted troops were quartered. He also qualified himself in "first aid" and ambulance work, in case his services, as such (as driver of the ambulance waggon) should ever be required.

In 1878 "F" Company was first formed, and to this Company "Sammy" (though still a driver) was transferred as one of its original members. The following year "Sammy" was promoted to "Driver-Sergeant" (the first appointment to this rank, and afterwards called "Transport Sergeant"), and was given complete charge of the transport. During that year, I notice from my old records that, in addition to his special work at the Cavalry Barracks, "Sammy" attended more drills than anyone else in the Company, except "Lieut. Walter C. Horsley" (who did the most!) and a certain "Corpl. Torr" (who was second). "Sammy" was also a "first-class shot," which was then the highest classification—afterwards he became a "Marksman" when this higher class was instituted.

None of us who knew "Sammy" in his young days were surprised to find that the Transport Section of the Artists Rifles was most highly efficient. It was born out of and thrived on "Sammy's" intense enthusiasm for the work. No one had a chance of becoming a member who was not prepared to devote practically all his spare time to hard and dirty work in barracks and riding school. We who can remember those days will remember the pride the Regiment took in its workmanlike little Transport Section and its well-trained drivers, sparkling from head to foot, with "Sammy" at their head, seated on some favourite charger, all reflecting the

greatest credit on the Regiment and on old "Sammy" as its chief. Of all the things "Sammy" ever did for us, his best work was probably his work in connection with the Transport, to this he devoted the greater part of his Regimental life, remaining (after various extensions in his rank) Transport Sergeant till 1907 (twenty-eight years in one rank, surely a record !), when he resigned his work as an active member of the Corps, but remained on as an honorary member.

After his Transport work, probably the next best work "Sammy" did for the Regiment was by his excellence as a fighter. In single combat with sword, lance, foil, bayonet or quarterstaff, mounted or on foot, he had few to equal him in the country. His skill in riding coupled with his skill with almost all weapons made him a formidable champion in both mounted and unmounted combats. He was a regular competitor at the "Military Tournament" when it was first instituted at the old Agricultural Hall at Islington. There he met in the final rounds of open competitions the picked champions of the Cavalry and mounted branches of the Army, and he usually succeeded in beating them at their own game, and he seldom returned without some important trophy to his credit. "Sammy's" earliest triumphs were in 1880. Since 1882 it has been our custom to paint up in our drill hall the names of the members of the Regiment who have proved themselves champions in open or important events—the first seven events so recorded are records made by "Sammy," and his name appears eleven times in the first fourteen entries ! "Sammy" was one of the members of our School of Arms in the early days—before our headquarters were built, and we met at the Paddington Swimming Baths during the winter months. At our annual "Assault at Arms" "Sammy" was for years our acting manager, and his exhibition was always one of the features of the evening. He was also very keen on "photography" and on "private theatricals," in both of which he excelled. He helped to found the Regimental Photographic Club (now extinct), and was also the stage manager of our old Dramatic Club, during its brilliant though brief career, and practically all his life "Sammy" was a member of the Committee of our "Headquarters' Club," which organized the smoking concerts and other "shows" for which I think I may say the Regiment has always been celebrated. In short, there are few Corps' institutions that have not materially benefited from "Sammy's" loyal and willing help.

In his private life "Sammy" was a specialist in artistic printing and became in due course the head of the printing firm of Howlett & Son, of Frith Street, Soho. There are few departments of the Corps (or few individual members, I verily believe !) who have not at some time had the benefit of his skill in the reproduction of their reports, programmes, dinner tickets or drawings, etc. He was full to the brim of ideas and suggestions, and however barren of these you might be when you consulted him, you always had enough to think about and to choose from afterwards. I myself have received everlasting kindness at his hands. He worked out for me the arrangement and binding of a fairly complete collection of Corps Orders, Notices and Reports from 1875 to 1914—and now extended to 1928—to which I still constantly refer. He also personally arranged a chronological collection of programmes, menu cards, dinner tickets and sketches issued by the Corps from 1882 to the present time (the last bound volume of which, alas !—from 1919 to 1924—is still only partly completed owing to "Sammy's" last illness). And after the War, when I was anxious to have a private "Roll of Honour" all to myself in my bedroom at home, it was "Sammy" who, on being consulted, as a labour of love, himself designed and ruled a big sheet of cardboard (about 4 ft. 6 ins. by 3 ft. 6 ins.) on which, after a printed inscription under the Regimental crest, he neatly pasted, in ten long columns, the names of our 2,003 fallen, extracted from two copies of our printed "Memorial

Service," and I never look at my "Roll of Honour" glazed and framed and hanging on my wall, without remembering "Sammy's" kindness. His firm also printed "The Artists Rifles' Journal."

A very sincere and good old "Artist," who worked under "Sammy," and has since helped to carry on some of his good work, wrote to me soon after his death, with reference to him, as follows :—

"It was quite extraordinary the amount of affection 'Sammy' was able to arouse amongst all those with whom he worked, and particularly in inspiring his subordinates with the true 'Artists' Spirit' . . . In the earlier days of the Regimental Transport he was instrumental in establishing and maintaining with the old regular 'Army Service Corps' the most happy relations by which the loan of waggons and horses complete could then be obtained, and the value of which cannot be over-estimated. . . . The traditions which he founded are still being maintained. . . . No hours were ever too long or work too hard but they were cheerfully surmounted by 'Sammy' and his always happy band of drivers. . . . His energy and cheery spirit, right up to the last, were truly remarkable, not less than his wonderful capacity of leading and inspiring others. . . . It may truly be said we shall never see his like again, and it was such stalwarts as he and Philip, who very largely helped to make the old Corps what it was."

Many other things have been said and written of "Sammy," all to the same effect.

Although the avowed object of most of our Regimental work is directly or indirectly to increase our military value and efficiency, we most of us have a soft corner in our hearts for our Annual Party given towards the end of the Christmas holidays to such of our children as are between three and twelve years of age. Few of us who have been fortunate enough to attend this function (and invitations to adults, outside mothers and workers, are necessarily rare !) will forget the pretty picture made by the masses of dancing children, or the clever exhibitions of shadow-graph, Punch and Judy, conjuring and other forms of entertainment, which are given in the intervals of dancing. The children are always most enthusiastic, and enter vigorously into this entertainment, dancing, singing, clapping their hands or "booing," as may be required, led, or incited, by selected volunteers of all ranks mixed, taken from men of the Regiment (after careful rehearsal !) in khaki tunics, white flannel trousers and gymnastic shoes and watched (but not interfered with !) by a big circle of admiring mothers and aunts. All this in the old drill hall, decorated with flags for the occasion, flanked on the one side by our "Championship Records," and on the other by our "Roll of Honour," which makes a fine setting for a pretty picture. Well, "Sammy" was one of the founders of our Children's Annual Party, and from the first was one of the most indefatigable workers. He, having always the heart of a little child, seemed to understand children and to gain their confidence. He was the conjuror who produced shrieks of astonishment and delight from the assembled crowd. He was the showman who introduced the comical performing elephant, or camel, or horse (each composed of two members of the Regiment—front legs and hind legs respectively), or he was the fat leader of the German band who, at the end of a distressing but mirth-provoking performance, was violently driven from the hall by a mob of excited children armed with toy whips, each with a short lash of string and a toy bladder at the end of it—wildly incited thereto by their guardians in khaki and white—and when "Sammy" was not more actively engaged in one of his exhibitions he was generally to be found, in a state of perspiration, dancing vigorously with a little mite of three seated on his shoulder.

"Sammy died, alas ! after a long illness, on January 5th, 1925, aged 73. Every past and present member of the Corps heard the news with sorrow. He was buried on January 9th, many of his old comrades being present, and on the next day (Saturday, January 10th) our Children's Party was held at our headquarters. The

Camel and the Pony had another showman. The German Band did not appear. We adults found a terrible blank, but the little ones seemed to dance as energetically and to laugh as loudly and to enjoy themselves as much as ever, and did not seem to notice the gap, and perhaps it is a merciful thing they did not do so. Some one remarked that it was rather incongruous for us to meet at "Sammy's" funeral one day and at the Children's Party the next ; but personally I saw nothing incongruous in it. Of all men "Sammy" would have been the last to let any affair of his (even his death) interfere with the enjoyment of the little ones.

If I were an artist by profession and were commissioned to paint a picture of "Sammy" for the Regiment, I should not paint him as a Champion at Arms, nor even as the leader of his beloved Transport—I should paint him as I remember him at the Children's Party, in his khaki and white, surrounded by a noisy group of enthusiastic children—some battering him on the head with their toy balloons, but with the weakest and most helpless seated on his knee, looking up with confidence into his kind and humorous old face and protected by that mighty right arm that has struck so many shrewd and lusty blows in its time!—for in spite of all "Sammy's" triumphs in the arena and on the platform, his chief characteristics were, after all, his kindness and unselfishness and his tenderness towards the weak, and we shall most of us remember him, in years to come, more because of his lovable character than because of his skill as a soldier.

CHAPTER XXXIV

" JACK SMITH "

JACK SMITH (whose full name was John Ambrose Smith, and who was affectionately known by all as " Jacko "), served with us for nearly forty years. He was personally known to every pre-War member of the Regiment, and was among those who have devoted practically all their spare time to the work of the Corps. He joined in 1880, became a Lance-Corporal in 1893, Corporal in 1896, Sergeant in 1898, was Battalion Sergt.-Instructor in Musketry in 1900, Quartermaster-Sergeant in 1903, was appointed Quartermaster in 1914, just before the War, and although he was then well over fifty years of age, he went to France with the Regiment in 1914, was invalided home early in 1916, and, after a spell of sick leave, worked at the Tower of London and elsewhere with the Ordnance Corps (but retained his Artists' Badge) till the end of the War. Afterwards, as a result of the War, his health broke down altogether. In 1922 he wrote to me : " I am better, but am " not the ' Jacko ' that you recollect. I go to bed at eight every night, and have " only been to the City twice since June, 1919." His health got worse and worse, and he died on November 14th, 1924, aged 63, leaving a son and a daughter.

" Jacko " will always be associated with old " D " Company, that nursery from which came some of the most famous men of the Regiment, and to which so much of our great reputation in bayonet exercise at the old Agricultural Hall and Olympia is due. No one can look back at the past records of old pre-War " D " Company (as I have been doing) without being struck by their great success in every branch of the Corps' work and of the wonderful body of men they were composed of. " Jacko " was one of this crowd, and his name appears with almost monotonous regularity in the lists of bayonet teams in the early days. He was also closely identified with " Philhurst " and other Corps' institutions.

I thought I was well acquainted with " Jacko " in pre-War days, but it was not until the early days of the Great War that I fully appreciated his worth. His chief characteristics were, I think, a love of hospitality, a large kind heart and a keen desire to help all those in physical distress, and he found a magnificent scope for his talents in France, especially when we were at Bailleul, in 1914 and 1915. " Jacko " was essentially broad minded, full of initiative in his method of carrying out his duties, determined on carrying through his numerous schemes for helping others—in the orthodox way if practicable, if not, in some other original way of his own. He was somewhat inclined to ignore regulations, but only when they interfered with what he honestly thought was a better way of carrying out his duties. He was never frightened by difficulties, and had a wonderful way of overcoming them, and of making friends wherever he went. It seemed impossible to get to the bottom of his resources, and when no solution to one of his problems was apparent, he always seemed to know of some extra reserve or of some friend on the spot to save the situation ! I doubt if any Battalion in France was better fed or clothed than ours, or had better facilities provided for bedding, fires, washing, baths, drying clothes, washing underclothing or more creature comforts generally. No drafts from

England received a better welcome than ours (accompanied by a first-class meal !). I am personally indebted to " Jacko " for a multitude of little kindnesses designed to promote my own physical comfort, but what perhaps I appreciated and valued more than all was his whole-hearted practical help and enthusiasm to all suggestions for promoting the well-being and comfort of the men for whom I was responsible. We had many and long talks on the subject of " care of men," and however difficult a problem of this sort might appear, I could always rely on the fertile and original brain and help of " Jacko " to solve it.

It was not only our Regiment that " Jacko " helped. Many thousands of troops in France (most of whom never saw or heard of him) must have benefited from his eternal energy. I have already described how, when we were at Bailleul, in 1914 and 1915, remnants of the splendid old regular Regiments would return to the town direct from the trenches for a short period of so-called " rest " (to receive new drafts, to refit and to reorganize before returning to the trenches) ; also how the hospital trains (crammed with suffering humanity) left Bailleul Railway Station for the base ; also how the " Artists " tried to help the Regiments coming back, the patients in the hospital trains and any other persons requiring physical assistance, by the hard and strenuous work by parties of volunteers supplied from our ranks, which work often extended well into the night, and sometimes all through it. Well, it was " Jacko " who took the lead in all this work. It was " Jacko " who organized the collection of a very large quantity of grapes (which would otherwise have been wasted) from the large grape-houses at Bailleul, and (under the supervision of Major C. S. de Segundo) of their supply in large full hampers for the use of the patients in each hospital train, as it left the station (I felt I could sanction their being picked for this purpose, but not for our own consumption). When the supply of hampers ran out and we requested their return and they were returned daily, each crammed with newspapers, cigarettes, chocolates and other delicacies through the instrumentality of some splendid surgeon at the base—evidently a kindred spirit of old " Jacko "—it was " Jacko " who, agreeing with me that the " Artists " received these not for themselves but as trustees for the troops in the trenches, with my approval, organized the distribution of these luxuries among the troops returning to the line (though I must confess to taking a daily toll of the newspapers for the use of our own young men). When our record post (of sixty-two sacks of letters and parcels !—including 1,000 briar pipes from " Lloyds "—one for each of the " Artists ") arrived at Christmas, 1914, and we received from friends in England more cigarettes and chocolates and luxuries than we could possibly consume ; it was " Jacko " who organized voluntary donations of the surplus for the use of " Tommies " (both English and French) who were less fortunate. When the difficulty of providing baths was tackled and surmounted (by the brains and ingenuity of Capt.—now Col.—Neighbour), and arrangements were made in our improvised bathhouse (the first of its kind in France), by which the whole of the Battalion could get a bath in one day, and one or two days a week were set aside for our use—it was " Jacko " who, with my approval, organized invitations to our bathhouse to Battalions resting at Bailleul on the spare days. He it was also who organized the arrangements by which our underclothes were washed by refugees supervised by French Nuns.

During and since the War I have received most gratifying letters from the Commanding Officers of nearly all Regiments. These are mostly written in appreciation of the splendid young Officers we supplied to them (I must say this even if I shouldn't), but some of the letters were written in gratitude for material assistance rendered at Bailleul (though this was more often expressed verbally), and I am venturing to quote extracts from two of the latter kind of letters, because old " Jacko "

is specially mentioned in them by name ; and also because I gave the letters to him as unsolicited testimonials of his work and as a souvenir of the War. I am sure he valued them, for they were found after his death carefully put away among his secretly prized papers.

The first letter says :—

“ DEAR COLONEL,

“ I write on behalf of my Regiment—I mean every single Officer and man in it—to express to you our deepest gratitude for what your Officers and men have recently done for the . . . During the time I have been serving I have come across many Regiments which have rendered us many services . . . but never in the whole of my soldiering have I ever met a Regiment whose Officers and men combined as your Officers and men have to give our men such a splendid time . . . Anything finer than the way in which Jack Smith and his splendid band of workers strove to overcome the many obstacles which kept cropping up could not be imagined, and we thank Jack Smith, Major Shirley and his men (who marched six miles to wait on our men) and all the ‘ Artists ’ who took part, from the bottom of our hearts. . . . You may rest assured we shall not forget all the Artists Rifles did for us.”

The other says :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ As an Officer commanding a Battalion in the firing line, I am writing to express to you, on behalf of my Battalion, our very grateful thanks for the cricket and football gear which the members of Lloyds have from time to time supplied to the Artists Rifles for the purpose of amusing our men when we come out of the trenches to our rest billets. . . . When the history of this War is written, the part played by Jack Smith, the Quartermaster of the Artists Rifles, will make pleasant reading, by this I mean that Jack Smith with the Artists Rifles has never lost an opportunity of meeting the Battalions when coming out of the firing line, and by his personality and energy has . . . contributed very largely to the splendid state of the British Infantry to-day. . . . You can never know what it means to us when coming out of the trenches to find a cheery soul like Jack Smith with his games and good things waiting for us, and I honestly tell you that Jack Smith’s name is a by-word in the British Infantry, and that Lloyds may well be proud of him. . . .

“ P.S.—I have just returned from the trenches again. We had a very severe engagement. We lost seven Officers out of twelve, and 204 men killed and wounded, all by shell fire. We found Jack Smith waiting for us when we got into our billets.”

There can be little doubt that the crowning point of “ Jacko’s ” life was when he acted as Quartermaster on active service in France to the Regiment he loved so well. Here he was in his element, and if (as the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats indicates) the test of a fine life is the feeding of the hungry, the giving drink to the thirsty, the clothing of the naked, the welcoming of strangers and generally the rendering of practical physical help to all sorts and conditions of men (sinners as well as saints) who are *most in need of it*, why then old “ Jacko’s ” life was a success indeed. He was a white man whose health (and in the end whose life) has been given in the service of his Country.

CHAPTER XXXV

" THE DRUMS " OF THE ARTISTS RIFLES

I HAVE always had a warm corner in my heart for " The Drums " of the Artists Rifles, and perhaps I have come into contact with them more than most of our Officers. I can remember when the first Regimental Corps of Drums was created in 1882, or thereabouts. It was composed of the scholars (average age about fourteen years !), with one or two masters, of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts' School at Westminster, and was commanded by W. H. Baker, who was then the Headmaster, and was also a Sergeant in " B " Company, and who thus became our first Drum-Major. The drums have, I believe, ever since been largely recruited from the past scholars of this school, and I can testify that from 1882, that is, during the whole of their existence, they have never been anything but the greatest success ; their music, drill and smartness on all occasions has been beyond praise. I have always looked upon them as the result of enthusiasm—enthusiasm for their work and for their Regiment ; and this enthusiasm was created by Drum-Major G. J. Enguell—who succeeded W. H. Baker in 1887—at which time he was a youth of about twenty (and he looked even younger !) with an intense enthusiasm and great ability for his new job, and, what is rarer, with the power of inspiring a similar enthusiasm in the boys he commanded. He it was who trained them to put that extra zest, energy and soul into their work which distinguishes the first-class drummer. I believe Enguell was born in the Royal Marines, and was instructed by the Guards—anyhow, he took the Drummers of the Brigade of Guards as his pattern, and by continuous hard work he and his boys produced and maintained a Corps of Drums second to none in the Volunteer and Territorial Force, of which the Regiment became, and has since been very proud. In those early days I recollect a member of another Regiment remarking to me . " The best bit of swagger you've got in your Corps is that youth of yours at the head of your ' Drums '—he seems " so jolly proud of his command." !

There is no doubt of the popularity of the Drums in the Regiment. All old " Artists " will have vivid recollections of being awakened early on a lovely summer morning from the sound sleep that camp inspires by the silver bugles of the Drums sounding the " Rouse " (" Charlie, Charlie, get up and dress yourself, etc."), to be followed in due course by the never-ending but much-loved " Old Mother Hawkins " on the drums and fifes, and what old " Artist " is there who, if he thinks of the Regiment returning to barracks or camp after a long and tedious field day, will not experience a minor thrill at the memory of the order, " The Battalion will come to attention," and of the wonderful way in which all ranks instinctively pulled themselves together and marched into camp in style with the drums beating and banging in front at the top of their form, putting every ounce of power and energy into the strains of our good old Regimental march, with the cooks and other details left in camp running from every quarter to be in time to see the Regiment " march in " !

Perhaps my first personal connection with the Drums was at the celebrated summer camp on Farnborough Common in 1900, the time of the South African War. Having just received my promotion as a Major and my appointment as the President

of the Band Committee, I felt I had been given a special jurisdiction over the 'Drums,' so when we got to camp I tackled Enguell with a view of seeing whether, between us, we couldn't get the band duties performed better than they had ever been performed before by the Artists Rifles or by any other Volunteer Corps and in a way that would do credit to any regular Regiment. I emphasised my strong views that the "drums" at the head of a Regiment set the tone to the whole Regiment; that "sloppy" drums generally meant a "sloppy" Regiment following, and vice versa; that the drums especially, having often to perform and drill when the rest of the Regiment are resting and looking on, must, whenever they are on parade and whatever the occasion, never be taken off their guard, but *always* drill and conduct themselves as they could do, and did, in their drill displays at the R.M.T. and elsewhere, and should always be a pattern in drill, marching and discipline for the Regiment to copy. I also tackled Enguell on the subject of the "Reveille," the whole object of which, I reminded him, was to *make the men get up* in the morning. I told him that we all wanted to be awakened in the morning by a perfectly-played bugle-call to be followed by the dear old slow march, to be merged gradually in a well-played popular quick march, and that I desired that this should gradually get livelier and livelier, and more and more inspiring, till at the finish of their half-hour's "duty" (the pace getting too fast for marching), the Drums could form a circle on the Battalion parade ground and have a "mad five minutes" devoted to some lively air, such as "Father O'Flynn," to be played faster and faster and still faster till they arrived at the most rapid speed of which drums and fifes were capable, and then end up in a final *crash*—but even after this came they were not to forget their drill, but to march off to their private parade in their best style, heads erect and "tails up." I told him that the test of his performance would be whether every man was out of bed and *dancing* at its conclusion, and that if the Drums could induce the whole Battalion to come each morning and see the end of their performance and greet it on its conclusion with a spontaneous cheer they might feel they had succeeded in their task, but if their performance fell flat and the men of the Battalion were indifferent to it, they were to feel that something was lacking, and that it was "up to them" to ascertain and correct the weak spot. No Officer was ever better supported than I was by Drum-Major Enguell, and, indeed, by the whole of the Drums, and every old "Artist" who was present at Farnborough Camp will retain vivid and thrilling recollections, as I do, of the success of the Drums and of the way in which the band duties (especially the "Reveille") were then and have since been carried out by our Drums.

Shortly before the War, the time came for Enguell to retire (though he joined up again in the War and created a splendid new Corps of "Drums" for our newly-formed 2nd Battalion, and afterwards took a commission, and in due course became a Captain, and subsequently an Adjutant in the Royal Flying Corps); and A. Caslake (one of Enguell's staunch supporters) became the Drum-Major; and continued the Drums on the same lines, and kept them up to the same high standard. Caslake was in command of the Drums when they went to France with the Regiment in 1914, and he commanded them throughout the War, and when it was over and the Regiment was resuscitated in 1920 he was re-appointed Drum-Major and was instrumental in reviving the Drums on the same fine lines as before. The names of Enguell and Caslake (not to mention "Nobby" Clark, George Gadsby, Frank Wadham, "Waxy" Smith, Harry Hall, Fred Huener, John Rogers, of C.I.V. fame, and many others) will always be associated with the first forty years of service of the Drums of the Artists Rifles.

The " Artists " have always been pre-eminent in bayonet exercise and bayonet fighting, and in days gone by they earned much credit by their displays in bayonet exercise to the music of the drums. Much of this credit was due to the incessant practice and hard work of the Drums as well as of the bayonet teams.

When the 1st Battalion of the Regiment left for France in October, 1914, the drummers managed (after a little difficulty) to take their musical instruments with them. These ultimately came in useful, for after carrying out a multitude of other duties, as privates, the drummers were resuscitated, as such, at St. Omer in 1915, when the Battalion was appointed for a period to act as " Headquarter Battalion," and the daily parade of the guards and duties in the Market Square under our R.S.M. (dear old Peter Ensle) and aided by the Drums, was a show of which any Regiment might have been proud. Soon afterwards they received the compliment of being selected to play at the funeral, in France, of the late Veteran Field-Marshal Lord Roberts.

Senior Officers of other Volunteer and Territorial Regiments sometimes mentioned to me difficulties they experience with regard to their Drums, and I have been able to assure them with much sincerity that during my forty years of service I have never known of any difficulty caused by *our* Drums, nor of any drummer who " let down " the Regiment by his conduct either in times of peace or on service, and after taxing my memory I can only recollect three occasions in which the Drums were in any way involved in difficulties (though I do not say they caused them), and I think these rare instances should be recorded.

The first instance must have occurred in the 'eighties (for I was in charge of a signalling party at the time, and in column of route the signalling party marched just behind the Colonel and in front of the leading Company). We were marching gaily from Somerset House to a parade of the Brigade in Hyde Park, via Piccadilly and Hyde Park Corner, all spick and span, a glitter of grey and black and silver, and all very pleased with ourselves, but were apparently a little before our time, so Col. Edis, riding in front of the Battalion and behind the Drums, on " Tommy," his favourite charger, decided to halt for a minute or two on the way, in Piccadilly, if I recollect rightly. He turned in his saddle and halted the Battalion, but Enguell and his drummers, being in front, and the noise of the band and traffic being considerable, did not hear the command, but continued on their way, with beating drums and the Drum-Major's staff twirling, the admiration of all beholders—but with no Regiment following them ! Col. Edis shouted after them, but in vain, they still did not hear. The Colonel then started on his charger in pursuit, and was followed at a short interval by his Senior Major ; but the traffic impeded their progress, and band, Colonel and Major gradually disappeared in the distance, the sound of the Drums gradually becoming fainter and fainter, and we were left without a leader—the junior Major and Adjutant, both being at the rear of the column, and unaware of the proceedings in front. The police then intervened, and objected to a halt at this spot, and the Captain of the leading Company weakly ordered it to advance, and was gradually followed in turn (at very uncertain intervals) by each of the other Companies, and the result was that soon the Battalion was straggling along the street, each Company " on its own," with traffic in between. In this formation we, in due course, marched into the Drums returning, looking rather shame-faced, and led by the Colonel. Col. Edis, with his extraordinary and marked personality (after he had told us what he thought of us !), quickly put things right, and in a very few minutes we were again sailing down Piccadilly in fine style with " tails up " and band playing, and so sailed into the Park to our allotted place punctual to the tick (having lost just sufficient time in Piccadilly !), and after the

parade our Brigadier—Col. Moncrieff, of the Scots Guards, if I recollect right—complimented us on our good turn-out and appearance, and said he was much struck by the fine way the Regiment marched into the Park, and I could not help thinking—even in those early days—of how much more struck he would have been had he seen us a few minutes earlier in Piccadilly !

My second instance must have been about 1890 (as I was a subaltern), and we were marching to an outlying railway station at the end of an Easter Monday field day—with which we always concluded the Easter manœuvres—in order to entrain back to London. A 'bus full of passengers driven by a very angry and foul-mouthed 'bus driver, who was irritated by being held up for a few moments to enable the Regiment to pass, tried to overtake us on the off-side almost at a gallop, but was just too late to do so, and ended by driving into the Drums on the near side at the head of the Regiment, abruptly ending their music, sending the big drum on to the pavement, scattering the drummers in all directions, blocking the march of the Regiment, and lashing out with his whip at a subaltern who rushed to the horses' heads and endeavoured to lead them out of the way. Col. Edis, however, as usual, was quite equal to the emergency, and ordered the 'bus driver's immediate arrest ! and that he be taken to the Police Station and given in charge ! Three, if not four, stalwart Sergeants immediately scaled the 'bus to carry out this order. Two of them seized the driver and held him down, a third seized the reins and, turning the 'bus round, drove it back past the Regiment—passengers and all—amidst the cheers of the men (for all were " marching easy "), and I believe a fourth Sergeant assisted generally I, being a subaltern at the time, and also a recently admitted lawyer, felt much flattered when on arriving at the station the Adjutant gave me an invitation to travel home in the Colonel's compartment, but my elation was a little damped when I found a warm legal discussion in progress and gathered that I was asked in to confirm the Colonel's legal views. Now magisterial work was not in the least in my line, in fact, I had had practically no experience whatever in it, and I tried hastily to analyse the legal situation, but a mass of legal conundrums presented themselves : Had the C.O. any legal power to order the driver's arrest ? Would his being a C.O. or a J.P. authorise it ? If not, would the driver have any claim for damages against him or the Sergeants, or both ? Wasn't it a criminal offence to " break the ranks " of a Regiment on the march—or to cause an obstruction ?—or, anyhow, to cause a crowd to assemble ? Had the band any redress for an assault ?—or had the subaltern ? And had the latter any legal right to touch the horses ? Was the 'bus company responsible for the acts of the driver ? Would the 'bus company have any claim against the Colonel ? Wasn't the Sergeant liable to be fined for driving the 'bus without a license ? And, above all, what about the passengers—would they have any claims either for breach of contract, or in tort, and against whom, the driver, 'bus company, Colonel or Sergeants ? Points such as these bothered me more than I liked to admit, especially as it was hinted that I might have the honour of representing the Corps at the driver's trial, but as I had no time to study and digest them, I adopted the usual and easiest course of " agreeing with my client's views," and expressed my view, which seemed to please everybody, that the C.O. had acted with great promptness and decision, that any judge would uphold him, any magistrate would convict " the foul-mouthed blackguard," and any jury would " give it to him hot." A few days later, I was glad to hear a rumour that the man was never given in charge at all, but that the Sergeants, after driving the 'bus back about a quarter of a mile, got nervous as to their legal position, and became afraid of missing their train home—a matter of no small importance to them—and so promptly stopped the 'bus, released the driver, abandoned their position, doubled

after the Battalion, just caught the train, and so came back with us, but I never really exactly discovered what *did* happen. The incident, however, caused a lot of discussion for some time afterwards, and though we all thirsted for the punishment of the driver, I fancy we were all secretly relieved—I know I was !—when nothing more was heard of the matter.

My last instance in 1908 (when I was “ Second in Command ”) is with regard to the Drummers’ Sword. From the time the Drums were created in 1882 till 1908 they were each equipped with an artistic and ecclesiastical-looking short sword, worn as a bayonet, with brass cross-shaped hilt in a black leather scabbard with brass point. In 1908 the authorities decided that as the Drummers were trained in the use of a rifle, they were in future to wear a bayonet instead of a sword, and they requested the existing swords to be returned into store.

Now the Drummers took much pride in their swords, which added to their “ turn-out,” and which had always been kept spotlessly clean and polished, and the order to return them caused much dismay. They earnestly begged to be allowed to retain them, not to wear, but as a souvenir of their long voluntary association and hard work with the Drums, and as these swords had originally been purchased out of private funds subscribed by the men of the Regiment, this did not at first seem an impossible solution, especially as they had become obsolete, and their intrinsic value after twenty-five years of wear could not be very great. The authorities, however, did not take this view, they pressed for a return of the swords, and would not even allow them to be retained “ on payment,” and a long official correspondence took place as to “ In whom the property of the swords had become vested.” This being considered a legal point, the Colonel (Col. Horsley) handed it over to me to deal with, and Acts of Parliament, King’s Regulations, Volunteer and Territorial and Equipment Regulations, Army Council Instructions and other authorities were scrutinized and cited, but I could not help feeling that the wide words used gave the legal advantage to the enemy ! The Drummers were bitterly disappointed at the idea of losing their swords, and at last, at the Colonel’s suggestion (and with the consent of the General), I went to the War Office in the hope of finding a sympathetic friend there who could and would help us. After much disappointment and persistence, I at last found someone in high authority who, after listening to my somewhat heated and ardent advocacy, told me with an impassive face that the matter would be carefully re-considered, but I thought I detected sympathy in his few official questions and official manner, and I think he detected gratitude in my handshake at the conclusion—anyhow, the result was that the claim was not pressed—not even for re-payment—the Drummers were delighted, and each was allowed to keep his old sword as a souvenir of his work.

Soon afterwards the Drum-Major (Enguell) surprised me by telling me, in a rather meaning way, that there was a sword to spare (which, as the Drums were up to strength, I couldn’t at first understand), and that the Drums, as a body, wished to give it to me as a souvenir for the trouble I had taken on their behalf. I could not help feeling touched at this, and in due course the so-called “ spare ” sword arrived on which was engraved my name, followed by : “ From the Drums of the ‘ Artists,’ 1908,” and it has since hung in my study in my home, opposite the fireplace, and my wife, who appreciated the gift as much as I did, makes it her business to keep it as spotlessly clean and bright as the Drummers had kept it for the previous twenty-five years. As it hangs, it reminds me daily of the old Regiment and its Drums. It is difficult to think of one without the other, but I sometimes wonder who the Drummer was who went without a sword, and whose sword was taken to enable me to have one, and what *he* in his inmost mind thought of the matter !

CHAPTER XXXVI

" THE BISHOP'S STICK "

ABOUT forty years ago, in the early days of my practice as a London solicitor, before I was married, and when I was living at my old home, my mother asked me to accompany her to the evening service at our Parish Church, because, she explained, it was to be the start of a week's Special Mission. I had already been to the morning service with her, and I confess I was not very enthusiastic on the point, but there was little in my power that I would not have done to oblige my old mother, so we went together.

I have often felt glad I went to church that evening. I had never attended a regular " Mission " service before, and the Missioner was a comparatively young clergyman from the East End of London, and was much in earnest and so very " human " that he quite captivated my heart. I felt he was one who would sympathise with grief, and to whom one might resort in trouble. I was particularly struck with the sermon, which was a plain, straightforward talk on the subject of " Service." After pointing out to us the universal duty of service, the preacher gave most practical suggestions as to how we might best serve our God ; also our employers and persons to whom we owed special obligations ; also our Country, our calling, our locality and our Church, and, lastly, how we could best serve and help practically every living creature we might by chance have the opportunity of serving and helping—particularly those in trouble or distress in mind, body or estate. It was the latter part of the preacher's address that showed his intense human sympathy. He made us realize that good or bad character was often the result of upbringing, environment or opportunity, for which the individual was not necessarily responsible, and showed us what service in its widest sense *could* be. In fact, he gave us a high ideal to try and live up to during the remainder of our lives. I was not surprised afterwards to note our Missioner's progress in his profession, nor to find that he ultimately attained, and still holds (and I hope will long be spared and continue to hold), the high position of Bishop of London.

In the early part of the year 1915, when we were at Bailleul, a rumour reached us that at Easter-time the Bishop of London was coming out to visit the troops in France. When I heard of it, it occurred to me what a fine opportunity it would be for him to give an address (possibly on " Service " !) to my young men, at, what would probably be, the most impressionable period of their lives. Enquiries confirmed the rumour, so I sent in an official request that the Bishop (if he came out) should give us a special service. I had some difficulty in convincing the official mind why *we* should be so specially favoured, but I urged that we were the only London troops in our neighbourhood (and were, therefore, part of the Bishop's own special flock at Home !), and our men, being trained for Officers, would give them greater opportunities to influence others. Anyhow, in the end I received an unexpected, polite and charming letter from the Army Chaplains' Department (which I cannot

help thinking must have been inspired by the Bishop himself !) to the effect that the Bishop would do all in his power to visit our town, and that if he came we might take it as certain that he would arrange a special service for our Battalion. I then felt a strong inclination to further suggest that he should talk to us on "Service" (To God ; To our Country ; To our superior Officers ; To the men we commanded, and, lastly, to all poor devils on the battlefield or elsewhere who might be in need of assistance), but I had not the courage (or perhaps I should say the cheek !) to do so. Anyhow, it was ultimately arranged that the Bishop should visit our town on Good Friday, and hold two services, one for us exclusively, and another for a mixture of detachments from the other Regiments in our neighbourhood.

Even in the informal, but very real, religious services we had already had in France, I had discovered, as I have already mentioned, far more religion and Christianity in men than I had ever known before, and I much looked forward, at such a time, to a service by our Bishop, and, indeed, felt much touched at his kind and ready acquiescence (amidst his many engagements) with our request. We were living in days when everyone was on the look-out for a "souvenir," and I tried to think of some souvenir of the occasion, procurable on the spot, which would be worthy of acceptance by a Bishop. All I could think of, however, that could be obtained on the spot, was a rough local walking-stick ! At the Front Officers almost invariably carried walking-sticks, and as these got broken or lost they were generally replaced (in the district we were in) by the purchase of a rather peculiar kind of stick, sold in the local shops, a rough ash stick with the handle (bound in leather and with a leather loop) at the thin end, and ending in a thick "blob" at the thick end—a kind of stick that was used by drovers in that neighbourhood to drive their cattle, sheep and pigs to market. They held the thin end of their hand and used the thick end to "prod" the poor beasts to urge them on their way. Anyhow, I bought a good specimen of this kind of stick, and got one of my young men (a sculptor by profession) to carve along one side of it : "To the Bishop of London, from the Artists Rifles," and on the other side : "France—Easter—1915," and he carried out this task very skilfully.

We were working at high pressure—every hour was of importance to us—so when Good Friday arrived I arranged that at the time appointed for the service, each of my classes should assemble, from their various places of work, in an old hall in the town and return to their work when the service was over. I also attended at the hall myself in good time to meet the Bishop, taking his stick, as well as my own, with me, and waited there while the classes were assembling. The Bishop, however, arrived a trifle earlier than was expected. I was not informed of his arrival, and the first intimation I had of it was a gentle touch on my arm and, turning round, I found myself face to face with him, but his manner was so kind that he put me at my ease at once : "You're the Colonel, I believe ?" he said. "I am, and you're the Bishop ?" I replied, and on the spur of the moment I handed him his stick. "What's this ?" he enquired. "A stick for you," I replied. "What's it for ?" he asked. "Well," I replied, "out here we use it to help us over difficult places, and the natives use it to keep their flocks in order. You can use it for either or both purposes." "Do you use one on your flock ?" he asked. "Yes," I replied, "if there should ever be occasion for it." "Which end do you use ?" "Well," I said, "my young men behave so well that I have only needed the thin end, but "I think they realize there's a thick end in reserve if it should ever be required !" "Who am I to thank for it ?" next asked the Bishop. "Its cost," I replied, "was only two francs, so that its value in £ s. d. is not great, and I believe the Quarter-master actually paid for it—but it comes to you with the love of 800 young men,

"each of whom has offered his life for his Country, and the love of these young men is a priceless gift, well worth having!" The Bishop touched me very tenderly on the sleeve as he took the stick. "I believe you, my dear fellow," he said. "Tell these young men of yours that I shall always value their stick as a treasured memento of this occasion, and shall keep it to remember them by as long as I live." We afterwards had a short but sincere service with a most inspiring address by the Bishop. I shall never forget the picture of the Bishop in his khaki, standing on the small platform, earnestly talking to the big crowd of brown, eager and attentive young faces which surrounded him. Nor the informal levée that followed the service, when many of the Officers and Sergeants were presented to him. Nor shall I forget the merry party of young men that swarmed round his motor-car and lined the street, cheering, when he finally departed in his car, well wrapped up, with his Chaplain by his side, wildly waving his stick above his head, himself the most boyish, light-hearted and merriest of us all!

It was the spring of 1919. The War was over. Upwards of 2,000 of my beloved young men had sacrificed their lives for their Country—few, indeed, of those who were serving at Easter, 1915, had come through unscathed. I had arranged a memorial service to those who had fallen at a big church in London (St. Pancras' Church, just opposite to our headquarters), and had written to the Bishop, reminding him of our service in France, and inviting him to take our memorial service for us, and had been delighted to get his kind reply: "I will allow no one in the world to take this service but myself." The appointed day had arrived, and the church was packed—the two centre aisles were filled with a dense mass of persons in black—widows, mothers, fathers and children of the fallen—persons with drawn tense faces, struggling bravely to conceal their feelings. Other relations and old comrades (in khaki) were crowded in the side aisles and big gallery. The choir, consisting of old comrades (in khaki), were already installed in their places. Then the service started with the usual long procession of clergy from the vestry—as is expected when a Bishop attends a service. Last of all in the procession came the Bishop himself, with the same kind face, but otherwise looking very different in his gorgeous Bishop's robes from the simple khaki dress which he wore in France—but directly I saw him I could not help exclaiming aloud to my wife who was sitting next to me: "Why, look, he's got our stick!" and, sure enough, in spite of the pomp and ceremony of crozier and other ecclesiastical symbols, the Bishop carried in his right hand the old drover's stick, costing two francs, given to him in France with the love of my young men—and before proceeding to the throne prepared for him he walked solemnly to the altar steps and most reverently laid the old stick upon the altar, and then proceeded to his place.

The service was a very beautiful and memorable one, with special prayers, a special lesson (which I was most kindly permitted to read) and special hymns, selected from those we used to sing in France; but the crowning point of the service was the sermon, and when the time for this arrived, the Bishop, after going to the Chancel steps, turned and advanced most reverently to the altar and, picking up our stick in his right hand, held it high above his head, and so walked into the pulpit in an almost dramatic way, and the commencement of his sermon, as near as I can recollect, was as follows: "What is this? A stick, only a rough stick, but a stick given to me in France on Good Friday of 1915 by the men of this Regiment—a stick that I shall treasure all my life, because it was given to me with the love of young men who had offered their lives for their Country. I had the opportunity of speaking to these young men in France in the midst of their patriotic work. Since then

“most of them have suffered for their Country, a large proportion of them have died for it—but I have to-day been given an opportunity and the privilege of speaking to the wives, mothers, fathers, children, relatives and comrades of those who have fallen. What a task ! What can I say to each of you that will console you for the loss of your loved one ? ” Then followed a very touching sermon, full of consolation, dwelling on the heroism of sacrifice for others, at the conclusion of which I verily believe that if each of the mothers, fathers or wives could have had the power by a single wish of obliterating the past few years altogether so far as their loved one was concerned—of wiping out all his deeds and heroism as a condition of restoring him to life—few, if any, would have wished it.

We saw the Bishop and his stick on one more occasion, namely, when our War memorial was unveiled at our headquarters by Lord French, and the Bishop (as mentioned elsewhere in this book) most kindly came to dedicate it for us, again bringing his stick with him ; but it is unlikely that I shall ever meet him or his stick again. I believe, however, that it still occupies an honoured place among the Bishop's treasures at Fulham Palace to remind him of the young men of the “ Artists ” he met in France in 1915. I am sure there is no chance of the young men ever forgetting him, and, as for me, even if I were ever likely to forget him—which I am not—I am reminded of him every time I use my own Belgian local stick, which resides in my umbrella stand at home, and which is a counterpart of the one we gave to his Lordship.

CHAPTER XXXVII

"BARROSA DAY"

IN most Irish Regiments, March 17th, St. Patrick's Day, is celebrated annually as the day of universal rejoicing, but in one Irish Regiment (one that carries the word "Barrosa" on its Colours) the rejoicing and feasting are postponed till the following day, that is, till March 18th, "Barrosa Day." This fact was impressed upon me shortly before the War, when we happened, during the Easter manœuvres, to be quartered with this Regiment on "Barrosa Day." They gave us a most hospitable and vivid demonstration of how the day should be celebrated, the chief ingredients, after a friendly Regimental football match, being feasting, toasting, singing, general enthusiasm, hospitality and good fellowship.

In the early spring of 1915, when we were at Bailleul, and were all suffering great physical discomfort from the cold, wet and muddy winter of 1914-15, I again met the hospitable Colonel of the Irish Regiment. After an exchange of greetings and a revival of old memories, he reminded me that in about a fortnight's time "Barrosa Day" would be round again, and on comparing notes, it seemed practically certain that we should still be quartered at Bailleul, and that his Regiment would also be quartered there then for a spell of hard-earned "rest." With a reckless disregard of local difficulties, I at once claimed the right to return the hospitality of his Regiment in pre-War days, and in the name of my Regiment I invited him and his to a "Barrosa Dinner" on "Barrosa Day," 1915. He accepted my invitation with avidity, and with much goodwill and friendship the interview ended, he to join his Regiment in the trenches, and I to confer with my Quartermaster and break to him gently what I had done!

I must confess that, on consideration, the difficulties in the way of this dinner seemed to magnify. My Regiment was much scattered. Our men were working hard, almost day and night. There was no prospect of *our* being at "rest" or even collected together on "Barrosa Day." Where could we get enough extra food or drink to entertain a Battalion? There were no shops available. Where, in-doors, could such an entertainment be arranged? The bitterly cold weather seemed to indicate that some place in-doors was indispensable. The more I thought of it the greater seemed the difficulty. I was much pleased, therefore, by the reception of the news by my Quartermaster, "Jacko," who, as already mentioned, had a heart overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He listened to my story with rapture, greatly applauded my recklessness, made light of all my difficulties, bade me "leave it to him" (which I was only too thankful to do), and promised to "think it out, obtain an estimate of cost, and report in due course."

In what seemed a very short time, my Quartermaster "reported," and his wonderful energy and enthusiasm had overcome all difficulties. He had arranged to get the beer, meat and other necessary food; also the use of a fair-sized hall, trestles and planks (as extemporary tables); glasses (of sorts) and flowers; also

volunteers (from our Regiment) to act as cooks, waiters, fatigue party, concert party, also a piano, pianist, chairman, toast list, and programme, all complete! He informed me (with meaning!) that he *did hope* that certain men—a list of whom he gave me, mostly members of the Concert Party (including the pianist in big letters!) would not be away from the Regiment on that night. If so, apparently, the whole show would be a failure. I pointed out that we were in France for a military purpose, that our military duties must come first, and his Concert Party next, and that he must “leave it to chance.” He quite agreed, and said that was exactly what he meant, but I noticed that he still left his list with me, “in case I might want to refer to it!” Everything was thus duly arranged, and it looked as if the Irish Battalion would have a good time on “Barrosa Day,” 1915, as they certainly deserved, but, unfortunately, our Regiment was so employed that few, beyond those specially detailed, would be able to take part in the festivities.

About three days before “Barrosa Day,” when we were momentarily expecting our Irishmen to come back into their rest billets, the first bomb fell! A melancholy message was received from their Colonel that they were not coming to our town after all, but expected orders to go for their “rest” to some village about fifteen miles away, so “with the greatest regret found they could not after all accept our kind hospitality on ‘Barrosa Day,’” etc. I, of course, felt much disappointed; but I was resigned—after all, it couldn’t be helped, and one has to learn to be a philosopher in time of war! The Quartermaster also was deeply disappointed, but was by no means resigned; and in an astonishing short time brought me the details of a “supplementary scheme,” by which, with the help of motor-lorries (the loan of which he had already obtained!), the beer, food, trestles, planks, glasses, flowers, cooks, waiters, piano, Concert Party, including the Chairman (our Quartermaster himself), toast list and programmes could all be loaded up and transported to the village named on the morning of “Barrosa Day,” and in time for dinner. I cordially agreed to his new plan, and an enthusiastic message by motor-cycle to this effect to the Colonel of the Irish Regiment brought back a most enthusiastic reply, and our supplemental scheme was “confirmed and adopted.”

Man proposes, but War disposes. Early on the morning of “Barrosa Day,” while the motor-lorries were being loaded up, the second bomb fell! A message was received from the Colonel of the Irish Regiment to the effect that the arrangements had been altered again, that they were just leaving the trenches, and were marching south-east to an unknown destination in which to “rest,” and that he would not know exactly where it would be till later in the day, and again expressing regrets and much disappointment, etc. This new blow would have ended the hospitable efforts of most men—but not of our Quartermaster. Though distinctly staggered, he was still unresigned. His argument was that our honour as a Regiment was at stake. Our Colonel had promised to give them a “Barrosa Dinner.” Hospitality to the rank and file of a Regiment was *his* department. He had never “let down” the Regiment yet, and never would! He would find a way. He noted carefully the time and place of the Irish Colonel’s message. He consulted his map. He begged me to “leave it to him” (which again I gladly did!), and the result was that an hour later the motor-lorries, loaded up with all the essentials of the “Barrosa” dinner (Concert Party included), but preceded by five Regimental cyclist scouts, who had been hastily impressed for this duty, and with the Quartermaster seated on the leading lorry in general charge of operations, moved slowly from the town, and that was the last I saw of them.

In the dark early hours of the following morning I was disturbed in my restless sleep by the abrupt entrance of the Quartermaster (who had explained to the sentry

that he had a most urgent personal message to deliver). In a somewhat excited but enthusiastic state he had come to report the complete success of what he called *my scheme* ! Of how one of his motor-cyclists had found the Irish Regiment on the march ; how another had discovered where their new billets were to be ; how his motor-lorries had overtaken the Irish Regiment on the road, and had assured them "*en passant*," and amid cheers, that their " Barrosa Dinner " was inside the lorries ; how he had arrived first at their billets and made arrangements for the dinner (on the most sheltered side of the village square) ; of the eventual success of the meal and festivities, his account of which, though no doubt clear to him, was somewhat confusing to me, but I gathered that goodwill, enthusiasm, convivial toasts, songs, choruses, and good-fellowship characterized the apparently prolonged proceedings. Anyhow, if I may judge from the letter which I received from their Colonel the next day, their " Barrosa Dinner, 1915," was much appreciated.

The above events took place in 1915. Old age creeping on has made me lazier, and since the War I have seldom worked on Saturdays. Instead I take a walk, and, being very fond of animals, I generally have with me a few carrots or apples to give to any old horse that I may come across on my rambles. On Saturday, March 17th, 1923, while thus walking, I came across a rather dirty and dilapidated-looking carman clothed in an old khaki tunic, who had just finished delivering coals. What attracted my attention to him was the magnificent big black horse he had in his van. It was splendidly groomed and well turned out, the brass on its harness sparkled in the sun, and its forelock was tied up with a bright green ribbon. The carman was evidently as fond of horses as I was, for he was patting its head and apparently kissing its nose ! We soon made a party of three, of which I furnished the carrots and apples, the carman did the fondling, and the horse did the chewing. The carman then explained to me that he was Irish, that being St. Patrick's Day his horse had had an extra clean and a green decoration. Yes ! he had been out in France—but had been disfigured in the War (which was certainly true) by a sniper who had shot away part of his face (he insisted on showing me all the details). Did he know that to-morrow was " Barrosa Day " ? Why, yes, he ought to, for it appeared that he had served in the famous Irish Regiment that had " Barrosa " on its Colours. Yes ! he was out in France in the winter of 1914-15, and he remembered " Barrosa Day, 1915," for that year their dinner was given to them by a Territorial Regiment, close behind the line where they were resting. He would never forget it, and he proceeded with much enjoyment to tell me all about it ! Introductions followed !

The meeting was like a sudden whiff of fragrant memory which vividly recalled the fine spirit of those splendid, if uncomfortable, days, and yet it made one think ! Do we as a nation realize what we owe to these disfigured men, who did us such splendid service in the days of the Nation's adversity ? In what sort of condition should we now be living, but for them and the gallant boys who led them ?

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE FRENCH NUNS

AMONG the many examples of practical Christianity met with in France, I was much struck with the work of the French Nuns, mostly high-born ladies who, seeking neither comfort nor reward, unselfishly and unostentatiously devoted their lives to the assistance of their "neighbours" in whatever shape such assistance might most be required.

I first came across the French Nuns when they were looking after refugees. The saddest and most pathetic sight I have ever seen was a mass of refugees on a road near Bailleul in the bitter winter of 1914-15. I was out riding with my Adjutant when we came across them, fleeing in haste from their homes, which were being bombarded and reduced to ruins by the Germans. The crowd consisted almost entirely of women, children and old men; all excited, muddy, dishevelled and terrified. Some of the old men had fallen to the ground in a state of total exhaustion, to the intense grief of their distracted womenkind. The babies and many of the younger children were being carried by the women, some of whom were pushing perambulators or small trucks containing not only children, but sometimes a pathetic cargo of chairs, tables, beds or any other little household goods. To add to the pathos of the situation, some (mostly women) had found time to hastily deck themselves out in what was evidently their best Sunday clothes, on the principle, I suppose, of saving the best. The urgent nature of my business prevented our stopping to render any assistance, but in any event I felt utterly powerless to help. What could I do? I had neither food or shelter to offer, and yet what would be their fate? Where were they likely to get food or lodging at a moment's notice? Both seemed an immediate necessity in the bitter cold weather. Rather ashamed of myself, I rode on, but the memory of that crowd haunted me, and I could not get it out of my mind.

The next morning, while dealing with urgent matters in my orderly-room, I was told that a French Nun had called "to see the Colonel." I sent a Sergeant to enquire her business, and was told she had called to beg for our waste food, and that he could not get rid of her. In the end she was shown in to me, and, rather irritated by the interruption, I tried to explain to her, that we were forbidden to give away any waste food without permission, but I could not speak French sufficiently well, and she either did not or would not understand me. Our Adjutant then explained the situation in excellent French, but she appealed to us for assistance, not for herself, but for the "poor refugees." The Adjutant, a man of action, was for pushing her out, but her last remark aroused my interest, and on enquiry I learnt that some hundreds of refugees had arrived at our town, and were in a terrible plight. "Would I come and see them, if so, my kind heart would melt, etc." In the end I did go with her, and I shall never forget the sight or the noise, or the foulness of the atmosphere. Refugees crowded and huddled together in an old hall without any proper accommodation in every stage of destitution and squalor, but with a party of brave women in Nuns' costume endeavouring to deal with the almost impossible situation,

some distributing food, some tending the sick, all trying to console and help, in addition, apparently, to a little party begging for help and food outside, of which the Nun who had called on me was one.

I had no difficulty in obtaining the sympathy and willing co-operation of my Quartermaster, and between us we quickly obtained the necessary leave from a kind-hearted General, and the Nuns obtained all the waste food we could properly give them, with a small contribution in cash to assist their large and needy family. Indeed, I conceived an intense admiration for the devoted women who dealt in so practical and splendid a way with what appeared at first so hopeless a situation. They also incidentally helped me to solve a problem which had been worrying me for some days. The Artists Rifles were making themselves useful beyond all expectations. We were able to supply from our rank and file Officers to every branch and to every Regiment, also machine-gun instructors, also, as required, electrical engineers, qualified lawyers, doctors, accountants, and practically every other professional expert, also expert cyclists, horsemen, cooks, batmen and others, but there was one thing apparently we could not do, and that was we could not *wash our underclothes* ! Well, the old French Nuns, with the help of selected refugees, organized and improvised a laundry, which overcame all our difficulties in this respect, and enabled them also to earn a small sum to help them with their good work.

* * * * *

The next time I came across the French Nuns was some months afterwards, when we had been moved back to the British Headquarters at St. Omer to act (among other things) as "Headquarters Battalion," which involved many novel duties to perform and many novel problems to solve daily. Now in my civil life, as I have already explained, I had been trained as a lawyer, and was accustomed to solve problems deliberately, after much consideration of points, alternative courses, reasons and conclusions all duly weighed and "finally decided" in the privacy of a quiet room, with the assistance of pencil, paper and notes. Accordingly, my custom was, on days when it was practicable, to get right away for an hour or more, to think out quietly and try and come to a sound decision on some of the knotty points that had presented themselves, and "wipe off" accumulations ! To do this, in the lovely summer of 1915, I frequently rode out with my young groom (as my orderly to hold the horses) to the beautiful country lying all round us to find a little patch of grass, well away from the roads and traffic, and, dismounting, to have a quiet half hour or more with pencil and paper, my groom, after loosing girths and lighting a cigarette, allowing our horses to graze and enjoy themselves.

One of our favourite places to rest was a patch of grass adjoining the porter's lodge just in front of the entrance to an old Convent. On one occasion, when seated in this spot, an old Nun appeared from the lodge, and started a conversation with much emphasis and gesticulation. I thought she had come to turn us away, which seemed rather unreasonable, as we were doing no harm, and I felt a little annoyed at being disturbed, the more so as I could not understand from her rapid flow of language what she wanted. In the end I turned her over to my groom, an expert French scholar, who, after a short courteous conversation, reported : The old lady says : "won't we bring the dear horses inside, as the grass is longer and better there." Now, being very fond of horses myself, I felt rather touched by her thought for them, so we led them inside, and I thus became introduced to one of the most peaceful and beautiful old-world Convents I have ever come across—and afterwards, when we were able, we went to the same place, the polite old Nun door-keeper

(apparently on the look-out for us) opening wide the old gates on our arrival, and greeting us with smiles and courtseys, with a pat or two for the "dear horses," and then disappearing altogether till it was time for us to go. We certainly found there a little haven of rest in the midst of the Great War.

The grass plot where we sat on the inside of the gate was situated on the top of a slight slope, on the opposite side of which was the old Convent, with a little stream in the valley below. The Convent was apparently used as a school for orphan children, and we frequently found them playing their games in the meadow by the stream, supervised by a Nun in the regulation costume—voluminous white cap and flowing black skirt. The children, all little girls apparently, were also dressed in deep black, which struck me as a hot and unsuitable costume to wear in the beautiful warm sunlight. I got the chance, with my groom's help, as interpreter, of enquiring of the old Nun on the door why the children did not wear white or more summer-like costume, such as children wear in England. She seemed interested, but explained that they had always worn the same costume for apparently endless generations, which seemed to her a conclusive reason to continue it; but in the end, by the help of my wife at home, I had sent out to me three sizes of dainty overall pinafores of different patterns (very pretty ones, of birds and flowers, sufficient to captivate the heart of any little girl), and with the help of my good friend the Nun door-keeper I, after a little difficulty, managed to obtain an interview with the old Abbot (or whatever his right description was), who was in charge of the school. He was accompanied by a fine-looking elderly white-haired lady, in a sort of super-Nun's costume, who I put down as the Abbess. My groom was in attendance on the horses by the entrance, so that he did not come in with us, but, fortunately, a fair knowledge of English, possessed by both the Abbot and Abbess, enabled me to make myself understood. The Abbot would not entertain the notion of a new "rig" for the children "at any price." He said there was no occasion for it, he could not see anything unsuitable in their present costume. He said it was the same as had been worn by the children of the school for, apparently, centuries past!—said I did not understand the position. They were only *poor* children—such costume as I had suggested would make them vain and turn their heads, such costumes were only suitable for the rich; besides, they might get dirty, and who would wash them? "No, they might do for English children, who were differently brought up, but were quite unsuitable for the French." I turned in despair to the Lady Superior, who was fingering the samples and examining them with evident interest. "In England," she enquired, "do the *poor* children wear such things?" I assured her they did when they could get them! "What," she enquired, "was the cost of such things?" I assured her, a mere trifle, but that such a question need not trouble her. There were ladies in England who made such things for pleasure, and desired to make a gift of their work to the little children in France. "Didn't it make the English children vain and discontented?" I assured her no—that it had exactly the opposite effect. That in England we taught little girls to love beautiful things, birds and flowers and pretty clothing, that it helped to make them kind and gentle and unselfish, etc. But no, the old Abbot would have none of it. He said courteously, but decidedly, that such things were unsuitable for poor children, and though he thanked the English ladies, he could not accept them. I argued, but in vain—he suddenly pretended he did not understand either English or my bad French (the latter was probably true!), so I felt I had failed, and got up to go. But I could find neither my samples nor the Abbess—so, after searching in vain, with studied courtesy the Abbot and I parted.

Outside the Convent yard I was surprised at the scene that met my eye ! The Abbess, aided by one or two other Nuns, was displaying astonishing activity. The school girls were all being drawn up in a series of rows, according to size—the big ones in front and the little ones behind. Three of the girls (one in each of three rows) were wearing my sample pinafores, with an interested crowd round them. The Nuns were busy with pencil and paper recording the numbers in each row. The Abbess, when she saw me, asked me to wait a little till she had the numbers completed, and after a few minutes gave me the result : So many of a size larger than my largest sample ; so many of my largest sample ; so many of an intermediate size ; so many of my second sample ; so many of my third ; and also so many of a smaller size (*très petite*), and a few even smaller still (*très très petite*) for infants of about three years old apparently. Total, something over 300, for the English ladies to send. “And may God bless them for their kindness to the French children. Oh, yes,” she explained, “the French children loved birds and flowers and pretty things as much as the English.” But I enquired : “What about Monsieur ?” “Ah ! he did not understand.” She (the Abbess) would explain it all to him. I need not do anything further so far as he was concerned. Had I the numbers correct and the sizes ? *That* was the important thing. The Abbess obtained and returned to me my three samples (which almost caused tears on the part of the girls who had to give them up !), and in the end I got away. I met my groom and the horses at the gate, and (through my groom as interpreter) I reported my success to my Nun at the lodge. She said it would be all right “if Madam approved.” As to Monsieur’s views she did not seem to think they mattered. She again emphasized : “As long as Madam approves—that was everything.” And I rode back to my billet a little nervous of what I had done, and wondering what my wife would say to my order for over 300 pinafores, and whether, after all, I should be able to deliver the goods !

I need not have been anxious about my wife’s share, however. She and a devoted band of ladies (called, I believe, “a working party”) attacked the job with enthusiasm, and manufactured the goods in bundles, according to sizes as ordered. But alas ! pinafores take time to make, and I never had the pleasure of seeing my old Abbess again or of delivering the goods to her. Before they arrived I was overtaken with illness, and was sent to hospital, but was able to depute a most lovable Officer to complete the matter on my behalf with the assistance of my young groom, from whom I subsequently received an account of what happened—that is, after my discharge from the hospital and arrival in England for a long spell of sick leave.

The groom had apparently arranged for the delivery of the parcels, when received, by one of our transport waggons, and a few days afterwards the deputed Officer called to “smooth away any difficulties.” He seems to have had a regular military inspection of the children dressed in their new pinafores, in spite of the weather, which was by that time “cold, but bright.” He apparently found every one very appreciative, and I received many kind messages for the English ladies and for myself, and at the conclusion of his inspection the Abbess called for, what she described as, “an English cheer” from the assembled school for the English ladies, which consisted, I understand, in her saying “Eep-eep-eep,” and the little girls shouting back “Uzzar,” with a wave of their hands—all repeated three times. All evidently well meant, and the pinafores were then, I understand, taken away to be kept till the hot weather came round again ! No mention was made of the Abbot, but on being pressed on the point, my groom thought he remembered seeing

an old white-haired gentleman glowering at the whole performance from one of the windows of the Convent—but as he did not know the Abbot by sight, it might not have been him after all !

* * * * *

The above took place so many years ago that France is fast becoming a dream of the past. I do not suppose I shall ever meet any of my old French Nuns again—but from time to time, both at my home and when in my office in the City, I am vividly reminded of them by the entrance of two “ Little Sisters of the Poor,” or “ Sisters of Nazareth House ” (or some similar institution), dressed in much the same costume, with much the same characteristics and on much the same mission—to help the helpless and to carry out their Christianity, not only with their lips, but in their lives, and I am always glad to feel that France has no monopoly in Christianity, and that the quiet and unselfish work of good women is being carried out daily in every country and in every costume, and amongst others by our own Englishwomen by day and by night in our cities, villages, hospitals, slums and homes—and to thank God that it is so.

CHAPTER XXXIX

“ THE LONDON MOTOR-BUS DRIVERS IN FRANCE ”

DURING the cold bleak winter of 1914—15—spent by the Artists Rifles in the wet, marshy country on the borders of France and Belgium—we were allowed two motor-cars for the use of the Battalion. These cars (each of which was originally the property of one of our young men) were used chiefly by myself or by my Adjutant, and frequently at night-time, when I was often called upon suddenly to undertake journeys, sometimes long ones—usually to meet some senior General Officer to discuss with him how the Artists Rifles could best help to meet the ever-pressing problem of that time, viz. : the supply of young Officers to his Division to replace the terrible losses that were then taking place. These journeys (the night ones especially) often necessitated long waiting in the motor-car at the corners of muddy roads.

Both the motor-cars assigned to us were good and comfortable. One was generally kept stocked with blankets, and food sufficient to last the occupants, including the chauffeur, for about twenty-four hours, and this was the one generally used at night. I was usually driven by a very smart young private—known, I believe, to his comrades as “ Taxi ”—and his devotion to his car and to his passengers and to his trying job on all occasions, day and night—without any regular hours of either work or sleep—was beyond all praise, and earned my sincerest gratitude. Although we had our share of unavoidable breakdowns and difficulties, I cannot recollect a single occasion on which my journey was either delayed or postponed, or on which I suffered any inconvenience or discomfort owing to inattention or neglect on his part. Those of my readers who were in France during these uncomfortable times will realize how trying his job must often have been.

I recollect an occasion when I was being driven by “ Taxi ” in the late afternoon in a fast-fading light. We were driving from Bailleul to St. Omer, and had arrived somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fletre or Caestre, when the car suddenly ran into a hole full of mud in the middle of the road. We seemed to be gradually sinking into the earth—with mud appearing to rise all round until it reached somewhere approaching the height of the door handle. To get out seemed to be the only thing to be attempted, and I was about to make the effort when a voice shouted : “ Don’t open the door, sir !—wait a minute—I’ll get you out.” And an oldish grey-haired man, clad in many layers of thick, well-worn khaki, rushed across into the middle of the road, and came close up to the car. Presenting his back, he invited me to climb out (without opening the door) on to his shoulders, and after a struggle and a short journey, clinging to his back, he deposited me safe and comparatively clean on firm ground on the side of the road. He then went back for my chauffeur, whom he also rescued and deposited, safe and sound, in similar fashion—our rescuer being one mass of slime himself, from his middle downwards !

After thanking him, I expressed much concern on two points. Firstly, how was I to get to St. Omer, where I had an important engagement ; and, secondly, how we should ever get the car out of the mud and clean again ! Our rescuer, however,

who was quickly joined by several other similar khaki figures, made light of our difficulties. As to my first point, he said that vehicles were constantly passing on their way to St. Omer, and that he would stop the next one and get me a "lift." to that town; and as to the rescuing and cleaning of the motor-car, he bade me leave "all that" to him and his friends, and that they would soon get matters straight. Very soon after, almost while we were talking, a small convoy of the R.A.S.C. appeared in sight, heading for St. Omer. They were being led by a 2nd Lieutenant of the R.A.S.C., who with a young friend was seated in a small "two-seater" in front of the procession. This two-seater contained, besides the driver and his passenger, a miscellaneous cargo—of ropes and canvas apparently. My grey-headed friend hailed and stopped them, and they pulled up just opposite to us clear of the mud hole. The situation was explained, and the "passenger" at once vacated his seat by the side of the driver (for me to sit there), and perched himself in a perilous position on top of the cargo of ropes and canvas! Soon the procession was again "under weigh" on its road to St. Omer—I leaving my chauffeur to make the best arrangement he could to get the car out of its hole, and clean and to bring it on to St. Omer in due course. Our grey-headed friends, crowding together, waved us a farewell as we started; all of them assuring me that I could safely leave my car and my chauffeur to *them* to look after, and that they "would see to all that."

I had quite a lively journey with my newly-found A.S.C. friends in the two-seater, and they duly deposited me at St. Omer in good time for me to keep my appointment. I did not, however, see "Taxi" (my chauffeur) again till the next day, in the afternoon, when he duly "reported" with the car, which looked comparatively clean again, and I heard his adventures. Apparently he had slept in the car the previous night, but had not drawn upon any of the food with which it was stocked, which, at first, I could not help thinking was foolish of him—and I told him so, and that that was what the food was placed there for—to eat in an emergency, etc. He admitted all this, but said he would tell me what had happened, and that he didn't think when I knew all that I would blame him for not using it. His account, so far as I can now remember it, was as follows:—

"You recollect, sir, those old grey-headed fellows who jumped into the mud and helped us out of it. Well, I found out afterwards that they were a detachment of London motor-'bus drivers who have a camp and a motor-repairing depot close to where we were bogged. After they had sent you off to St. Omer they got a rope, and very soon got our car out of the mud. We then found that (something—I forget what he said) was broken. They promised, however to get it repaired and the car cleaned first thing the next morning, when they would have more light. I therefore prepared to have a meal in the car and to spend the night in it, and was getting ready some of the provisions when some one handed in a bowl full of hot stew, some bread and a can full of hot coffee, with the remark: 'Here's your supper, mate.' I thereupon put away the provisions I was preparing and made an excellent meal on their supplies instead, and afterwards had a long 'yarn' with our old friends before settling down to sleep. I had a very good night—comfortable, but cold! And in the early morning I began to think of breakfast, and again began to make preparations for a meal out of the provisions in the car, when again one of our grey-headed friends, as before, handed me in a large can of tea with a hot bloater and some bread and butter, with the remark: 'Here's your breakfast, mate!' I again made an excellent meal, after which, with the help of our old friends, we towed the car to their machine-shop, and had it

“overhauled, cleaned and repaired, which took all morning ; and, after a lunch—
“of corned beef and bread and cheese, which our friends provided as before—I left
“them, after thanking them, and brought the car back.”

I could not help feeling very grateful to our old friends for their ready and willing help in an emergency, and I had a great desire to write and tell them so, and to thank them for what they had done, but did not know their address or to exactly what military unit they belonged, only that they were “London motor-'busmen.” A few days later, when motoring in the neighbourhood, we made a *détour* to try and find them, but all we found was the remains of their old camp—the men themselves were nowhere to be found, and I have not, to my knowledge, met them since. I still feel, however, that I should like them to know how grateful I feel to them—especially to the grey-headed man who jumped without hesitation into the mud to rescue me, so if by any chance he or any of his party should ever read these lines, I hope he or they will realize how most sincerely I thank them for their kind help and genuine spontaneous hospitality to me and mine.

CHAPTER XL

ANIMALS IN THE GREAT WAR

I BELIEVE, speaking generally, that soldiers are fond of horses and treat them well, and become most attached to them. Association with a horse is, I am convinced, the chief attraction to the mounted branches. The well-known picture, "Good-bye, old man," represents a very real feeling among most soldiers, as did the pathetic labels written and signed by soldiers placed round the necks of their old chargers when finally about to be sold by auction "To the future owner—please be kind to my old horse."

I have always been a lover of horses, above all animals, with the possible exception of the dog, the most patient and loveable animal ever created; and I have always been keen on having any horses that I have been responsible for *well looked after*. Further, I believe that fondness of horses is the first big qualification for a good groom and for good horsemastership.

On August 5th, 1914, when the Artists had been suddenly mobilised for active service, a youth presented himself to me (I should have guessed his age at seventeen if he had not just made a declaration that he was nineteen, and therefore eligible for service abroad!), and enquired if, now we were mobilised, I would appoint him my groom for my two horses. "Can you ride?" I asked. "No, sir." "Do you know anything about horses?" (After hesitation): "No, sir, but I can learn." (And after a pause): "Do let me, sir, I am so fond of them." This answer strangely appealed to me. I asked if he would really do his best to learn, and make it his one job in life to look after their comfort and happiness. He promised me most earnestly this would be the case, so rather against my better judgment I appointed him, and placed him under the tuition of an old family coachman (the horses being then in stables in London), and after three weeks (when the Battalion moved to Lords), under the Transport Officer. Both gave excellent reports of his progress and keenness, and I never regretted my decision. We afterwards embarked fifty-seven horses from Southampton. None of them came back—all lost their lives in France, but the two last to survive were my two horses that this boy looked after (which is in itself a testimonial to him), and though both got shot in the end, his devotion and attention to them all through the War is deserving of the highest praise. I believe it was only his promise to me to look after them that prevented his seeking higher rank, and caused him to be demobilised in 1919 in his original rank of private—a groom in the Transport until the end. As a memento of my horses, my batman, a rising young artist, kindly presented me with a life-like pastel drawing of their heads, which I shall always value highly (see page 323).

Soldiers are also proverbially fond of dogs and cats. These were not usually allowed in the trenches, though behind the line they accumulated wherever soldiers were billeted. They presented a problem to a tender-hearted Commanding Officer, whose Battalion might move at any moment, for they could not be carried away with it. I still feel grateful to a distinguished "Padre" at St. Omer, who relieved my mind on this point by telling me he had made a list of all the pets in our Battalion,

and promising me that in the event of a sudden move he would be responsible that each pet would find a new master either in the Battalion that relieved us, or some other Battalion that might be quartered in the town. I recollect finding, when we first arrived there, an old dog crawling about the barrack yard in a most deplorable condition, with a broken leg, and covered with dust and blood. I cautiously examined him, fearing a bite, but instead he licked my hand most affectionately. After that I felt I could not order his destruction, so I got him some food and water, and sent him to our "sick bay"—rather, I fancy, to the disgust of our M.O., who reported to me in the evening after mess: "I received your message, sir, also your dog, but I'm not a vet., I'm a doctor!" As I explained to him, I knew him for a most tender-hearted man, and I was sure he would do all he could for the poor beast. The next day I met the old dog—who I found had been christened "Pole Cat," and with good reason—beautifully bandaged from head to foot (doctors always seem so generous in their bandages), still very groggy and very weak. I remarked to the guard-room orderly, who was standing near, that I was afraid the dog would not get over it, when the orderly informed me that his destruction had been ordered by the doctor. This touched my dignity: "What, by our M.O.?" "No, sir, by the A.S.C. M.O." (a few A.S.C. were quartered in the barracks with us). The orderly did not know his name, but knew him by sight. I sent him a message, asking by what authority he ordered the destruction of the dog. This, later on, brought a most apologetic young newly-fledged M.O., who explained he would not *think* of giving such an order. That all he had said was that he thought the dog *ought* to be destroyed, though he admitted that it did not endanger the health of the troops. The result of this was that "Pole Cat" remained alive, became known as "The Colonel's dog," and was consequently interfered with by no one. He gradually got strong and well again, and on coming back from a glorious ten days' leave, I found that the mess, wishing to give me a welcome, had suggested first special food, next cigars for mess (then an almost unprocurable luxury), next flowers; but had finally decided, as the thing they rightly thought would please me most, to give "Pole Cat" a wash, put a blue ribbon round his neck, re-christen him "Napoleon," make him the Regimental dog, and quarter him in the Officers' mess! I felt quite touched on my return to see the old beast clean, for possibly the first time in his life, with his blue ribbon on, comfortably sprawling in front of the mess stove. That and the merriment that accompanied it form one of the best welcomes I have ever received. Poor old Napoleon, after being with us for some months, and having become loved by us all, ultimately met with a soldier's death. My batman presented me with a pastel drawing of him also, faithfully portraying his quaint old head, with the warts round his nose! (see page 324).

I recollect also coming across a pretty little puppy, apparently starving and abandoned, close to a side entrance to the old French barracks in which we were quartered, which led into some real French slums. I wondered where I could find a master and a home for it, and asked, in my bad French, a rather dirty old French woman, who owned the nearest slum cottage to the barracks, if she would take him. She discarded him emphatically. My boy groom, however, who was with me, with a much better knowledge of French, and much finer tact, explained: "The English Colonel wished to know if Madam will do him the honour of accepting the little dog as a gift from him." The French have a great respect for Colonels, and they all have the manners and politeness of a great nation. Put in this way, she accepted my "gift" with extreme politeness, and whenever I afterwards passed the entrance, would run out to me with the little dog in her arms for me to pat, and I often saw him playing in the gutter with her little children. She undoubtedly got extremely

fond of her new War baby, and was overwhelmed with joy on one occasion when I recognised and patted the little dog on a chance meeting in the market place. On another occasion she stopped one of my Officers in the street, and, pointing to me across the road, said to him in an excited manner : " You see that Officer over there. Well, he's a Colonel, and he and my little dog are comrades." Poor little comrade, he was ultimately run over in the street by an English motor-car and killed. The poor woman was in tears when she told me of it, and nothing I could say would console her, not even the offer to get her another pup !

I recollect also when I was riding (my young groom with me as a mounted orderly), hearing a piteous bleating. It took us some time to locate it, and then we discovered a little kid who, having been tethered to a low, stunted tree with a very long rope, and had got itself bound up to the tree in a most extraordinarily complicated way, its struggles having pulled the rope so tight that its little limbs and throat were fastened up—indeed, it was a wonder it was not strangled. The groom was required to hold the horses, and by myself I could not unravel the rope, as the kid was too heavy to lift round the branches with one hand, so we hunted up an old French peasant woman from a neighbouring cottage—she came rather suspiciously, I thought, at first—to help, and she and I passed the kid to and fro between the branches from one to the other, and gradually unwound it, and fastened it with a shorter rope to a single pole in the middle of some tasty-looking grass, and left it, happily cropping and tearing the grass to its heart's content. I waved the old lady my thanks and adieus as we rode off, and she replied with an old-fashioned " bob "—almost a lost art in these progressive times.

I turn in conclusion to " Monsieur Coco," another celebrated pet of the Artists Rifles during the Great War. When we first arrived unexpectedly at Bailleul (as previously described) it appears that the Germans had been through the town but a few days earlier, that many of the inhabitants had fled in haste, and that many of the houses in the long street where we were billeted were deserted and locked in consequence, and had to be broken open. This was the case with the one which I selected for my headquarters. It apparently belonged to a lady, for I occupied the best bedroom, which was undoubtedly a lady's room, and one which seemed to have been left suddenly in great disorder. Shut up in the coal cellar of the house we found a big macaw, with a marvellous beak and magnificent plumage, nearly dead, apparently starving. My Adjutant gave us quite a learned lecture on parrots and macaws—he appeared to know all about them, what they fed on, etc., he said his mother used to keep one, so I at once made him " Officer i/c Parrot," and detailed him to look after it, and get its seed weekly by post from his mother in England, and superintend its feeding, etc. He carried out these duties remarkably well—he certainly did know how to manage it, which was more than some of us could do. The bird called himself " Monsieur Coco," was a most interesting creature, and the source of great interest and much merriment to the numerous visitors who called. He could already speak French, and soon learnt to drill in English—à la Peter Emslie ! He would " relieve guard " and emit shrieks like steam whistles in the middle of the night in a most realistic and unexpected way, and although he was a noisy, treacherous and vicious old rascal (you never quite knew how to take him, or where he was going to get you !), we all, or nearly all, got very fond of him. I conceived a great desire to get him back to England as a " souvenir," and was much perturbed about him when we suddenly received instructions to move next morning (destination unknown). What was I to do with the bird ? I could not take him with us on the 'buses. I could not even get a photograph of him, as cameras were forbidden ; but one of our Sergeants (who was also

one of our most celebrated English painters) very kindly made a most effective and rapid water-colour sketch of him, which he kindly presented to me (see page 325) ; and I made hasty arrangements to send him (the bird I mean) to a neighbouring "estaminet" for them to keep him for us till we could send for him. Soon after we had arrived at St. Omer, our new destination, about thirty-five miles away, and had settled down, I sent a Major in a motor-car with a sack to fetch the bird and bring him back to our mess again. The Major went, and duly came back, but without the bird. He admitted he had found him, and had seen him, but for some reason he "did not like to bring him." Having set my heart on having him, I felt a little irritated. I explained my views, and asked the Major why he thought I had taken all the trouble to let him, a senior Officer, take a motor and spend a day to fetch the bird. The Major was most humble and apologetic, and his explanation was as follows. He had ascertained that the lady whose house we had broken into at Bailleul was a well-known French Red Cross Nurse of middle age. A few days before we arrived, she had been captured by the Germans, and imprisoned at Lille. She was greatly attached to her macaw, and to hide him from the Germans she had shut him in the coal cellar, and dared not reveal his whereabouts, when she was taken away, for fear they should kill or steal him. During her imprisonment the thought of his slowly starving to death haunted her. By a strange coincidence, she was exchanged and released by the Germans only two days after we left Bailleul, and on getting back and making enquiries about her bird, was told that an English Colonel had occupied her house, who not only fed the bird and looked after it, while he was there, but when he was sent away, and could no longer do so himself, had paid for the bird's keep at the estaminet, and no doubt intended to do so until she returned ; but she, having returned, had now once more got it back to her home, where, indeed, the Major interviewed her, and again met the bird. As for her gratitude, words failed her to express it. No nation but England would have done it, no Officer but an English Officer. How fortunate for her that the English Colonel had come to her house. Did the Major know where the English Colonel was (he did). Then would he express her thanks to him over and over again. She would not insult the Colonel by offering to pay the expense he had been put to, but Heaven would some day reward him for his kindness to her poor parrot (old rascal !), and the life-long gratitude of a French lady would always be his, etc. "Now, could I, sir" (the Major asked), "after all this, tell her that you had sent me with "a motor-car and a sack for the express purpose of stealing her bird! It would "be such a fearful let-down for the English nation and the English Officers, and "especially for the English Colonel." Well, I saw it from the Major's point of view, and under the circumstances I excused him. Since then Bailleul has been "flattened"—absolutely laid waste—scarcely one house standing ; but I have never been able to discover what became of the lady and her bird. Are they still alive ? I wonder, or are both dead ? "Monsieur Coco" and his loving mistress.

In my study at home, over my fireplace, is the picture of my two horses ("Jack" and "Tommy"), also the one of poor old "Napoleon," also one of an old black bitch (now dead, alas, whose portrait was also drawn by my batman after he had become a Cadet (see page 324), whom I adopted—or, rather, who adopted me!—on Salisbury Plain, the most affectionate old beast I ever met, and about whom the Australians even now always enquire when they write to me ; and at the back of the room is the exquisite water-colour sketch of "Monsieur Coco," all of which serve to remind me that animals, too, have shared with us the discomforts of war, and have provided us with some of its pleasantest memories. Let us try and remember these, and hope in time we shall forget some of the horrors.

CHAPTER XLI

"CARE OF MEN"

MY first practical experience in "Care of men" was the looking after men's feet during the Easter manœuvres of 1883, which I have already described in Chapter V. It was my first Easter after joining the "Artists," when I was a private, and had been appointed a medical orderly with the special task of helping to attend to feet at the end of each day's marching. This experience impressed me strongly with the importance of the subject, and has made me try and practice care of feet and boots all through my military career. I believe that "F" Company, when I was in command, was the first Company to give special instruction to its N.C.Os. in the matter, though this was afterwards adopted in most other Companies.

My next practical experience in "Care of men" was during my first camp in 1883, at Cove Common, Aldershot, when I obtained the experience in Army cooking, briefly referred to in Chapter VI. We were part of a provisional Battalion that year, the "Artists" supplying two Companies only. Each Company supplied one cook (supposed to be more or less trained), and all the Company cooks were placed under a Battalion Sergeant Cook, who that year was a "regular," supplied by the Rifle Brigade—a very highly-trained and efficient man, and very keen on his job. The cook of the "Artist" Company to which I belonged was unable, at the last minute, to attend camp; and the morning after we arrived, Capt. Wynfield, the Captain of our provisional Company of "Artists," asked us on parade if any one would volunteer to take his place. There was a dead silence; no one seemed at all anxious for the job, and it was only after Capt. Wynfield had said imploringly: "*Haven't any of you ever done any cooking,*" that I, perhaps rather foolishly, confessed that I had done a little when camping at week-ends by the river. This, he assured me, was quite sufficient, and was just the experience he wanted, and I was at once told off for the job! I learnt a lot about camp cooking during my tour of duty—chiefly from the Sergeant-Cook, who was only too anxious to teach us all he could in the time, and also from the cook of the other "Artist" Company—about stews, the making of tea and coffee, the cleaning of pots and pans, and many other practical details. In camp that year we had, at the most, only eight men in each tent, often less, whereas the regulations, I believe, contemplated sixteen, and, according to the Sergeant-Cook, the camp kettles, if filled, would hold enough for fifteen men. My first difficulty arose through the camp kettles not being properly cleaned by the tent orderlies, and in consequence the tea (after the mid-day dinner stew) was generally found to be greasy, and complaints arose accordingly! At the suggestion of our Sergeant-Cook I thereupon divided our Company kettles into two classes, one class to be kept exclusively for stews, and the other class for tea or coffee, serving out one kettle full (of either stew, tea or coffee—as the case might be) to every *two* tents (containing a total of less than fifteen men) at each meal. This apparently created the idea among the men that they were not having full rations, and caused further complications. However, in the end, with the help of Capt. Wynfield and

the Sergeant-Cook, everything was put straight, and I believe the men were well looked after. There was a new set of tent orderlies each day, and I tried to pass on to them the various little things connected with the cleaning of camp kettles, and with the men's comfort from the cooking point of view, which I had learnt. At the end of three days the proper cook arrived, and my tour of cooking ended. I learnt, however, quite a lot about cooking on a large scale, which has since been useful to me, and which I have tried to pass on to my pupils—whether in the old N.C.O's. School or to the N.C.Os. of "F" Company, or to the many young Officers who came to me for training during the Great War—that is, whenever I have had the task of giving instruction in that most important subject, "Care of Men."

In my early days as a Sergeant, soon after I had started my first little N.C.O's School for Corporals, I invested a few shillings in a new edition of Lord Wolseley's "Soldier's Pocket Book," which was brought out early in 1886, and which I studied with much interest. Lord Wolseley was a tremendous believer in all military training being a preparation for ultimate *active service*; also in an Officer *looking after his men*, especially when on active service. His book is full of it, and amongst other things he deals fully with such subjects as Billeting, Sanitation, Care of Feet, Baths, Water, Food, Cooking, Camps, Bivouacs, Care of Horses, Prisoners of War, Treatment of Soldiers, Defaulters, Recruits, Drafts, Sick, etc.—all with special reference to active service conditions. Throughout his book, Lord Wolseley impresses upon Officers and N.C.Os. the tremendous importance of *constantly looking after the welfare of their men at all times and in all circumstances*, and of learning all they can in time of peace about this important branch of their work. "Care of Men," therefore, was one of the chief subjects I endeavoured to teach in my school of instruction for N.C.Os. when this was first organized.

When we went across to France from Southampton in the autumn of 1914, it was, as has already been mentioned, forty-eight hours after we embarked before we arrived at our destination, and I surprised the Adjutant by giving orders that all ranks were to consume their emergency rations. He quoted authority to show that an emergency ration was a sacred thing, and should not be consumed except in an extreme emergency—which he did not think had arisen! All this might have convinced me had we been far away from further supplies, but as we were on our way to Boulogne, the British base, where Army supplies were to be found in abundance, it seemed to me wrong to allow men to go hungry by not allowing them to eat food they had ready waiting for them in their haversacks. Anyhow, they did eat it, and with my authority; and to cover up my iniquity I arranged with my Quartermaster that he, with his Sergeant and six orderlies, should go ashore in the ship's boat directly we came into harbour and before we disembarked, their task being to seek out some sensible official, explain the circumstances and the need for haste, draw a fresh set of emergency rations for the Battalion (in lieu of the day's rations which we missed while on board the steamer), and arrange to issue this to each of our men, *as he disembarked*. This, I told him, would be a "bull's-eye," and, thanks to some helpful Officer at Boulogne and to our Quartermaster and his staff, all this was duly carried out, and a "bull's-eye" was duly scored and reported to me on my landing (I believe I was the last man ashore), to our Adjutant's surprise!

In the Artists Rifles I believe that I enjoyed a reputation for great keenness on the subject of "Sanitation." I cannot think that it was thought that I was fond of the subject! Though I will at once confess that I was profoundly impressed by its *importance* from a military point of view. I first became really interested in sanitation when I was a Major, and an energetic Medical Officer on our Divisional Staff organized a very interesting and instructive "course" on the subject for C.Os.

of units. He included in his class some of the Majors of the Division, from whom he assumed the future C.Os. would be likely to be drawn. His theory was, I believe, that it was useless for him to agitate on such a subject among junior Officers (who supplied most of the students of the Officers' classes !), but that if he could once really convince all the C.Os. of the Division (present and future) of its importance, they would not only pass on his instruction to their juniors, but would also be the persons who would have the power to see that such instructions were duly and practically carried out whenever the Division was in camp or if it should ever be mobilized for service.

There is no doubt that our Divisional Medical Officer made even sanitation interesting, and his course started great improvements all through the Division. He certainly made his class grasp the fact that all our military preparation was for possible "*active service*," and that if and when this came about we should find we had *two* enemies to fight—not only the hostile force, but also *disease* ; and that of the two enemies *disease* would be by far the more formidable, for, as past experience then showed, the latter had in previous campaigns always caused far more casualties than those caused by the hostile force ! He explained to us *why* disease became so rampant on active service—when the simple customs and conveniences of private life (e.g., pulling of a plug or the turning of a tap) were suddenly withdrawn—and he gave us some very simple but important rules relating to excreta, water and rubbish, by which the terrible scourge of diseases such as enteric could be very greatly mitigated. All this made me determine that as far as I could I would do my best to see that his simple rules and maxims were taught throughout the Regiment, and, more important still, were duly carried out, if ever the Regiment should find itself on active service whilst I was a senior Officer, and more particularly if I should by any chance ever find myself in command at such a time !

It is impossible for anyone to say now how far the influence of this course may have spread. I was only one Officer out of between twenty or thirty who underwent the course, but I tried my best even before the War to teach in all my classes for Officers and N.C.Os. (under the heading of " Care of Men ") the valuable and practical information we received, and also throughout the Great War to all my Officer pupils. As (according to the calculations of my Adjutant after the War was over) I had had under me for instruction from first to last during the Great War close upon twenty thousand young men to train as officers—some for practically every Infantry Regiment in the British Army, I hope I was able, through these thousands of young men, to pass on the valuable instruction I had received from the Divisional Medical Officer to, literally, hundreds of thousands of rank and file, and perhaps may even claim for myself and my young officer pupils a share of the credit in the wonderful improvement in the statistics dealing with the proportion of deaths from disease to deaths from wounds in the Great War as compared with all previous campaigns. This proportion was, I believe, just about equal, instead of casualties from disease being about five times as great ! Altogether I am not at all sure I did not make a nuisance of myself on this particular subject, and I was not surprised to find, on one occasion, when one of my young " Artist " Officers, in the early days of the War, in a merry mood, designed a burlesque coat of arms for me, his C.O., that he put in as a prominent feature two latrine flags ! (see page 225).

After our arrival in France we, as has been mentioned before, were unexpectedly sent off to the Ypres neighbourhood, and when our journey there in motor-buses was suddenly stopped and we had to find accommodation at Bailleul, I, in my zeal for " Care of Men," at once made investigation as to the water supply and, to prevent any mistakes, had labels affixed to the stand pipes in our quarter of the town to

show from which drinking water could be obtained and from which washing water only. This brought me into contact with a Sanitary Officer on the Staff, and my labels were removed. I also had some differences with him with regard to the state of the ground near the railway station, which (through lack of sufficient accommodation) was being fouled by the masses of troops entraining and detraining there. This ground, he thought (on my complaining), should be kept clean by the Artists Rifles, it being within, so he said, our billeting area, and one which we had ourselves selected. I, however, much disliked the idea of the Artists Rifles being employed in keeping clean ground fouled, not by ourselves, but by other troops, especially when we had so much other important work to do, and after a wrangle I was able, I am glad to say, to overcome the difficulty by the employment of a large and most industrious and willing gang of local Belgian peasants, organized by our Quartermaster who, after providing ample accommodation, carried out, daily, some really splendid scavenging work all round the station, and in the end I am glad to say I was able to reconcile all my differences with the Sanitary Officer, and further to utilize these difficulties as a fine practical illustration in sanitation when teaching "Care of men" to my young Officer pupils! We also had troubles at first with regard to the washing of our underclothes, but these were solved for us, and afterwards for other Regiments also, by another industrious and willing gang of Belgian refugees, supervised by French Nuns, as mentioned and referred to more particularly in Chapter XXXVIII.

Difficulties also arose with regard to baths for our troops in those early days when we first arrived at Bailleul; but after a good deal of consideration we got over these by the great help of one of my Captains (Capt. S. W. Neighbour, an architect by profession), who utilized a disused brewery, which we found in our billeting area, and by the help of squads specially taught by him. We first of all got hold of two big iron vats, each capable of holding something over 100 buckets of water, and under each of these we built a fireplace to enable us to heat the water in the vat. We then cut about thirty big wine casks (found on the premises) into two halves, and so manufactured something over fifty good tubs to use as baths. We then procured a large number of buckets and organized a system by which each man on arrival at our improvised bath-house had two buckets issued to him. These he proceeded to fill with cold water from the stand pipe in the street, and then to empty into one of the vats, where the water was heated in time for the next lot of bathers. He then drew out two buckets full of hot water from the other vat, which had already been heated, and which he found ready waiting for him. He then had his bath in one of the tubs, and when it was finished and the water emptied he replaced the tub and the buckets for the next comer. We found that about forty minutes was the shortest time that could safely be allowed for a bath from first to last, allowing also for necessary margin, but that we could keep up our supply of about fifty baths every forty minutes, which meant that, with a little organization, we could arrange for the washing of men at the rate of a Battalion a day. One day in the week we reserved our bath-house for ourselves, but on each of the other days I was able to give to some other Battalion (even if 800 strong, though most of them were far below this when they came back from the trenches!), an invitation to use our bath-house, including the use of a squad of our men (who were thus in turn given a practical lesson in "Care of Men") to look after the heating of the water and general arrangements—particularly to have a vat full of hot water ready early in the morning by the time the first fifty arrived, and to keep everything up to the time-table prepared. We had at first a certain amount of difficulty as to fuel, as to the disposal of the dirty water and other details, but in the end, with the help

of our Quartermaster and his staff, we overcame all these troubles, and it would be hard for anyone to realize now in days of peace how much our efforts in this direction were appreciated by Regiments just out of the line, who found themselves at Bailleul for a fourteen days' rest before returning to the trenches again. Whenever I heard of a Regiment coming to Bailleul, and I could arrange to do so, I sent a message from the Artists Rifles to the C.O. on his arrival, enquiring: "Would your fellows like a bath? If so, how many are there of you, and what day would suit you?" It seemed to them at the time too good to be true, and the grateful thanks we received from all, and the practical instruction in care of men we were able to give to our young men more than repaid us for any little trouble we were put to. I believe I am right in saying that ours was the first organized bath-house for British troops in France in those early days, though later on, I believe, elaborate official arrangements were made to meet the difficulty.

During our first Christmas in France, whilst still at Bailleul, our young men had sent out to them, each from his many friends, such an amazing amount of chocolate and cigarettes that they accumulated far more than they could consume! I was told that the Artists Rifles, on Christmas Day, 1914, had a "record" post for one Regiment, consisting of sixty-two sacks full of letters and parcels! Now many of the Regiments, both British and French, that were then constantly arriving at Bailleul (either by railway from the base or from the trenches in front) were by no means so well supplied as we were, so I allowed my Quartermaster, himself very keen on this particular job, to collect from our young men any surplus stores they might like, voluntarily, to contribute for the benefit of other Regiments. Provision was made for storing these and of presenting them in convenient sized packages (one for each Company, i.e., five packages for each Battalion) in due course and as opportunity arose, "with the best wishes of the Artists Rifles," to such of the less-favoured Regiments, on their arrival at Bailleul, as we thought would appreciate them. There is no doubt from the very kind messages I received that our hospitality *was* greatly appreciated, especially by the French Regiments.

We remained for some months at Bailleul, with our important task of training our members to be Officers for the various Divisions before returning to the trenches after their period (generally fourteen days) of "rest." No C.O. ever had a better opportunity than I then had of giving *practical* as well as theoretical instruction on the subject of care of men. Every week, sometimes oftener, Regiments would come back direct from the trenches, most of them very weak in numbers, with but few Officers left, all very tired and weary. They would generally arrive in the middle of the night or very early morning. Here was an opportunity indeed to help as well as teach. We ascertained from time to time, so far as we could, what Regiments were coming back, their approximate numbers, where they were to be quartered, and the expected time of their return. We were able to accumulate sufficient extra rations of food, straw, etc., to lend to them on their first arrival (which were returned to us by the Regiments in due course). We then got volunteers from our ranks (and never failed to get more than the number required) to seek out the billets allotted to these Regiments, lay down their straw for them, cook a first meal for them in readiness, and take a message to their C.O., offering to conduct them to their quarters. On arrival, they would find everything ready for them—straw laid, a meal prepared, and a squad of "Artists" waiting to help them in any way in their power. This was followed the next morning by an offer of a bath as above mentioned, and was often again followed in due course by an offer of assistance in the promotion of a smoking concert (acquisition of a piano, loan of a pianist, etc.) after their drafts

had joined and before they returned to the trenches, and sometimes also (through the generosity of "Lloyds," who provided all the material required), an offer of assistance in organizing games.

I have recorded in another article the opportunity we had (owing to the kind assistance and organization of our Medical Officer, Major C. S. de Segundo, and our Quartermaster) of supplying grapes to the many wounded men that were daily loaded up into the hospital trains and dispatched from Bailleul from the railway station close to our headquarters, and of the return we received from the base in the shape of hampers full of chocolate, cigarettes and newspapers, for the benefit of the troops returning to the fighting line (see Chapter XXXIV).

Before concluding I cannot resist putting on record a little incident, the recollection of which always gives me much pleasure. I was on one occasion riding with my Adjutant in the neighbourhood of Bailleul, and we were rapidly overtaking a Regiment on the march that was returning to the trenches. We were just passing the head of the Regiment, when my horse ("Jack") got something—a piece of hoop iron, I think—wedged in one of his shoes, and this, knocking hard against his other legs, seemed to make him go mad. I could not control him! He rushed across the road into the leading Company, scattering the men in all directions! I expected a severe reprimand from the C.O. of the Regiment, who was riding at its head, but instead he at once halted his men and sent for his Farrier Sergeant, "at the double"—while one of his Sergeants got hold of "Jack," and I was invited to dismount. "Get off, Colonel," said the C.O. to me, "we'll soon see to this," and I dismounted accordingly. The hoop iron—or whatever it was—with the help of the Farrier Sergeant, was soon got rid of. I apologized most sincerely to the C.O. of the Regiment for riding into them, and most gratefully acknowledged his help, adding that I had expected to be "cursed," not helped! "What!" he said, "curse *you*! Don't you command the Artists Rifles?" I admitted that I did, and the C.O. proceeded: "Well, don't you remember when we came back to Bailleul from the trenches, the Artists Rifles laid our straw for us, cooked a meal for us, gave us each a bath, supplied us with Officers, arranged our smoking concert and our football match, and generally looked after us—'Lor,' there isn't anything we wouldn't do for the Artists Rifles." And that, if I may be allowed to say so, was the feeling that I believe a large number of our fine old regular Regiments felt for the "Artists" about that time. I look back upon this little incident as one of the finest unsolicited testimonials that our Regiment has ever received, and one well worth recording, and which should re-pay us for any trouble then taken by us to help other Regiments in those splendid, if uncomfortable, days!

CHAPTER XLII

"CARE OF HORSES"

AS I have before stated, I have always been fond of horses. When I was a boy the stables of any house at which I might be staying always had an attraction for me, and if a pony was available, I always did my best to get a ride, but it was not till I had become a Captain, and began to see field rank, as my next step loomed in the distance—when my skill as a horseman might in some degree affect the reputation of the "Artists Rifles"—that I thought seriously of qualifying as a horseman and horsemaster. I then, on the recommendation of my friends, joined a riding school—Messrs. Dyer & Jackson's, in the City Road—and attended there daily for twelve months, and did my best to learn how to ride. Thanks to the efforts of the riding master (Mr. Lorden, an old Hussar) and of the deputy riding master (Mr. Hozier, an old Dragoon), I gradually learnt, sufficiently well, I hoped, not to "let down" the Regiment in the event of my ever having to ride on parade.

Besides learning how to ride, I was anxious to learn how a horse should be looked after. Lord Wolseley, in his ever-useful "Soldier's Pocket Book," before referred to, deals with this subject at some length, and gives most practical information and advice as to the cleaning of stables and the grooming, watering, feeding, harnessing and looking after of horses—especially when on service. He expresses strong views against the hogging of manes and cutting of tails—giving reasons—and he strongly advises all Officers to learn for themselves how to put on the spare shoes which a mounted Officer carries with him on his saddle. Indeed, Lord Wolseley considered this latter matter so important that he regretted that all Officers are not taught how to shoe a horse before passing out of the Staff College! Lord Wolseley's information and advice, however, was given in 1886, and to bring it a little more up to date, I, in 1894 (or thereabouts), obtained a lot of useful up-to-date information on this subject from a recent edition of that most excellent book, "Horses and Stables," by Lieut.-General F. Fitzwigram (price 2s. 6d.). I also made arrangements (after my riding course was finished) with a local jobmaster, who had large stables near to my home, to work in his stables every morning for about an hour before breakfast, and to groom, feed and look after certain of his horses (i.e., "Muck-out," clean, groom, feed, saddle, harness, etc.). I was much assisted in this by one of his grooms, who, having recently served his time in a cavalry Regiment, was able to give me a lot of most useful instruction, and there, for nearly a year, we endeavoured to keep a little corner of the livery stable spruce and clean on the lines of a cavalry stable, and to look after two of the horses there on the lines approved and recommended by Lord Wolseley and Gen. Fitzwigram in their most excellent books!

I still felt, however, that I had much to learn before I could attain the easy seat, light hands and practical knowledge of the average British Cavalryman. So after my livery stable course was finished (indeed, I had to wait till after I had been actually promoted to field rank) I, with a little difficulty, obtained leave to go

through a course of equitation with the recruits of the " Royal Horse Guards (Blue) " at Knightsbridge Barracks. This course I found to be very much stiffer and rougher than anything in the way of riding I had experienced up till then ! It made me very sore. It gave me many uncomfortable moments, and it sometimes made me feel glad that I was not in fact a Royal Horse Guards recruit ! Having once started on it, however, there was no getting out of it, and I have since felt proud of the certificate which I ultimately obtained (that I was duly qualified in military equitation) from a board of the Regiment's Field Officers.

The Riding Master of " The Blues," though very strict in the riding school, was very kind to me outside it. He gave me a few extra lessons by myself, and some valuable hints and instruction with regard to riding on parade as a Field Officer of Infantry—as to position, movement, sitting (really) still ! giving of words of command on horseback, management of a horse not necessarily well broken to infantry work, and many other points, all of which were afterwards of great help to me, and gave me confidence when I ultimately got on to the parade ground as a mounted Officer.

None of my courses of riding or grooming, however, up to that point, included any of that practical knowledge of shoeing of horses and care of their feet which General Fitzwigram, as well as Lord Wolseley, considered so important, and to which the former devotes a substantial part of his book—both text and plates. The books I could, of course, study at home, but this would not give me the necessary practical knowledge of the subject, nor could I find anyone in my locality to teach me. With my regulation military saddlery kit I duly received, as expected, a shoe-case—intended, so I was informed, to carry one fore shoe and one hind shoe, each made beforehand to fit the particular horse I might happen to be riding, together with a set of nails for each—the idea being that if, by any chance, my horse should happen to cast a shoe when I was riding him, and a blacksmith should not be available, I should have a spare shoe with me ready to put on without delay. When I enquired of the saddle makers how I was to put it on, I was told : " Oh, that is quite easy, having already got a shoe that will fit, all you have to do is to just tap it on with a stone or anything handy ! " I could not imagine myself, however, successfully " tapping it on " without a little practical teaching, which I ultimately got as follows :—

In the summer of 1898, my wife and I went to mid Wales for our annual holiday. My wife was in poor health, so much so that we took lodgings on the outskirts of a small town in the midst of a most delightful country with a view of resting there for a few days, and of then walking in the neighbourhood if my wife should be well enough to do so. Soon after we had settled down, my ear caught the sound of a blacksmith's anvil (BANG, BANG, BANG, Tink, Tink, Tink, etc. Surely one of the prettiest sounds ever heard !), and there, exactly opposite our sitting-room window, on the other side of the road, was a blacksmith working at his trade—a fine-looking old man, with grey beard and brawny bare arms, assisted by a good-looking youth—no doubt a budding blacksmith. What a chance for me to get a few " tips " ! I was soon out watching him at his work, and I ventured to ask him a few questions which he answered rather curtly—certainly not enthusiastically—but not altogether impolitely. We had taken our rooms opposite for a fortnight, and would anyhow not be able to walk much for a few days, so a wild notion surged into my brain : *Why not work in his shop for a fortnight !* My wife agreed with the idea !—rather relieved, I fancy, at the prospect of my having some occupation until she got well and was able to walk again. So the next morning I interviewed the old blacksmith ! He was very suspicious ; he didn't want another apprentice ; even

if he did, the proper period was two years, not two weeks ! Blacksmith's work wasn't for " the likes of me "—Why did I want to learn, and why in such a hurry ? My story, I confess, must have sounded improbable and feeble, but at last, apparently, I convinced him that I was harmless—even if a lunatic ! As he softened I waxed more enthusiastic. He then insisted that I could learn nothing worth knowing under a month, but in the end we struck a bargain. I was to be apprenticed to him for three weeks, for a premium of 15s. (i.e., 5s. a week), to be paid in advance ! If for any reason I left before the end of the three weeks, all unexpired premium was to be forfeited. I was to keep strict hours ; to do exactly what I was told ; to undertake in writing never to attempt to earn money as a blacksmith ! (this condition, I fancy, must have been to keep him right with his union) ; to wear no coat and no collar while I was at work ! not to talk to any customers who might come in, but to refer everyone to him or to his young man ; to buy myself some pilot cloth trousers and a waistcoat to work in (he showed me where to buy them secondhand—price : trousers, 4s., waistcoat 3s. 6d. ! He promised to lend me a leather apron), and he was to have the right, without any argument, of ending my apprenticeship at any time he liked, for any reason he thought sufficient, and thus we came to terms ! I, being a professional lawyer, embodied these in a very short legal document : " Articles of Apprenticeship " between him (" hereinafter called ' the Master ' ") and me (" hereinafter called ' the Apprentice ' ") with " witnessing part," " consideration," " covenants by the Apprentice " and " covenants by the Master," etc., complete !—including a right to the *Apprentice* also (as well as the Master !) to end his articles at any time on forfeiting the premium ! He looked at the document rather suspiciously, but in the end agreed to it, and signed it.

I started work next morning at 6.30 a.m. I was allowed half an hour only for breakfast, 7.30 to 8 (not long enough !) ; one hour for dinner (12 to 1) ; quarter of an hour for tea (3.45 to 4), and " knock-off " at 5 (Saturdays 12). Surely I was the most grotesque figure that ever worked in a blacksmith's shop ! In old " slop " pilot cloth trousers (much too short and much too big round the waist !), no coat, pilot cloth waistcoat, flannel shirt, no collar or tie, and painfully white fragile arms and hands !

Although I was in pretty good condition in those days, I found the work a good deal harder and the hours a good deal longer than I expected. It was from the first strongly impressed upon me by my master that I was to do exactly what I was told, was to begin at the very beginning, and was not to talk or ask questions except at specified times—i.e., either 12 or 5 o'clock. I was taught at first by maxims. For instance, the very first job given to me was to blow the fire, and the maxim (which I was taught, and had to repeat whenever called upon) was : " First high—then low—up fast—down slow ! " This included the whole of my first morning's instruction and work, and I was called upon at intervals to " Repeat your Maxim," and, on my repeating it, my master would generally rejoin hastily : " Then why *don't* you go high ? " (or low, or up fast, or down slow, as the case might be). At five o'clock I asked my questions about the day's work. Soon I arrived at the stage when I had to try and make a horseshoe—not for any particular horse, but as a stock size. I cannot say how long I was making my first shoe or how difficult I found it or how often I burnt myself or knocked my hands. I got into great trouble, I remember, for using two hands to the tongs to pick the hot iron out of the fire ! My master's emphatic remark was : " Don't you ever let me see you doing that again," and I had to promise that in future I would use the left hand only—keeping the hammer ready in my right hand to hammer it *hard* the *very instant* it was on the anvil. I recollect the difficulty I had to get the shape correct, a

difficulty which was at first only got over, after long and wearisome efforts on my part, by one or two skilful blows given at last, in pity, by the old blacksmith. I recollect most of all the soreness of my hands!—especially the left hand—the knuckle of which was sometimes hit by mistake by glancing blows from the hammer and the little finger side of which was being constantly burnt—generally when the nail holes were being punched—by the hot iron jumping up from the anvil in consequence of its not being squarely hit. Fear of a burn would sometimes prevent me from using my full strength (such as it was), and this would bring forth my master's contemptuous command of "*Hit it—don't tap it!*" Many times before the end of my apprenticeship my hands got so sore and my arms ached so much that I was on the point of abandoning the whole business, but I am glad now that I persevered, and towards the end of a fortnight I even began to feel that I was making progress!

Besides working myself, I was allowed occasionally, as a rest, to watch my master at his work, and, as time went on, was even allowed to ask him a question or two on the spot while he was working. I recollect seeing him, before making a shoe, take his knife and trim up the horse's frog a bit, which was a practice much denounced not only by Lord Wolseley, but also by Sir F. Fitzwigram—each in his book. I couldn't help saying: "Is that a good thing?" This brought proceedings to a temporary standstill. "Is *what* a good thing?" enquired my master, ceasing his work. "Why, trimming up the frog," I replied. After a distinct and uncomfortable pause, my master rejoined: "Did you think of that out of your own 'ed, or has someone been talking to you about it?" I then confessed I had read about it in a book. "And what did the book say?" enquired my master. I told him, and he then told me that the book was right, that it *was* a bad practice, and that the less the knife was used (except for *very* ragged bits) the better, but he added that he *had* to use it and make everything look neat, otherwise his customers would think he had done his work badly, and would not employ him! Again, on a subsequent occasion, when I asked him if it was a good thing to use a rasp round the hoof, after clenching the nails, he enquired at once: "Well, what do your book say?" and on being told that the book denounced this practice also, he at once agreed with the book's view! After this, he enquired the book's view on so many little points as they arose, that I regretted more than once that I had not studied the book more carefully, or, anyhow, had not got the book with me to show to him or to refer to.

After a fortnight's work, when I had barely one week of my articles left, I began to wonder whether I should make sufficient progress to shoe a horse myself, before my articles expired! The chief difficulty appeared to be that it took me so much time to make a shoe that the horse would not be with us long enough for me to do so. Another difficulty was that the horses that came to us to be shod usually had a footman or a farm hand with them, who either waited while the work was being done or hung about the neighbourhood, and ~~was~~ thus liable to return at any minute, and my master did not think it would be wise for them to see me practising on their horses! I had almost given up all hope of shoeing a horse myself—indeed, if I recollect right, it was on the morning of the very last day of my articles—when my master came to me in a state of joy and excitement and announced that he had got "Just what we want." A farmer, it appeared, had left with us a big old cart mare, with a big hoof with a thick crust, to be shod, on the near fore foot, sometime during the day, and had arranged to call for her again in the late afternoon, after his day's work—thus giving us all day for our job.

It took me practically all day, under the personal supervision of my old master, to make and put on that shoe. Our rules as to obedience, asking questions, etc., were relaxed, and yet it was one of the hardest day's work I had. It took me all

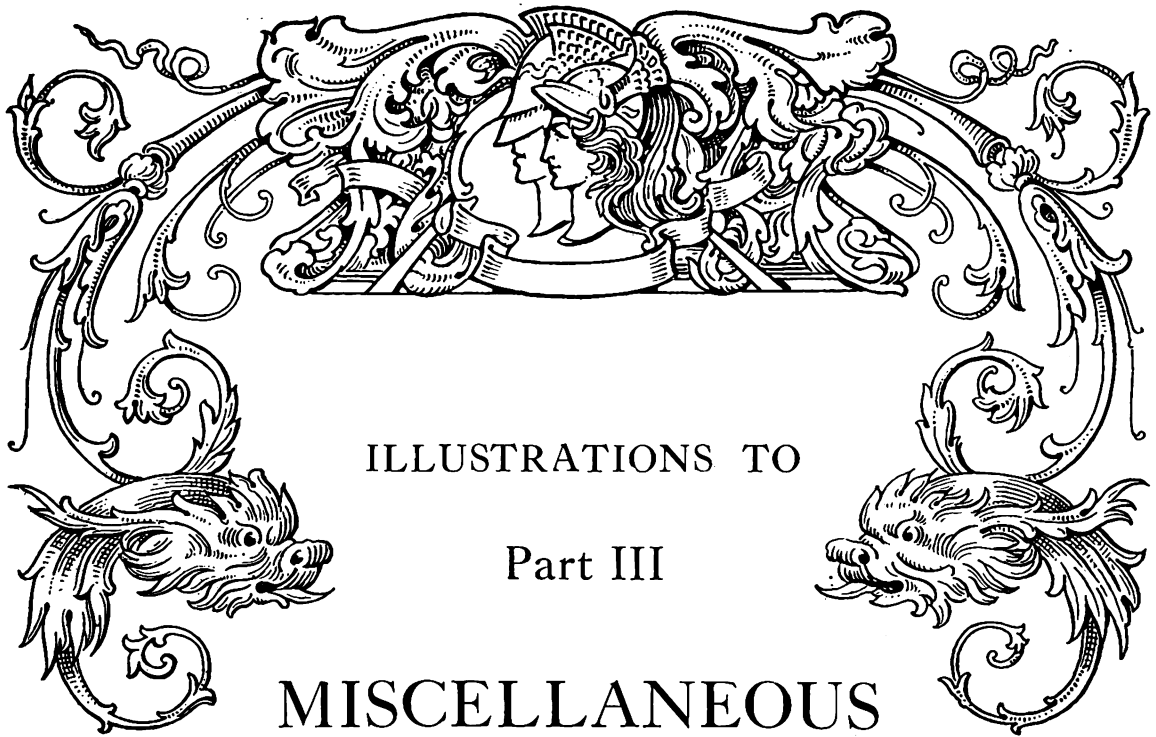
the morning to make the shoe, and in the putting of it on—which was the job I most wanted to do myself. My master confined his help to verbal instruction, advice and supervision, and allowed me to do *everything* myself—and I took a monstrous long time about it! Even the old cart mare must have wondered whenever I was going to finish. I was warned, before lifting her foot at all from the ground, to make her throw her weight on to her other three legs, and to be sure to *keep* her weight on those other three legs, i.e., on her right side, while I attended to her near fore foot. This was not so simple as it sounds! I had to keep my left elbow against her ribs, while I faced her tail, stooped down, and then raised, clasped and held her foot between my knees!—sometimes I could not do this. In spite of all my elbow work! her weight would “come over,” and her foot would come down (torn through my knees) with a crash! just missing my heels. My master would remind me that he had already told me to “keep her weight over,” and that if it happened again I might easily be injured! When at last I had acquired the “knack” (which was all it was) of “keeping her weight over,” I had in this most uncomfortable position to nail on the shoe! We did practically no paring of the frog or rasping (all according to our book!), but I learnt a lot about the way to drive the nails, and how to extract those that were badly driven so that I could drive them again, and how easy it was to drive them in the wrong way, and to lame a horse altogether! In the end, the dear old mare was at last duly shod, and I finished up my blacksmith’s course (with my master’s approval) by giving her as my first and last “patient” (or “client,” or “customer,” or whatever her proper description should be!) a feast of carrots with an apple and some sugar thrown in as dessert, my wife looking on from the window opposite. To sum up, I learnt during my apprenticeship enough about a blacksmith’s work on a horse to feel that it should never be attempted by an amateur!

After I got back to town, I sent my old master a copy of Lieut.-General Fitzwigram’s book, and put an inscription inside, ending: “From his old apprentice”; and I received in due course a very grateful and characteristic letter in reply, signed: “From old master,” and below his signature was: “P.S.—Please excuse my being so bold”! He was a fine old man, however, and a good workman, and I learnt more from him and from working at his forge than mere skill in shoeing horses.

To enable a mounted officer who was not an expert blacksmith to replace temporarily a cast shoe, without the risk of laming his horse, I (after consultation with a cousin of mine—a countryman keen on hunting), designed a leather boot (taking the idea from the boots sometimes put on to a horse to prevent injury to the turf when rolling a cricket ground) with a hinged horseshoe on the sole (which we got an intelligent local blacksmith to construct for us!), which could be slipped on and laced up on any horse on either leg, and which would anyhow enable him to get back to camp where the fitted shoe carried on the saddle could be properly affixed by an expert. The model, when made, seemed to answer well, so far as we were able to test it, which was very seldom, as it could only be tried on a horse that had cast a shoe. I carried it on my military saddle for many years, but I cannot conscientiously say that I ever had any real occasion to *use* it either during our pre-War regimental camps or during the Great War, though I still think that something of the kind should form part of the kit of and be carried on the saddle of every mounted Officer.

On the whole, I do not think that the time I have spent on horsemanship and horsemastership has been wasted. My being able to ride has certainly proved useful to me, especially during the Great War, and what I have been able to learn about the care of horses also came in very useful to me during the Great War when,

as C.O., I became indirectly responsible for the care of something over fifty horses. Besides this, I always thought it advisable, during the Great War, to give to each of the many Officers sent to me for training at least one hour's instruction in "Care of Horses" (in addition to instruction in "Transport" and "Pack Saddlery,") and to try and emphasize the really important points, and to give them as much practical information on the subject as could be given in the time. Curiously enough, it was a subject in which most of the officers who came to me for instruction at Tidworth, the Australian Officers in particular, showed much keenness, and when after giving as practical reasons for looking after horses, their military value and the difficulty of sudden replacement, etc., I gave what I considered my chief reasons for looking after them (which I reserved till the last), viz. : what splendid animals they were ; how much they *deserved* looking after ; how patient, industrious, willing, etc. ; how they worked and slaved for us during either peace or war, whenever we wanted them, from their birth till their death ; how we import them into our quarrels ; what a "rotten" time they have in war ; what we owed to our dear old friends, etc. I have vivid recollections of the cheers that usually followed, especially when Australians were present. And I shall always value a remark, which, I was told, was made of me by an Officer, who had just been through a course of instruction at Candahar School to the General under whom I was then serving, that, anyhow, he was sure I was "Fond of horses"—for this, I believe—as I have already stated—is the very first qualification of a good horsemaster.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO
Part III
MISCELLANEOUS

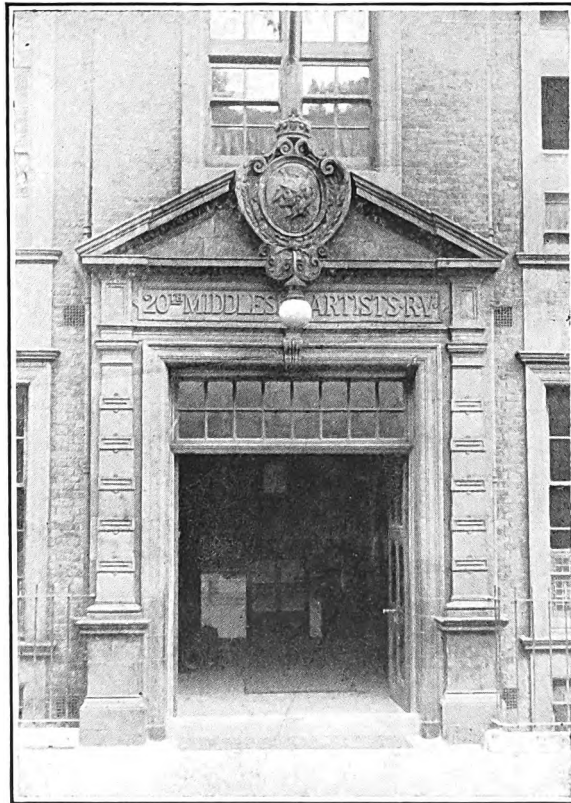


Photo. by "Sammy" Cowell.

ENTRANCE TO HEADQUARTERS,
Duke's Road, Euston Road, W.C.

Lord Leighton (See Chapter XXX)



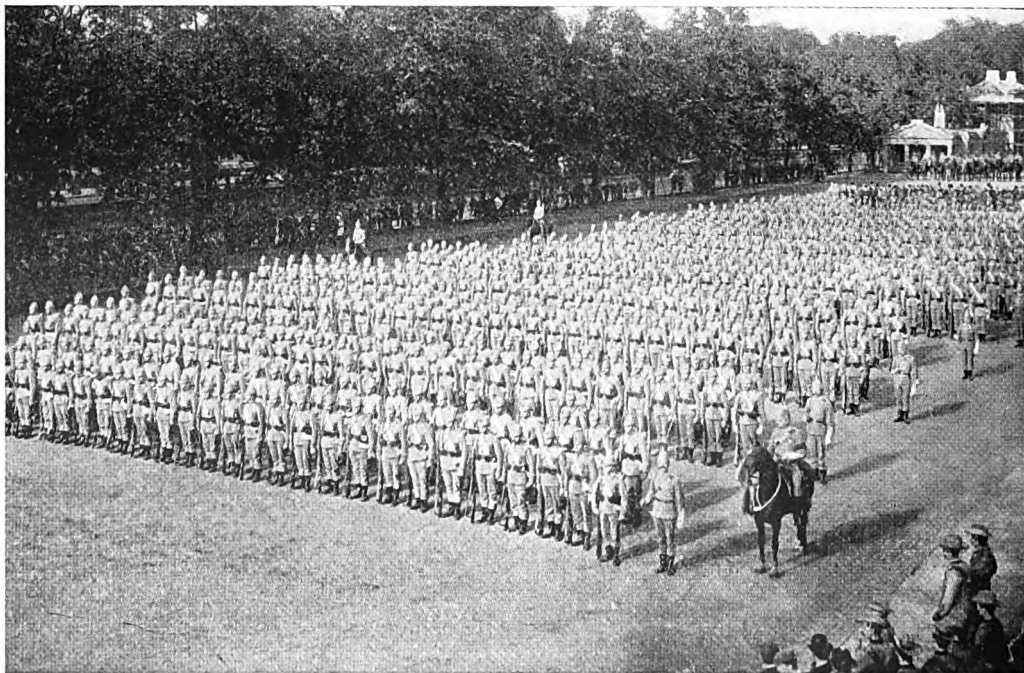
LORD LEIGHTON AS THE COLONEL OF THE ARTISTS

From the drawing by Cosmo Rowe.

Colonel Edis (See Chapter XXXI)



Colonel ROBERT W. EDIS,
C.B., V.D., F.S.A.

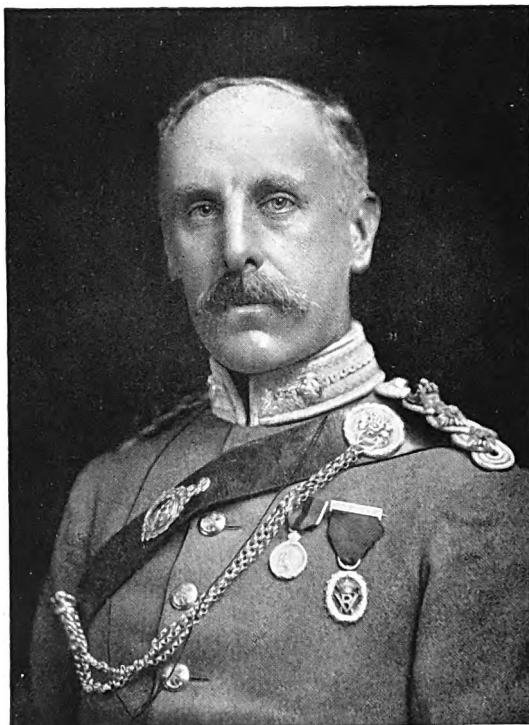


PARADE FOR ANNUAL "INSPECTION" UNDER COLONEL EDIS, June, 1900



COLONEL SIR ROBERT W. EDIS, K.B.E., C.B., V.D., J.P., F.S.A.,
As Honorary Colonel

Colonel Walter C. Horsley (See Chapter XXXII).



Colonel WALTER C. HORSLEY, V.D.



Colonel HORSLEY and Colonel MAY.



COLONEL HORSLEY AND HIS STAFF, 1911.

(Standing) "Tottie" Payton, Peter Emslie, "Puffy" Lock,
(Sitting) Lt.-Colonel May, Colonel Walter C. Horsley, "Teddy" Lees (Adjt).



THE HON. COLONEL—1928.

"Sammy" Cowell (See Chapter XXXIII)

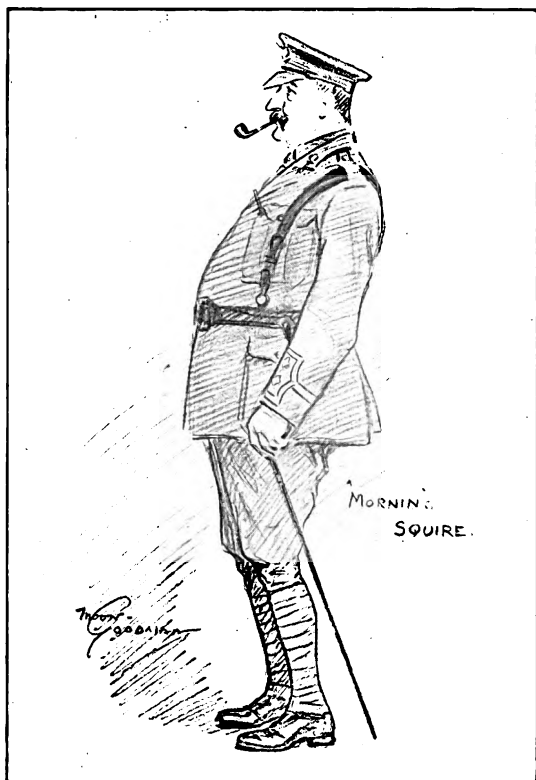


Artist's R.V. Transport
1879-1906. *well.*



"SAMMY"—THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT—1881.

“Jack” Smith (See Chapter XXXIV)

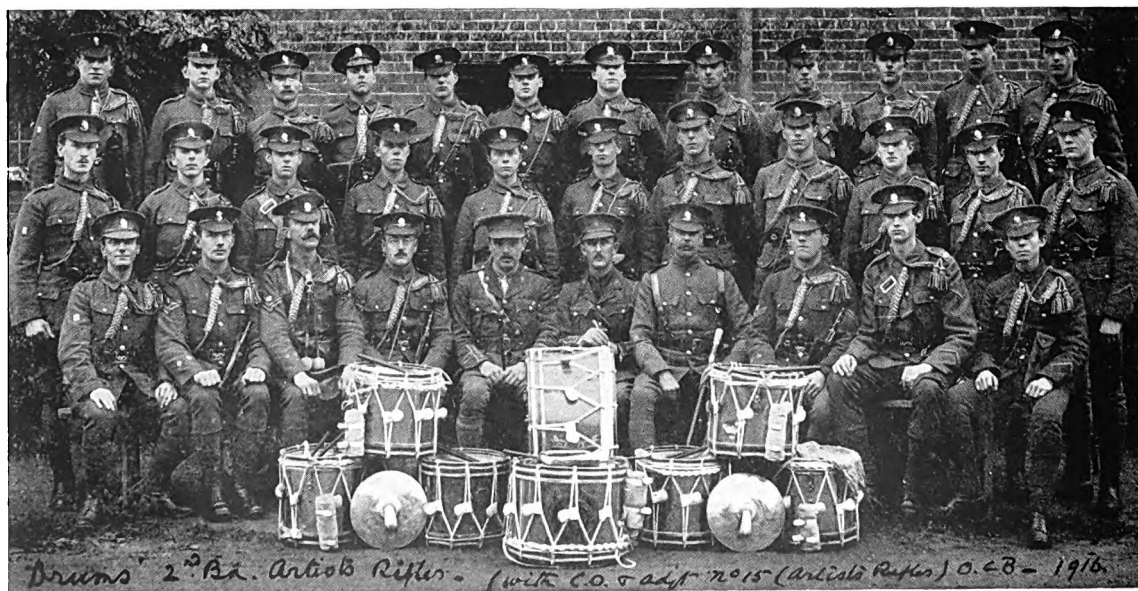


“JACK” SMITH—Q.M. Artists Rifles.

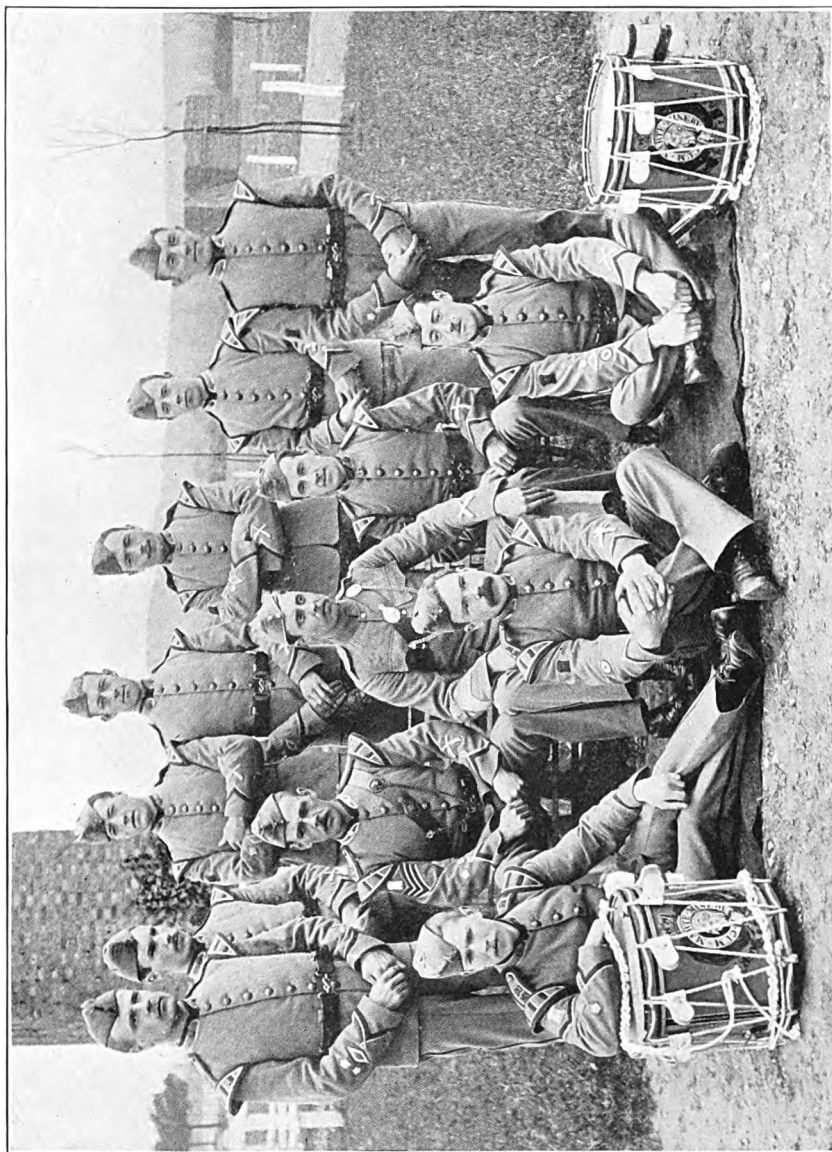


AT BAILLEUL—January, 1915

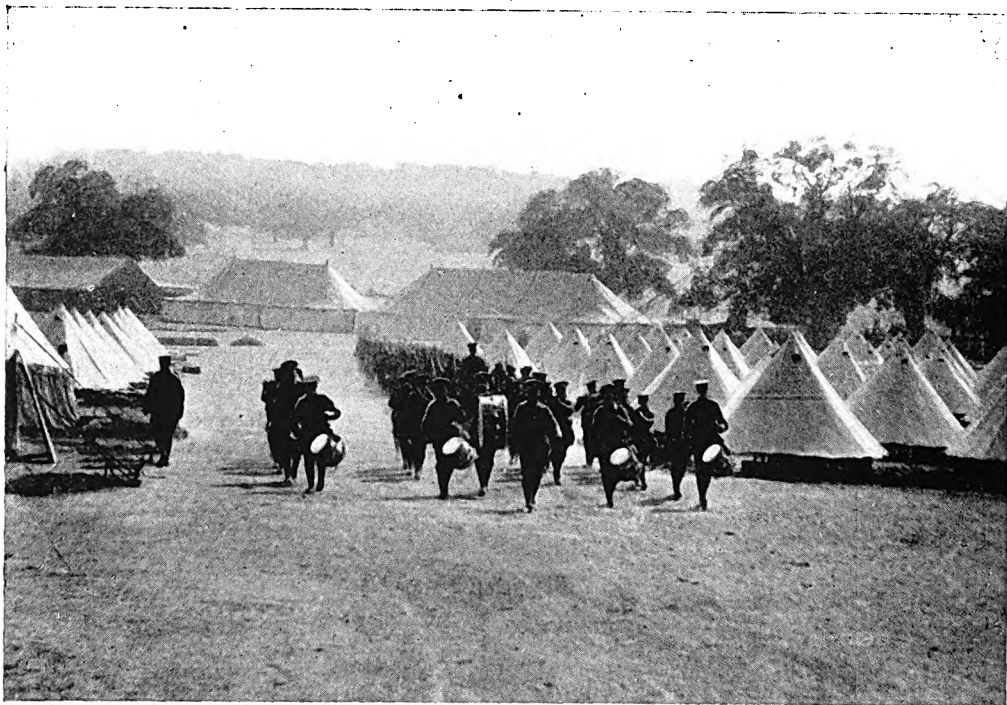
The Drums. (See Chapter XXXV)



Drummers
Sword.



GROUP OF DRUMMERS—PIRBRIGHT, 1889—"ALL MARKSMEN."



"THE DRUMS"—MARCHING INTO CAMP.

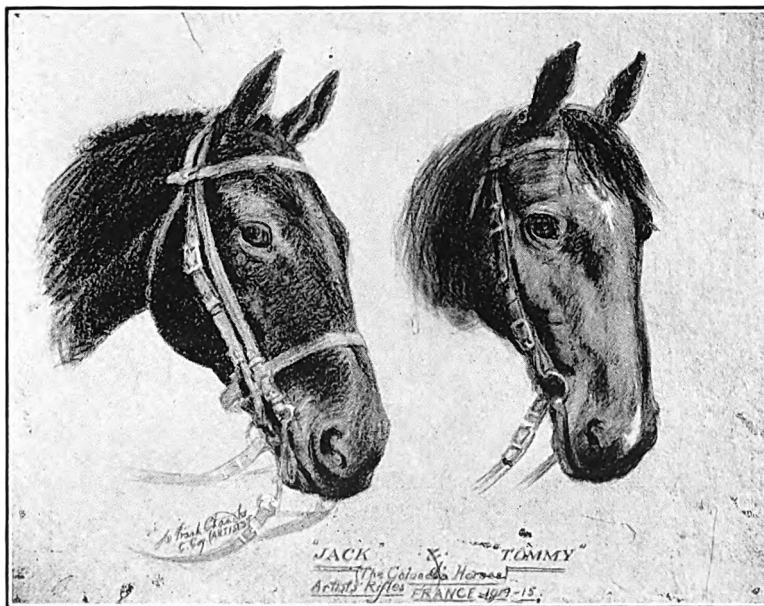


MENIN ROAD—"HELL FIRE" CORNER



YPRES.

Animals in the War (See Chapter XL)

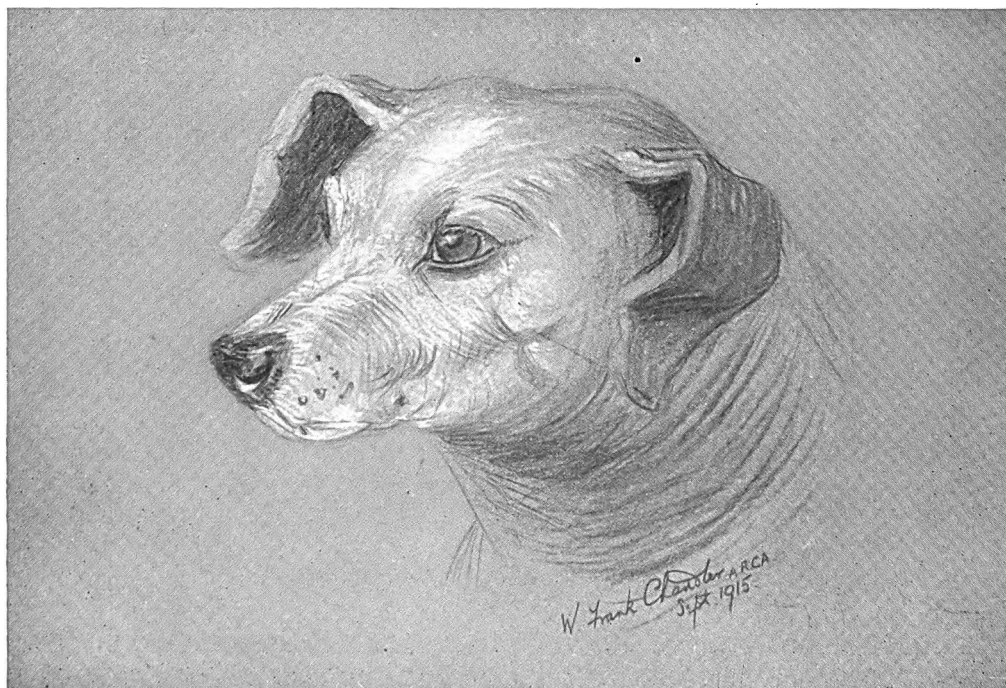


"JACK" AND "TOMMY"—The Colonel's Horses, 1914, 1915

Sketch by Private W. F. Chandler.



"LADY"—TIDWORTH, 1918. By Private W. F. Chandler.



"NAPOLEON"—FRANCE, 1915. By Private W. F. Chandler.



By 2nd/Lieut. W. Lee Hankey.

MONSIEUR "COCO"--FRANCE, 1914-1915.

The page is framed by a highly detailed, symmetrical border. At the top, a classical figure, possibly a personification of Truth or Justice, is shown in profile, wearing a helmet and holding a torch. Below this, the border is composed of various elements: on the left and right sides, there are large, crossed keys (the keys of St. Peter) set against a background of draped fabric. At the bottom, two nude female figures are depicted in a seated or kneeling position, facing each other. Between them is a large, oval-shaped object, possibly a mirror or a shield, which is also decorated with intricate patterns. The entire border is rendered in a woodcut or engraving style, with fine lines and cross-hatching for shading.

Part IV

APPENDIX

An Account of The "Artists" Memorial Service

At St. Pancras Church,

On SATURDAY, 31st MAY, 1919.

(Reprinted from "*The Artists Rifles Regimental Journal*.")

SOMEHOW we feel that no one but a woman—a woman mourning a son, a husband, or a brother—could at all adequately describe the impressive and touching ceremony that took place in St. Pancras Church on Saturday afternoon, May 31st, 1919. Women—in black—formed by far the larger part of the congregation, and the service could not possibly have carried the same appeal to a man, especially a man who has come through, as it did only too evidently to them. If it is a true saying that a man cannot understand a mother's love, more true is it that we cannot plumb the depths of the grief of a mother, a wife, a sister. Gazing at that vast congregation of black and khaki, the crape, the tense white faces, the trembling hymn-sheets, the tears bravely held back—one felt inexpressibly touched, a certain tightening at the throat. . . .

St. Pancras Church, opposite the Regimental Headquarters in Duke's Road, is one of the largest in London, but long before three o'clock it was filled. Surely not since the beginning of the War could there have been such a representative collection of Artists and their friends. Face after face one noted—old comrades not seen since 1914—now back from France, Salonica, Mesopotamia, Africa. And the old dread one felt at asking, "And how about — ?"—the fear of the usual reply. Our Roll of Honour is far too big to learn by heart.

THE SERVICE.

Before the service Major Higham (who has so often played in church for us), assisted by the band, gave beautiful renderings of Mendelssohn's Adagio, Arthur Somervell's Elegy "Killed in Action," and other music by Beethoven, Tchaikowsky, and Handel. He also hastily improvised a choir, and we noticed Glyn Walters, Tom Kinniburgh, Falkner Lee, Stanley Newman, and others of our famous singers seated by the organ in the gallery.

The service was conducted by our old and good friend the Bishop of London. In his address the Bishop said, "I would have allowed no one in the world to take this service to-day except myself." May we assure his Lordship that his wishes coincided exactly with our own, and that we should have been very sorry indeed if anything had happened to have prevented his attendance. He was assisted by the Rev. G. L. Metcalfe, Vicar of St. Pancras, and by our V.C. padre, the Rev. E. Noel Mellish, who served in the ranks of the Corps. After "For all the Saints," sung as perhaps we have never heard it before, came those wonderful sentences that begin the Burial Service, and the 23rd Psalm. The Lesson (Wisdom iii, 1-9) was read by Col. May.

"Let us remember with thanksgiving and with all honour before God and men," read the Vicar, "the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men who have been enrolled in or attached to the Artists Rifles, who have died giving their lives in the service of their

country." The whole congregation knelt in silence for several minutes—probably the most sacred moment of the afternoon. And then a hymn and the special prayers.

THE BISHOP'S SERMON.

The Bishop took for his text Matt. vi, 21, "For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Before his sermon he gave a short history of the Corps as we know it. He alluded to the speech of the Prince of Wales at the Guildhall a few days before, in which His Royal Highness had congratulated London on its Territorials and their achievements in the War.

The following figures with regard to the Artists Rifles may be of interest :—

Strength—

Mobilized	621
Since joined	14,291

Honours—

V.C.	8
D.S.O.	38
D.F.C.	12
M.C.	625
D.C.M.	3
M.M.	42
Légion d'Honneur ..	27
Mentioned	408

Commissions—

About 10,000 Artists gazetted to commissions in H.M. Army.

Casualties—

Killed ..	1,410	335	1,745
Wounded	2,670	409	3,079
Missing	418	114	532
Prisoners	256	30	186

Total .. 5,642

These figures are from the Roll of Honour printed with the Order of Service and compiled by Major Higham. (*Note.*—All these figures have had to be considerably increased from information received after the date when they were compiled.)

THE ARTISTS' GIFT.

The Bishop alluded to his special connexion with the Artists and to the service he conducted for them at the front on Good Friday, 1915. He carried with him to the pulpit the stick the Battalion presented to him at Bailleul in memory of that occasion. He also referred to the Rev. F. H. Gillingham, Vicar of Bermondsey, who was the Artists' Chaplain in France, and to the Rev. E. N. Mellish, V.C., a member of the Corps present that day. So that he felt he was speaking to them there as a friend to friends.

In an eloquent address his Lordship spoke of that most glorious of all causes for which these men of the Artists had laid down their lives. He quoted Shakespeare's noble words, put into the mouth of Henry V at Agincourt, to those "that fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day," and he said that precisely the same spirit had actuated these men killed in this greatest of all wars. Often, alas! had he spoken with widows and mothers, but never had he found one who would have wished things to be otherwise than they were at the cost of the country's honour and freedom. "Not if they had lived to one hundred could they ever have done a greater thing than they have done."

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

He spoke of the pathetic attempts, widespread these days, to get into touch with those who had gone—attempts so supererogatory for a real Christian. The latter could not but feel that in the future this period of parting, real and long as it now must seem, would appear infinitesimal in the dim vistas of time. "These brave, gallant spirits, we shall see them again." The greatest task before us all was to make the world, our own country, a better, brighter place, and more worthy of their supreme sacrifice. The old days, the old ways, must never be

allowed to reappear. One shuddered to think of what the earth would be had it not been for those whose memory we were now honouring ; and, therefore, " though with great sorrow, it is with tremendous pride that we hold our service this day."

The last hymn, with Watts's wonderful words that seem so fully in accord with any service, " O God, our help in ages past," the Bishop's Benediction, and all standing for " The Last Post "—haunting and incomplete. And then a new note of hope and the future seemed to be sounded with the Réveillé, far away in the gallery ; and the National Anthem.

It was a privilege to have been present on such an occasion ; to have joined in such a service, presided over by London's Bishop ; to have been a member of a corporate body, assembled under one roof, representing as it did comrades who have been spared, and the relatives and friends of those of us

who have gone, assembled to do all possible honour to their memory. Nothing could have better described our feelings than the Bishop's own words, " a great sorrow, but a greater pride."

Some fifteen hundred people were present, including Col. Robt. W. Edis, C.B., V.D., and Mrs. Bacon ; Col. H. A. R. May, C.B., V.D., and Mrs. May ; Col. W. C. Horsley, V.D., and Mrs. Horsley ; Lady Horsley ; Lt.-Col. C. F. H. Greenwood, D.S.O. ; Lt.-Col. H. K. E. Ostle, M.C. ; Lt.-Col. R. H. Goldthorpe, D.S.O. ; Bdier.-Gen. W. O. Leslie, C.M.G., commanding the 190th Infantry Brigade of the 63rd (R. Naval) Division, of which the 1st Battalion formed a part ; Major A. J. Davidson ; Lt.-Col. H. J. Shirley, C.M.G. ; Major C. S. de Segundo, R.A.M.C., and Mrs. de Segundo ; Capt. W. G. West ; and two V.A.D. ladies.

R. C.

An Account of The Second Reunion Dinner

(LORD FRENCH OUR GUEST),

On 22nd OCTOBER, 1920.

(Reprinted from "The Artists Rifles Regimental Journal.")

THE DINNER.

AN ENTHUSIASTIC GATHERING.

THE Second Annual Reunion Dinner of past and present members of the Corps was held on Friday, October 22nd last, at the Connaught Rooms. Col. Sir Robert W. Edis, K.B.E., C.B., V.D., was in the Chair, and Field Marshal Rt. Hon. Viscount French, K.P., G.C.B. O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., was the principal guest. He had a tremendous reception from those present. We hope sincerely he is going to honour us again.

THE SPEECHES.

For the benefit of those who could not be there we reproduce the speeches, which will be of absorbing interest to all Artists, in full.

On the call of the Chairman the toast of "The King" was given and was musically honoured.

Colonel MAY (Commanding Officer): Gentlemen, may I claim your close attention for one minute. I am going to give you a toast, the saddest but the most glorious toast I have ever had to propose.

OUR FALLEN COMRADES.

It is that of the two thousand boys and men whose faces we miss every day of our lives; the boys who paid the price, who lie abroad, scattered along the Front—on every Front where Britons have fought these last six years; the boys who died that we, as an Empire, might live. Now, if it is only for their sakes, let us build up this old Regiment afresh, put some personal service into it, and henceforth endeavour to live lives that are worthy of such example and such sacrifice. It would be the finest War Memorial that we could give them. Gentlemen, dead silence, please: "OUR FALLEN COMRADES."

The Artists Rifles and guests drank in silence to "Our Fallen Comrades."

The buglers of the Regiment then sounded the Réveillée.

THE VISITORS.

The CHAIRMAN: There is one toast that we never omit, and that is the toast of "Our Guests." We who have shown all through our lives a sense of comradeship, when we have guests wish to include them in that camaraderie. I ask you, therefore, to drink to the health of "Our Guests." I need hardly refer to Field-Marshal Lord French. (Cheers.) I need hardly say how glad we are to see him, and how great the honour is that he has conferred upon us; but if we look back to the Artists and Lord French we find that all throughout the war he has been our kindly friend, and has always appreciated what the Artists have done all throughout the great struggle. He will tell you that when they went out in 1914 they became an Officers Training Corps, and that they helped him magnificently—I think I am right in saying that word "magnificently," sir—in the work that he wished them to do. He said: "The 7th Division have lost most of their subalterns," and he asked our gallant Colonel, who now commands the Corps, what number of men he could send as officers. The answer was: "Fifty at once, and one hundred a week afterwards." That we fulfilled, and I do not think there is a regiment in the English Army—infantry, cavalry, or artillery—that has not Artists in it. I think it is a record to have done this. We have recruited enormously during the war. We have won, as you know, eight V.C.'s and over eight hundred M.C.'s, besides other decorations. But you all know what the record is. We owe enormous thanks to Lord French for the appreciation that throughout the whole of the war he has shown for the Artists; for the recognition that he gave us—that we had done well for our country, and did well for him during the strenuous time when he was the Commander-in-Chief. We owe him our thanks for the kindly courtesy that he has shown us on each and every occasion that he had to deal with us. I will read to you presently the last speech he made to the Artists before he came back in 1915, which shows the kindly way in which he recognizes the work that had been done.

THE NEW BATTALION.

We are now starting a new Artists Battalion, which I am perfectly certain every one in this

room will take up strenuously and see that by Christmas we have five hundred new Artists to begin with towards filling up the Battalion. Colonel May is in command, I am glad to say, and each individual here present must take care to do his best for him. This is my sixtieth year in the Regiment—(cheers)—and I think I have done my best to serve the Artists in every way throughout my life. The greatest honour that I have is the remembrance that I was one of those who helped to get up the Regiment, and am one of those who have served in it for over sixty years, and still remain your Honorary Colonel. (Cheers.) Lord French has shown his kindly appreciation of the work that we have done; a great officer himself, he would recognize those who worked hard for him in the time of his strenuous life as Commander-in-Chief. But I have before me his kindly words, which will not take long to read. It is an address by Sir John French to the Battalion on his leaving France, December 19th, 1915: "Officers and Men,—It is singularly appropriate, and nothing could give me greater pleasure than that your Regiment, the Artists Rifles, should be the last British troops that I shall see in France. You have done wonderful work since you came out, and you have furnished some of the finest leaders of the Army from your ranks, and in doing so you have suffered, perhaps, greater losses than any other Regiment out here. You have done great work, and I have no doubt you will continue to do so till the end of the campaign. I am very pleased that the Guard of Honour, on my leaving France, should be supplied by the Artists. I wish you Good-bye and Good Luck." These kindly words may be remembered by you all, because they show that the Regiment did its work well while under Lord French's command, and the kindly words he has written to the ARTISTS JOURNAL show how, after two or three years, he still appreciates us, and recognizes that we are a good Corps, and a Corps that may be relied upon on every occasion.

THE HON. COLONEL.

The Artists have always done their work magnificently, as I know right well. Their discipline has always been good. They have always shown initiative, and whenever they have put their hand to work they have done it well; and as their Colonel, in active Command for over twenty years, I know well how they do it. I am proud to be at this moment your Honorary Colonel; I am proud to be here to propose the health of our guests, and I am proud of your confidence in placing me this evening in the Chair.

OTHER FRIENDS.

In addition to Lord French we have with us this evening Major-General Sir Nevill Smyth, V.C., who commands the 2nd London Division; Colonel Kentish, D.S.O., a very old friend of the Corps; Colonel C. W. MacDowell, the Organizing Secretary of the Officers' Association; and I can only say, if any of you like to do what I have done and become a life member and subscribe the necessary funds, I hope you will do so. Then we have Brigadier-General Turner, an old Artist,

and also Captain Rees, the Secretary of the Royal Military Tournament, and an old friend of the Corps. I am sorry that General Romer has not been able to be here to-day, nor Sir H. Wilson, of the Royal Colonial Institute, who has done so much to help us in starting our men out in the Colonies. Gentlemen, I give you the health of "Our Guests," coupled with the name of Field Marshal Lord French, late Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in France.

The toast was enthusiastically received and accorded musical honours

THE GUEST OF THE EVENING.

LORD FRENCH: Artists, in thanking you on behalf of myself and the guests who are present for the extremely kind words which fell from you, Sir Robert Edis, and for the extremely kind and enthusiastic way in which you were kind enough to receive the toast, let me assure you that I feel I am only saying what they would wish me to say when I mention that it has given us all the greatest possible pleasure to sit down with you here to-night, and to be present on this most interesting occasion. Speaking for myself, it really puts things back at least six years as regards age, and I do not know how many years in regard to rejuvenation. I shall never, never forget the first visit which I paid to the Artists Corps after they landed in France, or the wonderful impression which they left on my mind of the possibilities which were in that Corps of furnishing a want which was so terrible to all of us at that time, the supply of officers. Of course, I knew perfectly well that before the war you had been one of those Corps which were selected as Officers Training Corps, but it was not that really that influenced me in trying the experiment I had to try. It was the appreciation I had of the splendid material of which I saw you were composed, and of the marked aptitude of Colonel May and those who helped him for organizing and commanding such a Corps. Just at the period I am speaking of we had suffered a most terrible loss, and the proportion of losses in officers was higher than in any other rank, and it was going on every day. I was really positively at my wits' end, suffering almost agony, to know where I could get officer reinforcements. You all know how any fighting force must deteriorate, and deteriorate badly, unless this supply of officers is kept up properly and regularly.

THE ARTISTS HELP.

Well, in this terrible trouble and difficulty the Artists Corps came to my help, and I shall never forget as long as I live the courage, the determination, the skill, and the organizing power which they displayed in trying to meet my wishes. By day and by night, almost under the enemy's guns, and very often under close rifle-fire in the trenches, they commenced, they carried on, and they developed this work to the very highest standard of efficiency, and they showed very clearly what men of energy and skill could do in this direction when they knew how. They taught us, indeed, a very great lesson, among the

many lessons which we had to learn in the war, which all we regular soldiers had to learn. We never knew what the possibilities were before. We used to talk about it taking two years to train an artillery driver, and, above all things, we said we could not turn out officers under a certain considerable length of time. Well, the Artists Corps showed us we made a mistake there, because they turned out a most efficient body of officers, and kept up everything they said they would. From that moment the Artists Corps became the model for and an example to that large number of training establishments all over France, which to the end of the war turned out officers with the utmost speed and the utmost efficiency. What they suffered in doing it is recorded in this book which I now hold in my hand (Artist Rifles Regimental Roll of Honour, 1914-1918). What the Corps suffered we were reminded of just now when we drank that toast which, I am sure, to all of us was a sacred one; and I may recall at this moment, without frivolity, the fact that these boys, all of them, looked death straight in the face, laughing and smiling, and the Artists Corps earned the name at that time, the soubriquet of the Suicide Club. That, perhaps, is the highest honour that could be paid to them.

THE T.F. GENERALLY.

I turn now from the happy memories of what you did yourselves to the splendid, magnificent rôle that was played by the Territorial Army to which you belong. Now, the Territorials, in their original organization, were never intended for service overseas at all, and the call to go came to them absolutely like a bolt from the blue. They were quite different in this respect from the other organizations. The Regular Army went out to fulfil their life's purpose, and simply to put into practice those great lessons which they had learned year in and year out. The new armies were enlisted with the full knowledge of everything before them, and of what they were required to do; but I do not think the nation has really understood and appreciated what that call meant to the Territorial Army—the suddenness of the call, the nature of the call, the absolute necessity we were in of getting on at all costs, and the splendid answer they made. If people really appreciated that, perhaps they would give the Territorial Army more credit than they do now, and I am sure they deserve it. It is not too much to say that in the months of September and October, 1914, practically the fate of the Army depended upon the answer the Territorials were going to give to that call. We had to have reinforcements, we were wanting them badly, and the Territorials were the only people from whom we could look for reinforcements. They were absolutely necessary to hold that thin ragged line which alone stood between the Germans and the Channel ports in that terrible winter of 1914. Officers and men alike were asked to leave everything that was dear to them in life without any preparation. Everybody else had made preparations, and had had time to make preparations, but the Territorials had not, they went away from their homes and businesses and everything they held dear in life,

and put themselves into the breach for their country's salvation. There was no time for preparation, there was hardly any time for thought. Well, then, we all know the glorious answer they made, and I can only hope and trust that when the faithful history of this great world-wide war is written, read, known and understood, this splendid devotion that was shown by the Territorial Army will shine forth in its pages with no uncertain light, and will shed a ray of glory over them.

THE FUTURE.

I am not in the secrets of those whose duty it is to maintain and organize the armies of the future. In the work in which I have been engaged during the last two or three years I have not been able to keep that close touch with Imperial affairs I had done before; but I know, and I believe, that a fitting and honourable place is given to the Territorial Army in that organization. I know perfectly well all that Mr. Churchill, the Secretary of State for War, and Sir Henry Wilson, the Chief of the Staff, think of the work done by the Territorials, because the Chief of the Staff was with me, close beside me, during all that time I have been speaking of, that latter part of 1914, and he knows all that has been done. Well, whatever happens, there is one reward you must always have, and that is, the knowledge that, having proved what you can do, having proved what you are, you have the full and entire confidence of your countrymen that you are able to fulfil, and well fulfil, any task which may be put upon you. In the name of the guests, Sir Robert Edis, I wish to thank you with all my heart for the kind invitation which you have given us to be present here to-night, and I wish to say what great pleasure it has given us to be here in your midst. For myself, I shall follow with the deepest and most devoted interest the welfare and the progress of the Artists Corps as long as I live, and as long as I live I shall never, never forget the deep debt of gratitude under which they placed me. I ask your leave, Sir Robert Edis, to propose a toast before I sit down. I am sure I am only voicing the feelings of my fellow guests when I ask them to raise their glasses and to drink with me long life, health, and prosperity, and evermore glory to the Artists Corps, and I couple with that toast the name of Colonel May, their gallant and distinguished Commanding Officer.

The toast was enthusiastically honoured by the guests.

THE C.O.'s SPEECH.

Colonel MAY: Gentlemen, once again—and for all I know the last time—I have the honour of being asked to respond for the old Corps. It has always been a tremendous honour to be coupled with this toast, but on this occasion it is an additional honour, because the toast has been proposed by the Commander-in-Chief of the biggest army England has ever produced, in the biggest war she has ever been engaged in, and during the most critical period of that war, by a man who saved the British Empire—(cheers)—

and a man who has earned the gratitude of every man, woman, and child, and conscientious objector—(laughter)—in the whole kingdom. (Cheers.) But it is not only his greatness as a Military Commander that appeals to me. What appeals to me most, and I believe to you also, is the personal kindness which we have always received from this great soldier on every occasion in which we have come in contact with him. (Cheers.) You recollect, or many of you must, his kindness to us when we first arrived at St. Omer. Fancy, a Commander-in-Chief, with the responsibility he had, finding time to come and welcome a Territorial Battalion on their new arrival in France, and to walk round and talk to the men. He did not want them on parade: "Just let us have a talk with them." I took him round, I even took him to see the cooks—you know the lot that edited the periodical called "Dicksey Scrapings": they didn't look very classy, but they looked like cooks who knew their job, and I am glad he saw them, because we have never claimed superiority on account of class. We claim superiority—no, I won't say superiority, but equality—with any Territorial Regiment in the kingdom in cooking, shooting, marching, or any other military job you like to mention. Lord French had a word or two for all, and that is why, when he proposes the toast, I feel it such a tremendous honour to respond.

RECRUITS.

Now, the Artists Rifles have been resuscitated—at least, they are being resuscitated at the present moment. We have got our conditions settled at last, and after doing various jobs—I believe we were sailors part of our time—we have come back to our home, to the 2nd London Division, and we have now been reconstituted. Your Headquarters have been repaired and cleaned, and are ready and are waiting for you to take possession. Your permanent staff is very nearly complete. Most of you know the Adjutant. He is a white man. You don't yet know your Quartermaster, but I may tell you that he comes from the D.C.L.I., and was with them when they were brigaded with us down at the old Minster Camp, so you know he is all right. He is here to-night, so make his acquaintance; you will find him one of the very best. We have got a Sergeant-Major from the same Regiment that produced Hawksford, Townsend, "Tottie," Turner, and "Puffy" Lock. Well, if he comes up to that standard we shall be well satisfied with him. Your team of officers is complete, or, at least, so nearly complete that I do not want any more recommendations—they will form as good a team as the Artists have ever produced. What we want now is N.C.O.'s and men. Now, the strength of the Artists Rifles has always been in its rank and file. Don't forget that it was the young men of the ranks who made the reputation of the Artists during the war. I want first of all 150 or 200 tip-top recruits. I do not want more in the first year; we cannot masticate more in a year, not properly. Next, our strength being 700, I want 500 of the good old stock to come in and create the atmosphere, and show the recruits what to do. When I have got 500 old Artists and 200 good recruits you may consider

yourselves resuscitated. Then as to the N.C.O.'s. There ought to be no difficulty in getting 40 Sergeants, or thereabouts, and 40 Corporals, out of the mass of good material we have got.

A FEW DEEDS OF THE GREAT WAR.

As you know, we are now printing our Roll of Honour, and in it we are printing the "deeds" that have been done by the Artists on every Front, and practically in every battle, by the 815 of our young men who have won a Military Cross. Let me read you the sort of thing, if I may detain you for one moment. Here is a young man, "though twice wounded and streaming with blood, he continued to lead in the advance, and not until the trench was firmly in our hands did he allow himself to be taken to the dressing-station." That was a young officer in the Grenadier Guards; I recollect him, he was formerly our mess waiter at St. Omer. You remember him, I am sure—young Cornish! (Cheers.) Here is another one—I am taking them haphazard—by a young officer in the H.L.I.: "For most conspicuous gallantry and initiative during operations. On reaching his objective he discovered a pocket of the enemy holding a sunken road. He rushed forward with one N.C.O., killed two of the enemy, and captured thirty; six machine-guns were found in the road, and but for his dash and courage a dangerous situation would have arisen." That was done by a young man named Gibbs—you recollect him—"H" Company's cook! (Cheers.) Here is a young man in the Artillery who, "at great personal risk, extinguished a burning ammunition dump." Well, now, candidly, if I saw a burning ammunition dump, I should run like blazes. "His promptitude and fearlessness saved several hundred rounds of ammunition, and many lives as well." That is a young boy who used to sing to us: Gill is his name. (Cheers.)

AN HONOURED NAME.

Here is another young man who, when in our 1st Battalion, "displayed most gallant leadership, capturing more than 200 prisoners in the Canal, and then reorganizing, pushed on, led his company to their objective, inspiring his men by his utter disregard for danger, continuing to set a splendid example until wounded a short while afterwards." That young man is named Goacher! (Cheers.) I will give you one more example; a young man who had already won one M.C. and then lived to get his bar. He was at first in the Gordon Highlanders, and then went on to the Flying Corps; he "brought down completely out of control three hostile machines"—this one boy—"and of two others which he engaged, one he fought to within a distance of 200 feet of the ground, forcing it to land, and the second spinning down to the ground out of control"—five accounted for! "He carried out accurate and valuable reconnaissance, and set a magnificent example of determined gallantry and skill." We ought to know his name in this Regiment: the name of that youth is Horsley. (Cheers.) Now, assuming that it takes me only one minute to read each one, I want you to realize that to read all the deeds by which the

815 M.C.'s were won by old Artists, at one minute each would take me something like fourteen hours of continuous reading, and to read the deeds of all the 1900 decorations, including our eight V.C.'s, would take something over thirty hours—at one minute each! Don't be afraid I am not going to read them to you to-night, but I hope you will read them yourselves, and that, when you get your copy of the Roll of Honour, you will look through those names—they are the most inspiring reading that I have ever come across. Well, now, as I told you, there ought not to be any difficulty in getting 40 Sergeants and 40 Corporals with such material at our disposal. My difficulty is rather a different one; how am I going to choose only 40 men of each rank without passing over a lot of absolutely splendid material, and hearing good men complain and say, "He apparently does not want me"? Well, now, I cannot help or avoid making mistakes, and I hope you will forgive me, and realize that I have got a difficult job, and that I am doing my best.

PETER.

I should like, if I may, to mention one other name which is in the minds of many of us on this occasion. We trained our first batch of young officers in France in the most critical early days, and we have heard what the Field-Marshal thinks of them. They were not one whit worse than those who became officers after far longer training towards the end of the war—indeed, we produced some of our very best boys in those early days; but I can never think of the training of those early young officers without recalling to mind the name of that splendid man who was not only a first-rate soldier, but who had such a splendid influence over these boys, who used to come and talk to me about weak cases, and how he could best help them to qualify. One of the finest men ever created—you know whom I mean—our late Sergeant-Major, dear old Peter Emslie. (Cheers.)

A PARABLE FROM THE LAW.

Now, gentlemen, as I said just now, I hope you will forgive me if I make mistakes, and that you will not show me any ill-will if you think you are passed over. May I, in conclusion, mention a story that some of you may have heard before. It is about a distinguished judge who had to try a partnership dispute, a most intricate case, between two very cantankerous partners who

had fallen out. He patiently listened to the case all day, and tried to reconcile the two men, but they would not be reconciled. Then, in the end, he was driven to give his judgment. He gave the usual sort of judgment—the kind which very much pleases one litigant and very much disgusts the other. After the case was over he retired and took off his robes, and, unrecognized, he mixed with the crowds outside the court. There he ran across a crowd to whom the disappointed litigant was holding forth on his grievances. His friends were trying to pacify him, and reminded him of what the judge had said; whereupon he said, in his wrath: "The judge—the judge is a b—y fool." "Yes, I know he is a b—y fool," said one of his friends, "but still, I think he did his best." In his memoirs the judge says: "A good inscription for my tombstone, 'A b—y fool, but did his best.'" (Laughter.) Now, gentlemen, I am quite sure that none of you would ever say that your Commanding Officer is what a lady in the police court called "A fool with a bright red spot in front of him." I am sure you would never say that, and I hope you will never think it; but should you ever feel inclined in your disappointment to think that your Commanding Officer was a fool with a bright red spot, I shall not mind—in fact, I will even sympathize with you on one condition, and that is, that you add: "But he had a very difficult and an invidious task, and I think the poor devil honestly did his best." (Cheers.)

The menu was an excellent one, with "trimmings" by Strube, C. Ambler, and Tom Purvis. Alfred Leete designed the frontispiece. We liked his coy Minerva, and the badge of rank on Mars—vaccination marks!

The Regimental Band—a revelation to most of us—gave an excellent programme of music, and Mr. A. J. Pearce, the Bandmaster, is to be congratulated, as are also the Dinner Committee and Stewards for the entire success of a truly wonderful Reunion.

P. L. LEIGH-BREESE.

An Account of The Unveiling of the Permanent War Memorial at H.Q.

On the 12th JULY, 1921.

(Reprinted from "The Artists Rifles Regimental Journal.")

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION.

—
"Then hold your head up all the more
Because he was the son you bore."

(Rudyard Kipling).

THE Artists' Drill Hall can never have witnessed a more touching or a more impressive scene than that enacted within its walls on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 12th, when the oak panels containing in golden letters the names of the 2,003 of our comrades, who gave up their lives during the War, were unveiled by our old Commander and friend, Lord French, and dedicated by one, equally loved and admired, the Bishop of London. It was as fitting and appropriate that the former, who never misses an opportunity of stating, publicly, his (and the country's) obligation to the Corps, should have performed the first ceremony as that the latter, for whom the Artists, in addition to the feelings that we Londoners share, have a very special regard, should have carried out the second. When we think of the past we realise at once that there could have been none other than these two to have honoured the memory of our dead, and to have honoured the Regiment and ourselves as they did so graciously and so eloquently on this occasion. A guard of honour was present outside the Drill Hall to receive Lord French, and inside, posted in front of the Memorial, was a small guard

composed of men who all had distinguished records as officers during the war, and have now re-enlisted as privates.

COLONEL MAY'S SPEECH.

In an introductory statement, Colonel MAY said :—

We have met together in this old Drill Hall to do honour to our young men who were killed in the war and to unveil and dedicate our "Permanent War Memorial." If you will refer to the note, on the back of the paper you hold, you will see some particulars of the Artists Rifles. They were founded in 1859, and for nearly 60 years successive generations of young men voluntarily submitted themselves to training in Military work in case the country should some day require their services in a military capacity. That day, as you know, arrived in 1914. On August 4th, the day war was declared, this Regiment mobilized for Active Service. On the same night the Artists Rifles (then less than 700 strong) were carrying out important duties all over London. They were immediately brought up to strength by past members rejoining, and were one of the first of Territorial Battalions to be sent abroad. They left England for France in October, 1914, and on arrival in France, the men in the ranks were used as a first reserve of officers for the grand old British Expeditionary Force which had suffered appalling casualties, and had a pressing need for more officers, and we shall always feel intensely proud that the first reserve to replace the terrible wastage of young officers in this splendid force was supplied from the ranks of the Artists Rifles. The training and supplying of young officers (from our ranks) was then given to us as our chief job in the war (though we had many others) and from then till the end of the war, this Regiment supplied officers of every kind, to every branch of the service, some to every Regular Infantry Regiment in the British Army, and by these officers the Corps has been represented on every front and in every battle. During the latter half of the war, when the supply of officers became less urgent, we also placed and maintained a battalion in the line, and some of the best men the Corps has ever produced served throughout the war as Sergeants, or N.C.O.'s or as Privates.

THE ARTISTS' RECORD.

During the war over 15,000 men served in the Regiment, and it has supplied altogether over 10,000 officers to the British Army. More than 1,900 members have received decorations, including eight V.C.'s, 48 D.S.O.'s, 819 M.C.'s, 23 D.F.C.'s, and a host of others. The casualties have considerably exceeded 5,000, and 2,003 Artists have given their lives in the defence of their country—the 2,003 whom we to-day commemorate.

Many of those who have died have left persons dependant upon them, and some of such dependants are in urgent need of assistance, so our principal War Memorial has taken the form of assisting in every way we can (financially and otherwise) such of the widows, mothers, children and dependants of the men who fell as need assistance, and also in helping such of our comrades as have been disabled or ruined by the war. We believe that this kind of assistance would be the first desire of our comrades who have died; but we also felt that some more permanent Memorial to them should be erected; so a small part of the funds subscribed, approximately one-twentieth, has been set aside for this purpose, and the question arose as to what kind of "Permanent Memorial" we should erect? In this Regiment it has always been esteemed a high honour to have one's name painted up in this old Hall. Look along the wall opposite and you will find a mass of names of men who have, from 1882 and onwards, proved themselves Champions in various forms of Skill-at-arms—not merely Champions in this Regiment but Champions in the whole Territorial Force, in many cases in the whole of the British Army and Navy, and in some cases as representing the Motherland, in International contests. It is a wonderful record, but the honour of winning such Championships has not been deemed by these men a higher honour than the honour of having their names inscribed in this old Hall. So to honour our young men who fell in the war, and as a Permanent Memorial for them, we determined to have their names painted up, on this side of our Hall, in letters of gold; and to make the honour greater we determined to place above these names the Crest of the Regiment for which we all feel such a reverence; and their honour is to be made even greater by the kindness of Earl French, the Commander under whom they served in France—the Great Soldier and Commander-in-Chief of the biggest Army Britain, in her history, has ever produced, who yet retains a warm corner in his heart for the men and boys of this Territorial Regiment who served immediately under his command in those strenuous early days and who has most kindly come here to-day to unveil our War Memorial for us—and, as a crowning honour, the Bishop of London, *our* Bishop, who, in the midst of his pressing duties at home, yet found time to visit us in France and talk to us in the Holy Week of 1915, and who has again found time to come here to-day to dedicate our War Memorial. It is impossible for me to express on behalf of the past and present members of this Regiment how greatly we appreciate the kindness of these two distinguished men, and good and valued friends of the Regiment, in

coming here to-day on this great but sad occasion, or how grateful we feel to them, or how much we thank them for their kindness.

TWO CALLS.

In the course of our ceremony to-day you will hear two Bugle Calls. The first is *The Last Post*, the last call the soldier hears in the day, telling him that his day's work is finished, and that the time has come for him to rest and sleep. We sound that call in honour of our comrades whose work is at an end and whose time for rest has come. But later on in the ceremony you will hear another call, *The Réveillée*, the soldier's first call in the day which rouses him from his bed and proclaims that a new day's work is before him, waiting for him to start upon without delay. We sound *The Réveillée* as a help to ourselves to remind us that however long or dark the night has been—it is over. We are now being summoned to do a new day's work, of a different kind, for our country, and may we be inspired to carry out this new day's work which now lies before us—patriotically and unselfishly, and in such a manner as these boys carried out their day's work in France, and in a manner worthy of the great example which they have shown us—as they would have performed it—and be inspired to live hereafter lives worthy of the example of these 2,003 young men and boys who died for us that we as an Empire might live. I will now ask Lord French to say a few words to you and then to unveil our War Memorial for us.

THE C-I-C.

Field-Marshal Earl FRENCH said :—

It gave him great pleasure to accept the invitation of Colonel May and the Artists Rifles to be present that day and to join them in paying that last tribute of honour and of affection to those of their comrades who had fallen in carrying out their splendid and glorious work, and for which this distinguished Regiment would always be remembered. He recollected attending their Annual Dinner last October, and some of them would remember him telling them all about that work, and expressing his deep appreciation of it. Of the intense value it was to him as Commander-in-Chief, when labouring under the terrible anxiety of the paucity of officers, of how they helped him and of the valuable work they did. He now came amongst them for the purpose of unveiling tablets which would perpetuate the memory of those who had fallen. Colonel May had told them not less than 2,003 names were inscribed on those tablets. Each one of these had friends or relatives who mourned for them. They, their comrades who were left, knew quite well how their memory would always be stored up in their hearts. If they wished to be true to themselves and true to them they must try to analyse their minds and thoughts in such a way as to be quite sure that they held their memory in reality and in truth.

CHANGED FEELINGS.

Since the war ended he had attended more than one of those commemorative ceremonies, and one great thought had impressed itself upon

his mind, viz., the contrast which existed between the state of their feelings now and when they were actually waging the war. An atmosphere of heat, of bitterness, of revenge, the desire to kill inevitably filled their minds at that time. Let them compare those feelings with the sacred, solemn environment of that scene in which they were taking part. It was not that their grief was any the less than it had been. It was as deep as ever, but the violence, the hatred, the revenge had gone out of it, and changed to a solemn hallowed feeling for their comrades. What had caused that change? If they could think of them as unhappy or lost for ever in the silence of the grave, he did not think their thoughts would change in that way. Was it not that they felt their comrades had never left them at all, and that they were very close in spirit when they thought of them? "If we love those we lose, we cannot altogether lose those we love."

THE ARTISTS' SCHOOL.

Perhaps they had never lost them at all, and perhaps their spiritual presence had brought about the great change. No finer example of devotion to duty was ever given than that by the young men of the Artists Rifles. Their role was to fill the gaps made in the junior commissioned ranks of the Army, and it was very well-known that the casualties there were relatively far greater than anywhere else. He well remembered how they came up smiling, cheerful and happy, and even wondering how long they would last. Before commencing that work they had to undergo some very severe training, carried out under the enemy's artillery and rifle fire, and some of those whose names were on the tablets were casualties incurred while that training was going on. Had such a marvellous school of training ever been seen in the annals of war? He thought not. The Artists Rifles set an example to the whole of the British Army in France; other training schools were started, and it was the example of this gallant regiment which they followed. Like all Territorial soldiers these men were called with lightning suddenness, but without a moment's hesitation they gave up everything. They rallied to the country when the country was in danger. If duty to God, King and Country was ever nobly performed it was performed by these men, and if faith unto death was rewarded by eternal rest and peace there was no doubt that they had it.

THE BISHOP.

He could not conclude without saying what deep pleasure it gave him to be present with the Lord Bishop of London. They all knew what a deep interest his Lordship took in soldiers, and especially in Territorials. He remembered the time when he used to come into camp as Chaplain of a Territorial Battalion. Colonel May had also referred to his Lordship's visit to the front which no one remembered better than he (Lord French) did. He remembered how indefatigable he was, never sparing himself night or day, going to the trenches and comforting the men; also the personal help afforded to himself in that trying time. He could never be too grateful to him for it.

Lord French then unveiled the Memorial, the Guard presenting arms, and the buglers sounding "The Last Post." The Centre-piece, a photograph of which we publish as a frontispiece in this issue, contains the following words:

ARTISTS RIFLES.

*In memory of our comrades who gave their
lives for their country, 1914-1919.*

Colonel H. J. SHIRLEY, C.M.G., T.D., the C.O., then placed a laurel wreath at the foot of the Memorial on behalf of the Officers and Men of the Regiment—the first of many beautiful wreaths since brought to H.Q.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

The Bishop of London, who carried with him the stick presented to him by the Regiment in France (which he took with him to the pulpit in St. Pancras Church at the Memorial Service in 1919), remarked:—

That it was a great comfort to him to know that his visit to the front had been a help to Lord French at that difficult and trying time. Lord French's courage and faith never failed for one moment.

THREE THOUGHTS.

His Lordship asked those present to take away the thought that they would see those boys again. Death could not touch them, and they were always with them in spirit.

Three words were ringing in their hearts and minds: gratitude, pride and determination. Gratitude to their leaders, to the great soldier who was with them that day, gratitude to their brave comrades, and gratitude to God. He had always felt certain that God would never let wrong triumph. Then they must have pride in their country, pride in their Regiment and pride in the splendid comrades who died by their side. Pride in the women who threw themselves with magnificent courage into the conflict. And, lastly, they must have determination to be worthy of their comrades who died for them. He did not believe it was going to be a worse world. But they had all to work together with a determination to "win the peace" as they had won the war. He prayed that they might go out from there not only with gratitude and pride, but with a determination that they each of them would have a better world than existed before the war. They had got to work for it; to keep their standard among nations, and have the spirit of Jesus Christ, the only spirit which could enable them to live at peace with one another. Then these 2,000 men would not have died in vain.

THE DEDICATION.

His Lordship then dedicated the Memorial in these words :—

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we dedicate this Memorial to the Glory of God, and in memory of the men who served in the Artists Rifles, and who laid down their lives in the Great War.

A prayer was then said by our Padre, the Rev. G. L. Davey, C.F., as follows :

O God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who gave Himself a ransom for many and laid down his life for others, we remember before Thee with thanksgiving all Thy servants who have fought and fallen for the honour of their country, and especially those men of the Artists Rifles, whose obedience unto death we commemorate this day. Have them, we beseech Thee, in Thy holy keeping, that while their bodies lie in the dust their souls may be with Thee. Grant to them, and to us and all the faithful, a merciful judgment at the last, and make us all glad with the joy of Thy countenance in the Eternal day ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Then followed a prayer by one of our V.C.'s, the Rev. Noel Mellish, V.C., as follows :—

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst for us endure the Cross, and didst thereby redeem us unto God, grant unto us that, saved by so great a deliverance, we may take up our cross and follow Thee in patience and all humility of mind. Look upon us and upon this land for which our brethren strove and died, and pour out upon us the spirit of love and service and goodwill, that we may bear one another's burdens and may so fulfil Thy Law that our lives may be well pleasing in Thy sight, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost, ever one God, world without end. Amen.

RÉVEILLÉ.

A new note was then struck by the Buglers sounding *The Réveillé*, and by the singing by all (led by the choir) to a wonderful setting of the following most beautiful words by J. S. Arkwright. They were new to us, probably to many, but in any case they should be written down here :—

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE.

O valiant Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict, and through battle-flame ;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar ;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade ;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands his Cross from that dread hour to this,
Like some bright star above the dark abyss ;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God :

Victor He rose, victorious too shall rise,
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and whose Staff has led—

In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

Followed the National Anthem and the Bishop's Blessing, after which the many hundreds of relatives and friends present filed past the Memorial each eager to see the name (in some cases, alas, two and even three) and in many instances leaving wreaths and flowers at the foot.

THE CEREMONY.

So far as the word is applicable to an occasion so fraught with thoughts of the past and consequent sadness, the ceremony was an undoubted success. The right note was struck—the correct atmosphere created. And may we be permitted an observation here. One comes to these events, and one leaves thinking “ what a beautiful ceremony ” and so on. But these things do not simply happen. Hours of thought, and work, and arranging, had been devoted by those responsible

They probably would not wish their names mentioned, but we would not like to leave this account incomplete, with no reference to them. All concerned, relatives, friends, and the Bat-

talion, are grateful to them. And grateful, too, to those who took chief part in the ceremony—to Lord French for his noble and eloquent tribute to the old Corps, and for his words of sympathy to the bereaved; to the Bishop who so well and subtly introduced the atmosphere of *comfort* and sent away those hundreds of Artists' people and friends, not depressed, but consoled and uplifted and reconciled. "Don't you be afraid," he said, "we shall see these boys again"; and who courageously spoke those words as to the future of ourselves and the Empire which so badly need saying in these present times; how we should strive to try and be worthy of the great sacrifices we were there to commemorate; also to Colonel May, who put the case of the Artists Rifles, and of those who had gone, so clearly and sincerely; to Colonel Shirley; to the two Padres; and to Messrs. Turner, Drewry, Cowell and many others. The excellent musical arrangements were under the direction of Major Higham and Corporal H. Ralph, many famous Artist singers being members of the choir.

THOSE PRESENT.

It is impossible to keep a nominal roll on such an occasion but in addition to those already mentioned we noticed:

Busk, Sir Edward (Former Major); Hurlsey, Col. W. C. (Hon. Col.); Lewis, Col. F. G. (Commandant of the 4th London Infantry Brigade); Metcalfe, Rev. E. L. (Vicar, St. Pancras); Shirley, Mrs. W. and Miss; Webb, Sir Aston, P.R.A., and representatives of the Artists' V.A.D., and Artists representing all companies and battalions and ages.

THE PLACE OF THE MEMORIAL.

We think that at one time opinions to the contrary were expressed but in our view there can be no doubt that Duke's Road is the *one place* for the Permanent Memorial. Many more sacred and solemn repositories could doubtless have been selected, but what more fitting spot is there for the written record of those of us who gave up their lives during the stress of war than the old Drill Hall where Artists, and (we hope) many thousands of future Artists will carry out their military training, their School of Arms work, and their play. They died in the everyday turmoil of war and their names will live on, not in some hallowed and infrequently visited building, but in the everyday life and toil of the Artists' training ground, where surely they will be, in the times to come, a perpetual reminder of great sacrifice, an encouragement, an example to be followed always, a constant help, and a noble inspiration to all Artists for ever.

R. C.

An Account of The Third Reunion Dinner

(PRESENTATION OF CASKET TO COL. MAY).

On the 21st OCTOBER, 1921.

(Reprinted from "The Artists Rifles Regimental Journal.")

COL. Horsley, our Hon. Colonel, in his best form, urbane and *bienséant* as ever, presided at the Annual Dinner of the Artists, past and present, on the 21st October, at the Connaught Rooms. Nearly 400 were present and the keenest appreciation was shown of this yearly opportunity of renewing, if only during a short evening, old and valued friendships. The seating arrangements by old Companies best enables this to be done; and it is remarkable what a deal of tact and quite inside knowledge was displayed by the Committee in their decisions as to who was to sit next to whom. Following precedent there was no entertainment, and the whole evening was given up to talk, formal and otherwise.

COLONEL MAY.

The opportunity was taken of presenting our late C.O. with a little gift on the occasion of his severing active (that is, officially active) connection with the Artists, after very nearly 40 years of volunteering, territorialing and war. It is difficult to write anything fresh about Colonel May and all he did for the Corps. We should want the pen, reversed, of a Maxse. The dinner committee, always well inspired, showed positive genius in selecting, as representing the mass of young Artists who did so magnificently by the Country and by the Corps in the late war, Capt. F. Paul Bennett, V.C., M.C., to make the presentation to Colonel May. His speech was a distinct hit. Modest (he never once referred to himself), clear, sufficiently loud to be heard everywhere, well phrased—the

right word always in the right place—he was first-rate. We understand Capt. Bennett is, or shortly will be, at the Bar. We hope to live to record the addition of "L," as well as V. and M., C., to the letters after his name.

BENNETT, V.C.

After the Chairman had proposed the health of His Majesty and "Our Fallen Comrades," Capt. Bennett said:—

It is my honour and privilege to-night to pay some small tribute to one who has perhaps done more than any other to make the name of our Regiment a household word throughout, not only the Army, but the whole nation. I am in a difficult position in that I realize that so many of you here to-night are far more competent to undertake this pleasant task than myself. I am a very junior Artist. But I see here many bearers of great Artist names who for years have carried on the traditions and aspirations of our Regiment, of which we are all so proud. When war broke out I need not remind you the Territorial Army was an unknown quantity, an untried force. It was flung into the furnace and emerged a triumphantly tried and well-tempered machine and it is not too much to say that at one period early in the war it saved the situation. The nation has you to thank, Sir, you and your fellow enthusiasts, who, in time of peace, in spite of discouragement and ridicule, had the vision and foresight to see that the day was coming; the nation has you to thank for your enormous efforts and their splendid results. Those early days seem a very long time ago. What happy days they were when we ate grilled herrings with our fingers at Euston, lorded it at Lords, and guarded so zealously the keys of the Bloody Tower. I never had the honour to be your batman, Sir, I was Major Edlmann's alleged batman for a very short time I rather think on one occasion he caught me using his safety razor. Then we set out for France, not at all blood-thirsty, only curious, very enthusiastic, and very green. You, Sir, led us forth, you fathered and mothered us, watched over us and gradually licked us into shape. And, altogether, we were a happy band of innocents. And then in France you were faced with a very big issue. You had to decide whether the Regiment you

had laboured for should continue as such or whether it should be whittled gradually away and the chips scattered throughout the Army. We all know what that decision meant to you personally, but time has shown its wisdom and far-reaching effect. And to-day you can lay claim to the proud distinction that your personal influence was felt not only in every division and brigade of the whole Expeditionary Force but in every regiment of the British Army. What that influence was is written in large letters on every record of every regiment in the Army, in the despatches, in the honours lists and in the Rolls of Honour. And now on behalf of all Artists, present and past, and there are many present to-night only in spirit, I ask you to accept this casket as a token of our admiration and thanks for your great work for the Regiment, coupled with our best wishes always, and our regret that this occasion marks your retirement from a Corps that you love, and that respects and loves you. (*Prolonged cheers.*)

THE CASKET.

Capt. Bennett then handed the Presentation Casket to Colonel May. We think our readers may be interested in the following description of the gift :

The design of the top is composed of the Badge and Motto of the Regiment (in *repoussé*, with background of Blue Enamel) placed in the centre of the banner of St. George, with Angels of "Peace," "Remembrance," "Victory," and "Thanksgiving." The red is of translucent Enamel. The sides are designed in compliment to Col. May, whose crest appears in the centre of the front, with his motto, "Nil Desperandum," bound to the young oaks, which form a repeating *motif* on all sides—these are to symbolise the young soldiers he has trained. The trees are guarded by sentries of the six virtues, "Justice," "Knowledge," "Faith," "Hope," "Charity" and "Affection"—from these runs a ribbon bearing the presentation inscription. On the reverse side is a shield bearing the C.B. decoration, Military Division. The Casket is executed in hand-wrought *repoussé* and chiselled silver, encasing wrought bronze. The inside is gilt.

INSCRIPTION ON CASKET.

"I was wrought by Alwyn Carr for his comrades of the Artists Rifles, and presented by them to Col. H. A. R. May, C.B., V.D., who earned and enjoyed the affection and high esteem of all who served with him, by his single-minded devotion to the Regiment and its welfare. Enrolled in 1882. Served in all ranks. Commanded in 1913 to 1921."

COLONEL MAY'S REPLY.

Colonel May, who was very much moved, said :—

Gentlemen, I am deeply touched by the warmth of your reception and by your kindness. You will realize that this is a very trying occasion for me—please don't expect a brilliant speech—

though if I could only express to you all that is in my heart at the present moment it would be the most brilliant speech I have ever made in my life. I understand that this beautiful Casket is a gift from the Artists Rifles—from the old Corps—or as Capt. Bennett says, "from the Regiment you love," which is indeed true, and, as he added, "from the Regiment that loves you." That, gentlemen, is one of the kindest things that has ever been said to me. Anyhow, I understand that it comes not only from my old and mostly grey-headed friends who have worked with me in the Corps for so many years, but also from the younger generation of "Artists" who have only known me as their Commanding Officer. From the splendid young men, who, when the occasion arose, established the reputation of the Artists Rifles in every Regiment and on every front. Young men of the type of Capt. Bennett whose gallant behaviour has earned for him the highest distinction the Army can bestow. Gentlemen, it is a triumph for anyone to win the esteem and respect, much more the love, of the "rank and file" of the Artists Rifles. It was thoughtful of you to arrange that one of our young men should make the presentation on your behalf.

THREE BITS OF LUCK.

Capt. Bennett, I am sure, spoke with great sincerity, but the kindness of his heart has somewhat led him astray. I scarcely like to say he has spoken untruths, but some of his statements—well, they fairly took my breath away. I must try and live up to them in the future. I feel painfully conscious of how far I have fallen short in the past. This much, however, is true, that as soon as I was old enough I joined the Artists Rifles and that since then I have taken my share of the work of the Corps until the time has come when I must leave on account of old age. During my service, however, I have had three distinct bits of luck. Quite soon after I joined a new department was created which enabled me, after completing my recruit course, to secure early promotion as an N.C.O., so my first bit of luck was the luck of a *good start* and you all know what this means—it means that if you get a good start, sit tight, refuse to resign, and don't do anything disgraceful, in the course of nature you will in time become the senior of your rank and get gradually pushed up, and up, and up—through every rank—till after sitting tight for something over 30 years, you will one day find yourself in Command of the Regiment. Well, that is what happened to me. And then came my second piece of luck. It was during my tour of Command that the great event happened which the Regiment had been preparing for for nearly sixty years, and we were mobilized for *active service*, and during this service the young men of the Corps behaved most gallantly and established the reputation of the Artists and the old men of the Corps, the Colonel in particular, received a lot of reflected glory simply because he then happened by good luck to be C.O. of the Artists Rifles.

GAZETTED OUT.

When the War was over I began to feel that my tour of Military duty must be drawing to a

close and after my School at Tidworth was closed down, I was gratified at receiving a very nice letter from the authorities referring to my work, but the sting of the letter was in its tail, which directed me to report to the Military Secretary, who very kindly explained to me that out of the mass of Officers then being demobilized he hoped to find a young and a physically fit man to command each Territorial Regiment, and then I knew my doom was sealed. He pointed out most kindly that my last Medical Report was not satisfactory. I was not likely to be physically fit for Service for some years—if ever. Gentlemen, as I told him, that was not *my* fault. He also pointed out that my age was seven years higher than the maximum they had laid down for Commanding Officers. Gentlemen, as I also told him, that was not my fault either—and thirdly, he reminded me that Lt.-Cols. were appointed for a period of four years, with the possibility of extending this in special cases to six years, or in very special cases to eight years, but that eight years was the extreme limit and no one was allowed even to apply for an extension beyond that period—whereas, in my case, I had already held the rank for over 17 years!—more than twice the extreme limit allowed by regulation! (*Laughter.*) Gentlemen, as I pointed out, that was not *my* fault—they shouldn't have allowed me to stay so long. Anyhow, it seemed quite clear that my time to go had undoubtedly arrived, so to my sorrow they (as I then thought) brought my career as a Territorial soldier to an end and I was duly gazetted out.

GAZETTED BACK.—You may be surprised to hear that within three months after this I had my third piece of luck. In spite of my health, my age, and my length of service, I received a communication from the same Authorities enquiring whether I would accept another tour of duty—not under any circumstances to exceed one year—as C.O. of the old Regiment, in order that I should “resuscitate it” after the War, and design such a Scheme of training founded on experience as the Regiment could carry out in time of Peace, but which would help to fit young men to take Commissions if called upon in time of War. Gentlemen, I need hardly say I leapt at the chance and did my best to resuscitate the old Corps—my last military job and a labour of love indeed. I resuscitated the Headquarters in Dukes Road—which I found in a deplorable condition—indeed, I tried to make them not only as good but better than they had ever been before. I appointed as good a lot of Officers and Committees as the Corps had ever possessed—(*cheers*)—and I suggested a scheme of training which I believe would distinctly assist any young man who might apply for a Commission hereafter. And now my job is done—my year has expired, my tour of active duty with the old Corps has come to an end at last. Those of you whose service has also ended will know what a wrench it is when this time arrives. To end my service with the Corps which has provided the chief hobby of my life, and most of my recreation, my happiness and my friends, but which, thank God, has left me with many precious memories, and if anything could soften the wrench of leaving it it is your kindness, gentlemen, on this occasion—

which makes me realize that though my active work is over my old friends still remain.

A USE FOR THE CASKET.

The Regimental Roll of Honour, which is now being printed, will be one of the most wonderful books that I shall ever possess. I have seen the proofs of it; it will consist of about 700 pages, each line of which will denote good service and often great sacrifice by the Sons of the old Regiment when the great occasion arose. It will be to all of us one of our most priceless possessions. Such a jewel as this deserves a worthy Casket for its reception and if you had considered the matter for years you could not have thought of a present that I shall value more than this beautiful Casket you have given me to keep my Roll of Honour in. It is a most beautiful work of Art, worthy of the Artists Rifles, which is the highest praise I can think of. I appreciate, more than I can express, the immense amount of kind thought and labour that has been given to its construction. This gift from the old Corps is the most precious thing I have ever had or ever shall have. It will be placed in my home in some place where I shall see it daily, and, believe me, I shall never look at it without thinking of the old Regiment and of you and of our meeting here this evening. Gentlemen, what can I say for such a beautiful gift? I can only say, *I will strive to be worthy of it and I thank you for it most sincerely and most deeply—from the very bottom of my heart.* (*Prolonged cheering.*)

THF VISITORS.

It was pleasant to hear Colonel Horsley's voice once more in a speech. It carried some of us back to the good old days. He was very typical in proposing the toast of the guests. He referred to the chief one, General Sir William Thwaites, K.C.M.G., C.B., who, as G.S.O. to the 2nd London Division before the war, had put the fear of God into us in our training; but much of the success of the Corps and the London T.F. was due to his skilful and successful instruction. He taught the Artists how to “appreciate situations,” a thing they had always tried to do. He (Colonel Horsley) was also glad to see there that evening our Brigadier, his old comrade in the Grey Brigade, Colonel Lewis; also Capt. Royds, head of Physical Training work in the Navy, and Colonel Campbell, ditto Army. Colonel Kentish (*cheers*), one of our best friends, also the Commandants of the O.T.C.s at Uppingham, Dulwich, and other schools to which we looked for our recruits.

GENERAL THWAITES.

General Thwaites, obviously a practised after dinner speaker, kept us laughing for ten minutes. His reference to his first job with the T.F. at Craig's Court, and Duke of York's H.Q. at Chelsea, were most diverting; how he fended off unwelcome intruders with cheap cigars, whereby his reputation as a connoisseur of tobacco suffered, but he got his work done; how he managed to satisfy Colonel May, who called on him for information as to which he knew nothing, yet sent Colonel May away satisfied. (He must have been jolly clever to have done this, by the way—that's probably why he is a General.) He also mentioned occasions in France when he had met Artists—in the 46th and 47th Divisions and elsewhere. General Thwaites is very popular, and deservedly so. He concluded by proposing the toast of the Regiment. He thought there were plenty of good recruits for a Corps like the Artists if they could only be found.

COL. SHIRLEY.

The C.O. in reply made due thanks and eloquently backed up General Thwaites' appeal. The numbers were nearing 250 but many more men were wanted, particularly scouts, cooks, a farrier and a sadler, and so on. Colonel Shirley also referred to many concurrent activities, especially the War Memorial Fund, for which he made an eloquent appeal. He welcomed there that evening Major Ramsbotham, our new Adjutant (*vice* Capt. Brunt), recently Adjutant of the C.S. Rifles (in which warm welcome the *Journal* hereby heartily shares). He thought that during the first year the Corps had not done so badly, but many more men were needed.

FENCING.

Capt. Byrne proposed "Success to the British Fencing Team, 1921 v. U.S.A." He mentioned the names of Col. Ridley Martin and Bill Hammond, who were both in the Artists School of Arms, and had founded the Sabre Club. Bill Hammond was this year, for the third time, Sabre Champion. Col. Campbell responded in a neat speech, seconded by Bill, who was quite Billesque, not to say Hammondian, in his references to prohibition and pussy-footism. He said he owed everything to the Artists' School of Arms, the proper and judicious use of which, combined with that of the canteen, had made him what he was. (*Loud cheers.*)

THE VISITORS.

The under-named were amongst the visitors present :—

Major-Gen. Sir Wm. Thwaites, K.C.M.G., C.B., Col. R. Kentish, C.M.G., D.S.O., Col. R. Campbell, D.S.O., Col. F. B. Lewis, C.B., C.M.G., T.D., Capt. C. Royds, C.M.G., R.N., Lt.-Col. C. H. Jones, C.M.G., T.D., commanding Uppingham O.T.C., Major W. D. Gibbon, D.S.O., M.C., commanding Dulwich O.T.C., Capt. H. R. Pullinger, commanding St. Paul's O.T.C., Mr. J. E. Hilton, Major W. H. Ramsbotham, the future Adjutant.

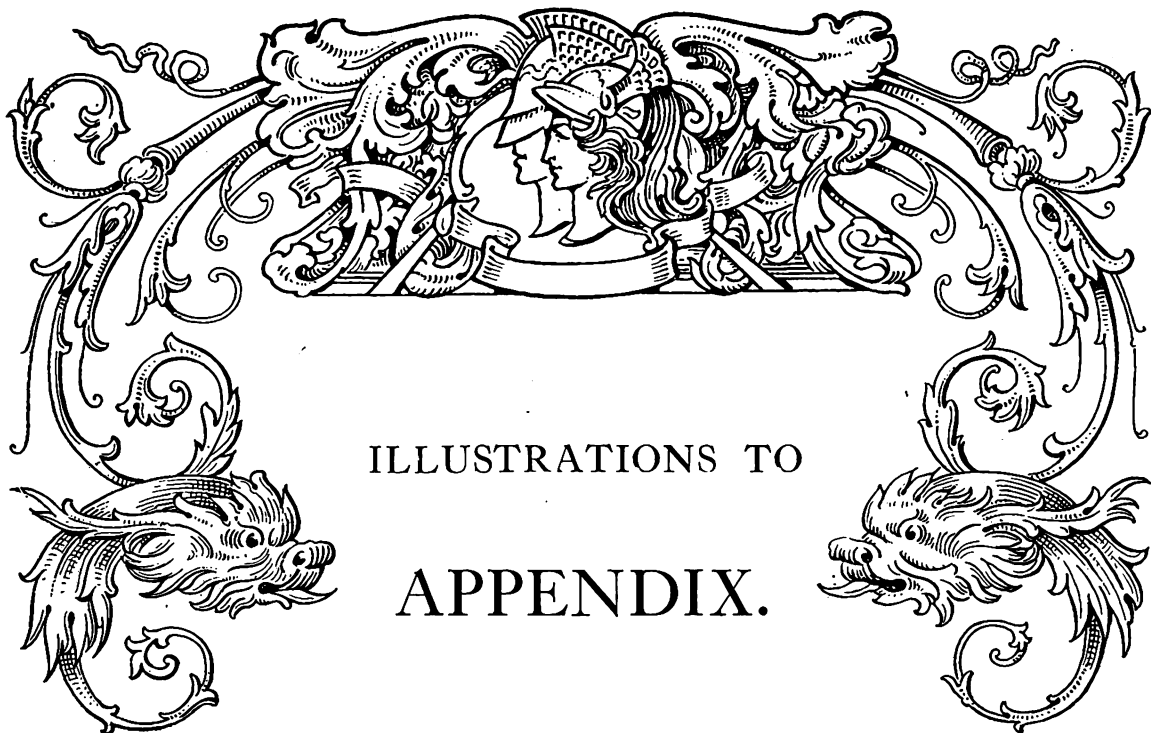
Distinguished Artists present :—

Mr. I. A. Symonds, J.P., the Police Magistrate.

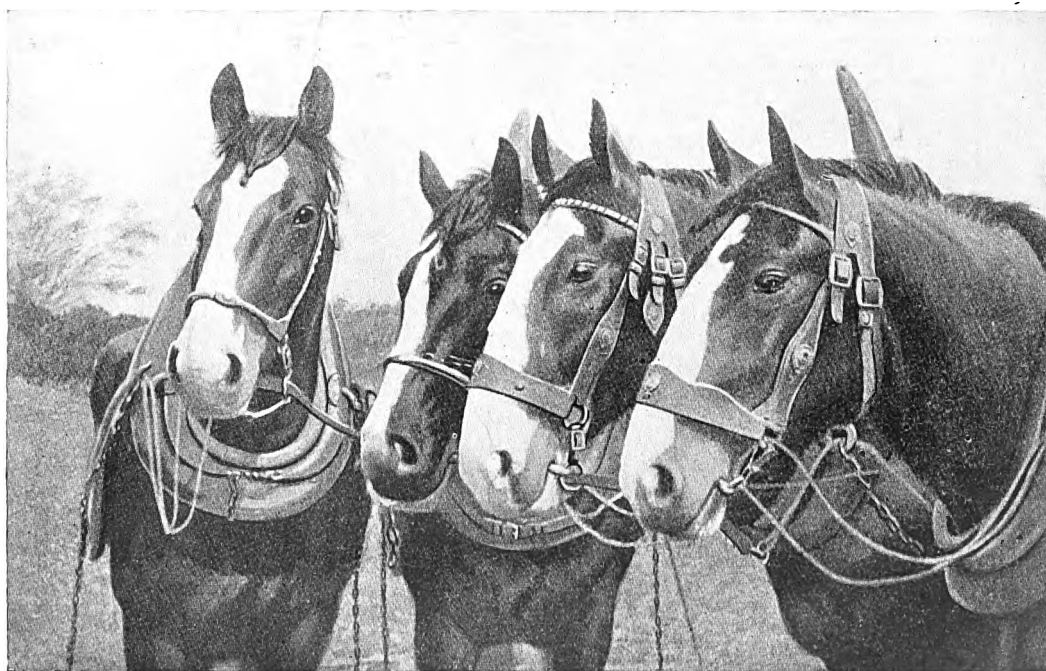
Mr. J. Price, the War Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*.

Ralph's Quartette played well throughout the evening. The Connaught Rooms people put up a good dinner. Although there were plenty of speeches, they were good. A very successful show, and the thanks of all are tendered to the Committee therefor.

R. C.



ILLUSTRATIONS TO
APPENDIX.



ENGLAND IN TIME OF PEACE.

(By kind permission of J. Salmon, Sevenoaks, England).



MENU DESIGN FOR 2ND REUNION DINNER (LORD FRENCH OUR GUEST)—By Alfred Leete.

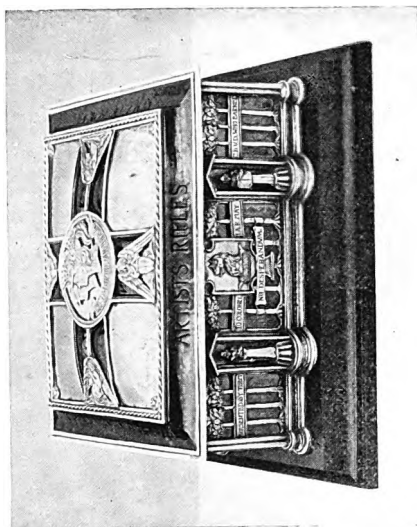


TO THE GLORIOUS MEMORY
OF THE 2003 MEMBERS OF THE
ARTISTS RIFLES 28TH BATTALION
THE LONDON REGIMENT WHO
GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR KING
AND COUNTRY IN THE GREAT
WAR ANNIS DOMINI 1914-1919
THEIR NAME LIVETH FOR EVERMORE

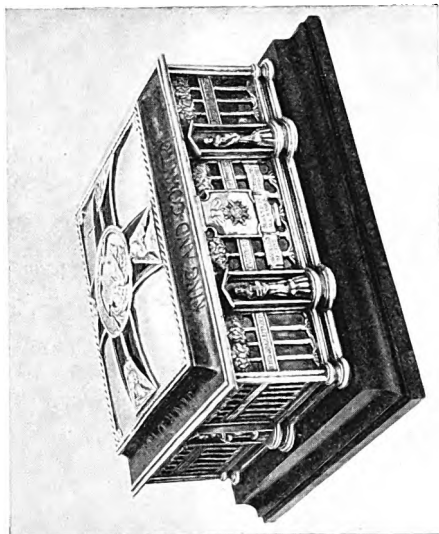
THE ROYAL ACADEMY MEMORIAL—AT BURLINGTON HOUSE.

Erected to the memory of the fallen of the Artists Rifles.

(Copyright reserved for owner by Walter Judd, Ltd., 47 Gresham Street, E.C.2.)



Front View.



Back View.

The Casket presented by the "Artists" to Colonel
H. A. R. May, C.B., V.D., on his retirement. (To
contain his copy of the Roll of Honour).

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